

THE
WORKS
OF

Mr. *ALEXANDER POPE*:

To which are added,

- I. COOPER'S-HILL. By Sir *John Denham*.
II. AN ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE. And,
III. A Translation of HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.
By the Earl of *Roscommon*.
IV. AN ESSAY ON POETRY. By the Duke of
Buckingham.
V. AN ODE to the CREATOR of the WORLD.
VI. ALEXANDER'S-FEAST; or, the Power of *Mu-*
sick. An Ode in honour of St. *Cecilia's* Day. By
Mr. Dryden.
VII. A Poem on the PROSPECT OF PEACE. By
Mr. Tickell.
-



DUBLIN:

Printed by and for GEORGE GRIERSON, at the
Two Bibles in *Essex-Street*. M,DCC,XXVII.



THE *Osburne*
WORKS
OF

Mr. ALEXANDER POPE.

According
To the *London* Folio Edition.

The SECOND EDITION:

To which are Added,
Several New POEMS since publish'd
by the AUTHOR

*Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant;
secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium & solatium
præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; per-
noctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*

CICERO pro ARCH.

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T H E T A B L E.

A Discourse on *Pastoral Poetry*.

Spring, the first Pastoral.

Summer, the second Pastoral.

Autumn, the third Pastoral.

Winter, the fourth Pastoral.

Messiah, a sacred Eclogue, in imitation of *Virgil's Pollio*.

Windsor Forest. To the right honourable *George Lord Lansdown*.

Essay on Criticism.

The Rape of the Lock, an heroi-comical Poem in five Canto's.

The Temple of Fame.

T R A N S L A T I O N S.

January and May, or the *Merchant's Tale*, from *Chaucer*.

The Wife of Bath, from *Chaucer*.

Sappho to Phaon, an Epistle, from *Ovid*.

Vertumnus and Pomona, from the fourteenth Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*.

The Fable of Dryope, from the ninth Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*.

The first Book of *Statius his Thebais*.

Part of the thirteenth Book of *Homer's Odysses*.

The

The TABLE.

The *Gardens of Alcinous*, from the ninth Book of *Homer's Odyssey*.

MISCELLANIES.

Ode for Music on St. Cecilia's Day.

Two *Chorus's* to the Tragedy of *Brutus*, not yet publick. *Chorus of Athenians.*

Chorus of Youths and Virgins.

Verses to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady.

To Mr. *Jervas*, with *Fresnoy's Art of Painting.*

To a young Lady, with the Works of *Voiture.*

To the same, on her leaving the Town after the Coronation.

On a *Fan* of the Author's design.

On *Silence*, in imitation of the Style of the late E of R. *Epitaph.*

Prologue to Mr. *Addison's* Tragedy of *Cato.*

Epilogue to *Jane Shore.*

Poem, occasion'd by some *Verses* of his Grace the D. of *Buckingham.*

Eloisa to *Abelard*, an *Epistle.*

To the Author of a Poem intituled *Successio.*

Epitaph design'd for Mr. *Rowe* in *Westminster-Abby.*

Verses on Mr. *Addison's* Treatise of *Medals.*

Dedication to Dr. *Parnel's* Poems.

Epitaph on *Simon Harcourt.*

By Several Hands.

Cooper's Hill. By Sir *John Denham.*

Essay on *Translated Verse*, and *Horace's Art of Poetry*, by the right honourable the Earl of *Roscommon.*

Essay on *Poetry.* By the right honourable the Earl of *Mulgrave.*

Alexander's Feast, or, the *Power of Musick*, an *Ode* in honour of *St. Cecilia's Day.* By Mr. *Dryden.*

Poem on the *Prospect of Peace.* By Mr. *Tickell.*

T H E



P R E F A C E.



I Am inclined to think that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations.

The first seem to fancy that the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks as on the one hand, no single man is born with a right of controuling the opinions of all the rest; so on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame, or pleasure, as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man: and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly past upon Poems. A Critic supposes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have fail'd in an

expression, or err'd in any particular point: and can it then be wonder'd at, if the Poets in general seem resolv'd not to own themselves in any error? For as long as one side despises a well-meant endeavour, the other will not be satisfy'd with a moderate approbation.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill-plac'd; Poetry and Criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there. Yet sure upon the whole, a bad Author deserves better usage than a bad Critic; a man may be the former merely thro' the misfortune of an ill judgment, but he cannot be the latter without both that and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the fault of bad Poets. What we call a Genius, is hard to be distinguish'd by a man himself, from a strong inclination: and if it be never so great, he can not at first discover it any other way, than by that prevalent propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. The only method he has, is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others: And if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself) he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect that even the worst authors might endeavour to please us, and in that endeavour, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy

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cy in persisting, and this too may admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant, or insincere; and the rest of the world too well bred to shock them with a truth, which generally their Booksellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not till they have spent too much of their time, to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents; and till such talents as they have are so far discredited, as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world, and people will establish their opinion of us, from what we do at that season when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good Poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagin'd he is a vain young creature given up to the ambition of fame; when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances; for from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth, than if he were a Prince, or a Beauty. If he has not very good sense, his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming a Coxcomb: If he has, he will consequently have so much diffidence, as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise; since if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguish'd

from flattery, and if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envy'd by the worst and most ignorant; for it is with a fine Genius as with a fine fashion, all those are displeas'd at it who are not able to follow it: And 'tis to be fear'd that esteem will seldom do any man so much good, as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third class of people who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities; and these (to a man) will hate, or suspect him: a hundred honest gentlemen will dread him as a wit, and a hundred innocent women as a satyrist. In a word, whatever be his fate in Poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are indeed some advantages accruing from a Genius to Poetry, and they are all I can think of: the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the best company; and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remark'd upon.

I believe, if any one, early in his Life should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The Life of a Wit is a warfare upon earth; and the present spirit of the world is such, that to attempt to serve it (any way) one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. I confess it was want of con-
side-

sideration that made me an author; I writ because it amused me; I corrected because it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write; and I publish'd because I was told I might please such as was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant; I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleas'd with them at last. But I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so: for they have always fallen short not only of what I read of others, but even of my own Ideas of Poetry.

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the Ancients (to say the least of them) had as much Genius as we; and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They constantly apply'd themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art, to which their talent was most powerfully bent; and it was the business of their Lives to correct and finish their works for posterity. If we can pretend to have used the same Industry, let us expect the same Immortality: Tho' if we took the same care, we should still lie under a farther misfortune: they writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extreamly limited both in extent, and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmost we can hope, is but to be read in

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one Island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Ancients; and it will be found true, that in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtain'd by those who have been most indebted to them. For to say truth, whatever is very good sense must have been common sense in all times; and what we call Learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our Predecessors. Therefore they who say our thoughts are not our own because they resemble the Ancients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our Fathers; And indeed it is very unreasonable, that people should expect us to be Scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.

I fairly confess that I have serv'd my self all I could by reading; that I made use of the judgment of authors dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies; and that I expect not to be excus'd in any negligence on account of youth, want of Leisure, or any other idle allegations: But the true reason these pieces are not more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they, and I, have to live: One may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together; and what Critic can be so unreasonable as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement?

The

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the publick, is, that I have as great a respect for it, as most authors have for themselves; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the Light, but many which I thought tolerable. I believe no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it must be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have publish'd, I can only hope to be pardon'd; but for what I have burn'd, I deserve to be prais'd. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this Collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immoral things, as partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must farther acquit my self of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any Miscellanies, or works of other men, a thing I never thought becoming a person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon my self as a man building a monument, or burying the dead?

If time shall make it the former, may these Poems (as long as they last) remain as a testimony

ny, that their Author never made his talents subservient to the mean and unworthy ends of Party or self-interest; the gratification of publick prejudices, or private passions; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be consider'd that 'tis what no man can do without good sense, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my Remains, I desire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my senses; without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that every body should be deceiv'd, meerly for my credit. However I desire it may then be consider'd, that there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five and twenty; so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in Executions) a case of compassion. That I was never so concern'd about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing if any thing was good it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended. That I used no artifice

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fice to raise or continue a reputation, depreciated
 no dead author I was obliged to, brib'd no
 living one with unjust praise, insulted no adver-
 sary with ill language, or when I could not at-
 tack a Rival's works, encourag'd reports against
 his Morals. To conclude, if this volume perish,
 let it serve as a warning to the Critics, not to
 take too much pains for the future to destroy
 such things as will die of themselves; and a *Me-
 mento mori* to some of my vain cotemporaries the
 Poets, to teach them that when real merit is
 wanting, it avails nothing to have been encour-
 rag'd by the great, commended by the eminent,
 and favour'd by the publick in general.





On Mr. *P O P E* and his *P O E M S*,

By His *G R A C E*

J O H N S H E F F I E L D Duke of
B U C K I N G H A M.

WITH age decay'd, with Courts and bus'ness tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what Ease requir'd;
Too dully serious for the Muse's sport,
And from the Critics safe arriv'd in Port;
I little thought of launching forth agen,
Amidst adventrous rovers of the Pen:
And after so much undeserv'd Success,
Thus hazarding at last to make it less.

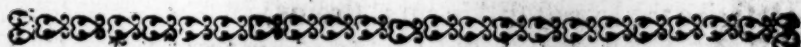
Encomiums suit not this censorious time,
It self a Subject for satyric Rhime;
Ignorance honour'd, Wit and Worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n *Homer* blam'd!

But to this Genius, join'd with so much Art,
Such various Learning mix'd in ev'ry part,
Poets are bound a loud applause to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they must obey.

And yet so wonderful, sublime a thing,
As the great *Iliad*, scarce should make me sing;
Except I justly could at once commend
A good Companion, and as firm a Friend,

One moral, or a meer well-natur'd deed,
Does all desert in Sciences exceed.

'Tis great Delight to laugh at some men's ways,
But a much greater to give Merit praise.



To Mr. *POPE*,

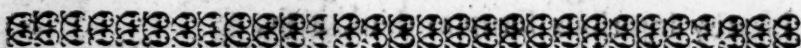
By the Right Honourable

ANNE Countess of *WINCHELSEA*.

THE Muse, of ev'ry heav'nly gift allow'd
To be the chief, is publick, tho' not proud,
Widely extensive is the Poet's aim,
And, in each verse, he draws a bill on fame.
For none have writ (whatever they pretend)
Singly to raise a Patron or a Friend;
But whatsoe'er the theme or object be,
Some commendations to themselves foresee.
Then let us find, in your foregoing page,
The celebrating Poems of the age,
Nor by injurious scruples think it fit,
To hide their Judgments who applaud your Wit:
But let their pens, to yours, the heralds prove,
Who strive for you as *Greece* for *Homer* strove,
Whilst he who best your Poetry asserts,
Asserts his own, by sympathy of parts.
Me Panegyrick verse does not inspire,
Who never well can praise what I admire,
Nor in those lofty tryals dare appear,
But gently drop this counsel in your ear.

Go

Go on, to gain applauses by desert,
 Inform the head, whilst you dissolve the heart;
 Inflame the Soldier with harmonious rage,
 Elate the young, and gravely warm the sage;
 Allure, with tender verse, the Female race,
 And give their darling passion, courtly grace.
 Describe the Forest still in rural strains,
 With vernal sweets fresh-breathing from the plains,
 Your Tales be easy, natural, and gay,
 Nor all the Poet in that part display;
 Nor let the Critic, there his skill unfold,
 For *Boccace* thus, and *Chaucer* tales have told.
 Sooth, as you only can, each differing taste,
 And for the future charm as in the past.
 Then should the verse of ev'ry artful hand
 Before your numbers eminently stand;
 In you no vanity could thence be shown,
 Unless, since short in beauty of your own,
 Some envious scribler might in spite declare,
 That for comparison you plac'd'em there.
 But envy could not against you succeed,
 'Tis not from friends that write, or foes that read;
 Censure or Praise must from our selves proceed.



To Mr. *POPE* on his *PASTORALS*,

By Mr. *WYCHERLEY*.

IN these more dull, as more censorious days,
 When few dare give, and fewer merit praise;
 A Muse sincere, that never flatt'ry knew,
 Pays what to friendship and desert is due.

Young,

Young, yet judicious; in your verse are found
 Art strengthening Nature, Sense improv'd by Sound:
 Unlike those Wits, whose numbers glide along
 So smooth, no thought e'er interrupts the song:
 Laboriously enervate they appear,
 And write not to the head, but to the ear:
 Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
 And are at best most musically dull.
 So purling streams with even murmurs creep,
 And hush the heavy hearers into sleep.
 As smoothest speech is most deceitful sound,
 The smoothest numbers oft are empty sound,
 And leave our lab'ring fancy quite a-ground.
 But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,
 Sprightly as youth, as age consummate too:
 Your strains are regularly bold, and please
 With unforc'd care, and unaffected ease,
 With proper thoughts, and lively images:
 Such as by Nature to the Ancients shown,
 Fancy improves, and Judgment makes your own:
 For great men's fashions to be follow'd are,
 Altho' disgraceful 'tis their cloaths to wear.
 Some in a polish'd style write Pastoral,
Arcadia speaks the language of the *Mall*,
 Like some fair Shepherdess, the sylvan Muse,
 Deck'd in those flow'rs her native fields produce,
 With modest charms would in plain neatness please,
 But seems a dowdy in the courtly dress,
 Whose awkward finery allures us less.
 But the true measure of the shepherd's wit
 Should, like his garb, be for the country fit;
 Yet must his pure and unaffected thought
 More nicely than the common swains be wrought:

So, with becoming art, the Players dress
 In silks, the shepherd, and the shepherdess;
 Yet still unchang'd the form and mode remain,
 Shap'd like the homely ruffet of the swain.
 Your rural Muse appears to justify
 The long-lost graces of Simplicity :
 So rural beauties captivate our sense
 With virgin charms, and native excellence.
 Yet long her modesty those charms conceal'd,
 Till by men's envy to the world reveal'd;
 For Wits industrious to their trouble seem,
 And needs will envy, what they must esteem.

Live, and enjoy their spite! nor mourn that fate
 Which wou'd, if *Virgil* liv'd, on *Virgil* wait;
 Whose Muse did once, like thine, in plains delight;
 Thine shall, like his, soon take a higher flight;
 So Larks, which first from lowly fields arise,
 Mount by degrees, and reach at last the skies.



Killala in the County of Mayo
 in Ireland, June 7. 1715.

T O

Mr. *POPE* on his *WINDSOR-FOREST*.

HAIL, sacred Bard! a Muse unknown before
 Salutes thee from the bleak *Atlantic* shore.
 To our dark world thy shining page is shown,
 And *Windsor's* gay retreat becomes our own.
 The Eastern pomp had just bespoke our care,
 And *India* pour'd her gawdy treasures here;

A various spoil adorn'd our naked land,
 The Pride of *Persia* glitter'd on our strand,
 And *China's* Earth was cast on common sand:
 Toss'd up and down the glossy fragments lay,
 And dress'd the rocky shelves, and pav'd the painted bay.
 Thy treasures next arriv'd: And now we boast
 A nobler Cargo on our barren coast.
 From thy luxuriant Forest we receive
 More lasting glories than the East can give.

Where-e'er we dip in thy delightful page,
 What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage!
 The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,
 Fresh in the page, as in the grove they were.
 Nor half so true the fair *Lodona* shows
 The sylvan state that on her border grows,
 While she the wondring shepherd entertains
 With a new *Windsor* in her watry plains:
 Thy juster lays the lucid wave surpass;
 The living scene is in the Muse's glass.
 Nor sweeter notes the echoing Forests chear,
 When *Philomela* sits and warbles there,
 Than when you sing the greens, and opening glades,
 And give us Harmony as well as Shades.
 A *Titian's* hand might draw the grove, but you
 Can paint the grove, and add the Music too.

With vast variety thy pages shine;
 A new creation starts in ev'ry line.
 How sudden trees rise to the reader's sight,
 And make a doubtful scene of shade and light,
 And give at once the day, at once the night!
 And here again what sweet confusion reigns,
 In dreary deserts mix'd with painted plains!

And

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And see! the deserts cast a pleasing gloom;
And shrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom:
Whilst fruitful crops rise by their barren side,
And bearded groves display their annual pride.

Happy the man, who strings his tuneful lyre,
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields inspire!
Thrice happy you! and worthy best to dwell
Amidst the rural joys you sing so well.

I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme,
Here on the western beach attempt to chime!
O joyless flood! O rough tempestuous main!
Border'd with weeds, and solitudes obscene!
Let me ne'er flow like thee! nor make thy stream
My sad example, or my wretched theme.
Like bombast now thy raging billows roar,
And vainly dash themselves against the shore:
About like quibbles now thy froth is thrown,
And all extremes are in a moment shown.

Snatch me, ye Gods! from these *Atlantic* shores,
And shelter me in *Windsor's* fragrant Bow'rs;
Or to my much-lov'd *Isis* walks convey,
And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay:
Thence let me view the venerable scene,
The awful dome, the groves eternal green;
Where sacred *Hough* long found his fam'd retreat;
And brought the Muses to the sylvan seat,
Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the *Classic* store,
And made that Music which was noise before.
There with illustrious Bards I spent my days,
Nor free from censure, nor unknown to praise;

Enjoy'd

Enjoy'd the blessings that his reign bestow'd,
 Nor envy'd *Windsor* in the soft abode.
 The golden minutes smoothly danc'd away,
 And tuneful Bards beguil'd the tedious day.
 They sung, nor sung in vain, with numbers fir'd
 That *Maro* taught, or *Addison* inspir'd.
 Ev'n I essay'd to touch the trembling string:
 Who cou'd hear them, and not attempt to sing?

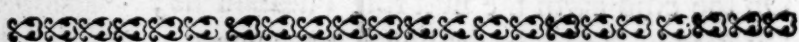
Rouz'd from these dreams by thy commanding strain,
 I rise, and wander thro' the field or plain;
 Led by thy Muse from sport to sport I run,
 Mark the stretch'd Line, or hear the thund'ring gun.
 Ah! how I melt with pity, when I spy
 On the cold earth the flutt'ring Pheasant lie;
 His gawdy Robes in dazling Lines appear,
 And ev'ry feather shines and varies there,

Nor can I pass the gen'rous courser by,
 But while the prancing steed allures my eye,
 He starts, he's gone! and now I see him fly
 O'er hills and dales; and now I lose the course,
 Nor can the rapid sight pursue the flying horse.
 Oh cou'd thy *Virgil* from his Orb look down,
 He'd view a courser that might match his own!
 Fir'd with the sport, and eager for the chace,
Lodona's murmurs stop me in the race.
 Who can refuse *Lodona's* melting tale?
 The soft complaint shall over time prevail;
 The tale be told when shades forsake her shore,
 The nymph be sung, when she can flow no more,

Nor shall thy song, old *Thames*, forbear to shine,
 At once the subject and the song divine.

Peace, sung by thee, shall please ev'n *Britains* more
 Than all their shouts for Victory before.
 Oh! could *Britannia* imitate thy stream,
 The world should tremble at her awful name.
 From various springs divided waters glide,
 In diff'rent colours roll a diff'rent tide,
 Murmur along their crooked banks a while,
 At once they murmur and enrich the isle;
 A while distinct thro' many channels run,
 But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one;
 There joy to lose their long-distinguish'd names,
 And make one glorious, and immortal *Thames*.

Fr. Knapp.



To Mr. *P O P E*.

In Imitation of a *Greek* Epigram on
HOMER.

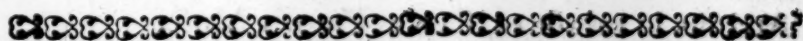
WHEN *Phabus*, and the nine harmonious maids,
 Of old assembled in the *Thespian* shades;
 What Theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,
 Besit these harps to sound, and thee to hear?
 Reply'd the God; Your loftiest notes employ,
 To sing young *Peleus*, and the fall of *Troy*.
 The wond'rous song, with rapture they rehearse;
 Then ask, who wrought that miracle of verse?
 He answer'd with a frown; I now reveal
 A truth, that Envy bids me not conceal:
 Retiring frequent to this Laureat vale,
 I warble to the Lyre that fav'rite tale,

Which,

Which, unobserv'd, a wand'ring *Greek*, and blind,
 Heard me repeat, and treasur'd in his mind;
 And, fir'd with thirst of more than mortal praise,
 From me, the God of wit, usurp'd the bays.

But let vain *Greece* indulge her growing fame,
 Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name;
 Yet when my arts shall triumph in the West,
 And the white Isle with female pow'r is blest;
 Fame, I foresee, will make reprisals there,
 And the Translator's Palm to me transfer.
 With less regret my claim I now decline,
 The World will think his *English Iliad* mine.

E. Fenton.



To Mr. P O P E.

TO praise, and still with just respect to praise
 A Bard triumphant in immortal bays,
 The Learn'd to show, the Sensible commend,
 Yet still preserve the province of the Friend,
 What life, what vigour must the lines require?
 What Music tune them, what affection fire?

O might thy Genius in my bosom shine!
 Thou should'st not fail of numbers worthy thine;
 The brightest Ancients might at once agree,
 To sing within my lays, and sing of thee.

Horace himself wou'd own thou dost excell
 In candid arts to play the Critic well.
Ovid himself might wish to sing the Dame,
 Whom *Windsor-Forest* sees a gliding stream:
 On silver feet, with annual Osier crown'd,
 She runs for ever thro' Poetic ground.

How flame the glories of *Belinda's* Hair,
 Made by thy Muse the envy of the Fair?
 Less shone the tresses *Ægypt's* Princess wore,
 Which sweet *Callimachus* so sung before.
 Here courtly trifles set the world at odds;
 Belles war with Beaus, and Whims descend for Gods.
 The new Machines, in names of ridicule,
 Mock the grave frenzy of the Chemic fool.
 But know, ye fair, a point conceal'd with art,
 The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a Woman's heart.
 The Graces stand in fight; a Satyr-train.
 Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the scene.

In Fame's fair Temple o'er the boldest wits,
 Inshrin'd on high, the sacred *Virgil* sits,
 And sits in measures, such as *Virgil's* Muse,
 To place thee near him, might be fond to chuse.
 How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
 Perhaps a *Strephon* thou, a *Daphnis* he!
 While some old *Damon*, o'er the vulgar wife,
 Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the Prize.
 Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,
 And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.
 Indulgent nurse of ev'ry tender gale,
 Parent of flowrets, old *Arcadia* hail!
 Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
 Here let thy Poplars whisper o'er my head!
 Still slide thy waters soft among the trees,
 Thy Aspens quiver in a breathing breeze!
 Smile, all ye valleys, in eternal spring,
 Be hush'd, ye winds! while *Pope* and *Virgil* sing.

In *English* lays, and all' sublimely great,
 Thy *Homer* warms with all his ancient heat;
 He shines in Council, thunders in the fight,
 And flames with ev'ry sense of great delight.

Long

Long has that Poet reign'd, and long unknown,
 Like monarchs sparkling on a distant throne;
 In all the majesty of *Greek* retir'd,
 Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd;
 His language failing, wrapt him round with night;
 Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.
 So wealthy Mines, that ages long before
 Fed the large realms around with golden Oar,
 When choak'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
 And shepherds only say, *The mines were here*:
 Should some rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
 And all his projects stand inform'd with art)
 Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
 The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious are thy new designs!
 How ev'ry Music varies in thy lines!
 Still, as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
 And rise in raptures by another's heat.
 Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,
 When *Windsor* lent us tuneful hours of ease,
 Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest,
 And *Philomela* sweetest o'er the rest:
 The shades resound with song——O softly tread,
 While a whole season warbles round my head.

This to my friend——and when a friend inspires,
 My silent harp its master's hand requires,
 Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound;
 For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground:
 Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
 From wit, from learning——very far from thee.
 Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf;
 Here half an Acre's corn is half a sheaf;

Here

Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
 Rocks at their sides, and torrents at their feet;
 Or lazy lakes, unconscious of a flood,
 Whose dull, brown *Naiads* ever sleep in mud.
 Yet here content can dwell, and learned ease,
 A Friend delight me, and an Author please;
 Ev'n here I sing, when *Pope* supplies the theme,
 Shew my own love, tho' not increase his fame.

T. Parnell,



To Mr. *POPE*, on the publishing his
 WORKS.

HE comes, he comes! bid ev'ry Bard prepare
 The song of triumph, and attend his Car.
 Great *Sheffield's* Muse the long procession heads,
 And throws a lustre o'er the pomp she leads,
 First gives the Palm she fir'd him to obtain,
 Crowns his gay brow, and shows him how to reign.
 Thus young *Alcides*, by old *Chiron* taught,
 Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought;
 Thus *Chiron* did the youth he taught applaud,
 Pleas'd to behold the earnest of a God.

But hark what shouts, what gath'ring crowds rejoice!
 Unstain'd their praise by any venal voice,
 Such as th' Ambitious vainly think their due,
 When Prostitutes, or needy Flatt'ers sue.
 And see the Chief: before him laurels born,
 Trophies from undeserving temples torn;
 Here Rage enchain'd reluctant raves, and there,
 Pale Envy, dumb, and sickning with despair;

Prone

Prone to the earth she bends her loathing eye,
Weak to support the blaze of Majesty.

But what are they that turn the sacred Page?
Three lovely Virgins, and of equal age;
Intent they read, and all enamour'd seem,
As he that met his likeness in the stream:
The *Graces* these; and see how they contend,
Who most shall praise, who best shall recommend.

The Chariot now the painful steep ascends;
The *Pæans* cease; the glorious Labour ends.
Here fix'd, the bright eternal Temple stands,
Its prospect an unbounded view commands:
Say, wond'rous youth, what Column wilt thou chuse,
What laurell'd Arch for thy triumphant Muse?
Tho' each great Ancient court thee to his shrine,
Tho' ev'ry Laurel thro' the dome be thine;
(From the proud Epic, down to those that shade
The gentler brow of the soft *Lesbian* maid)
Go to the *Good* and *Just*, an awful train,
Thy soul's delight, and glory of the Fane:
While thro' the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
" Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Simon Harcourt.

the first of the month for the first time
and the first of the month of the year.

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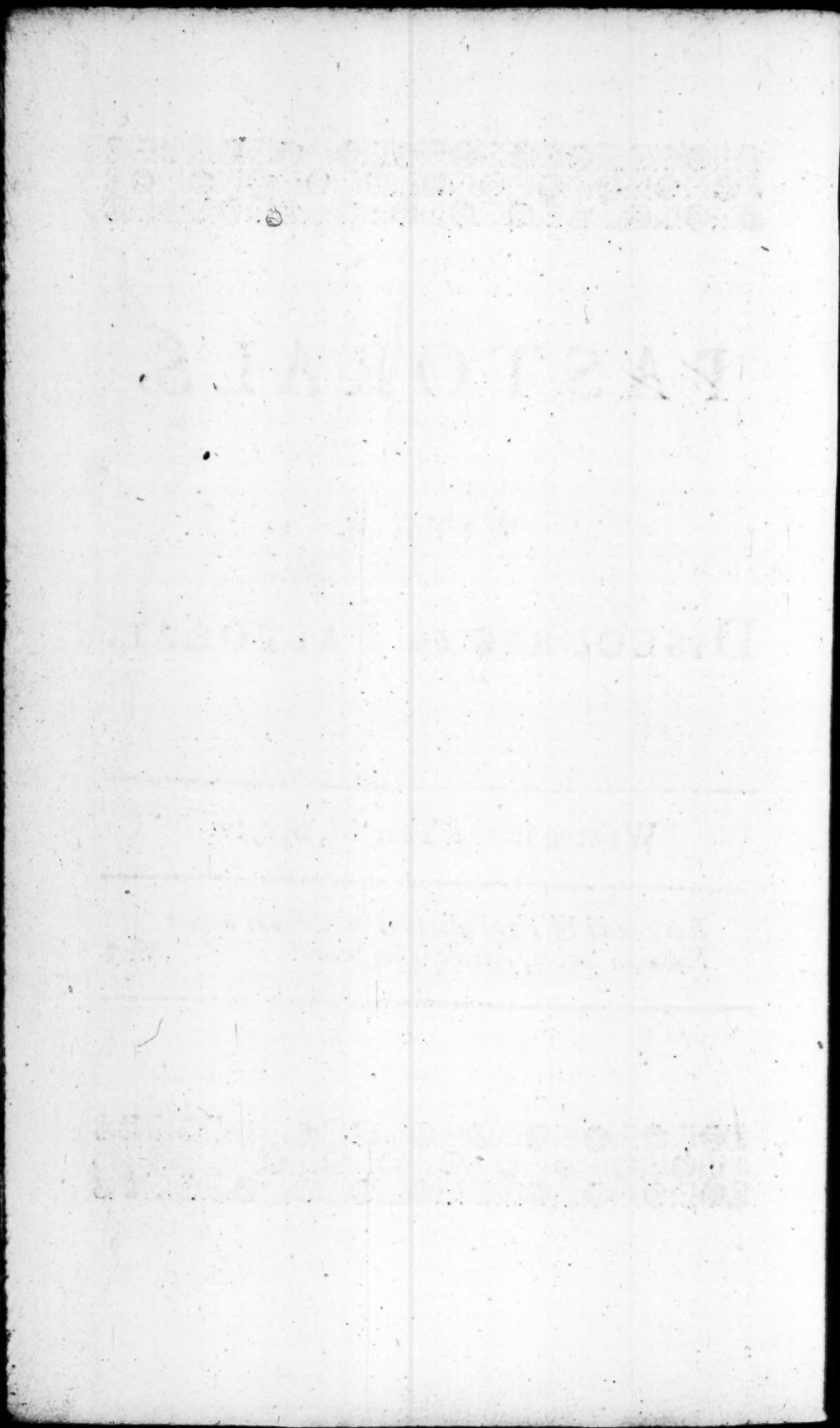


PASTORALS,
WITH A
DISCOURSE *on* PASTORAL.

Written in the Year M, DCC, IV.

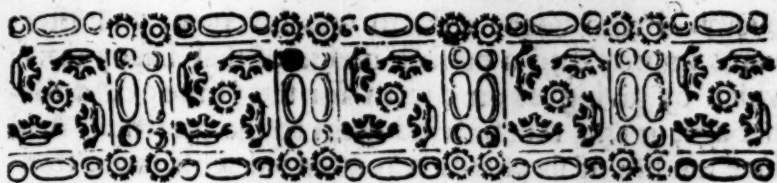
*Rura mihi & rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque inglorius!* Virg.





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A

DISCOURSE

O N

Pastoral Poetry.



HERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called Pastorals, nor a smaller, than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of Poem, and it is my design to comprize in this short Paper the substance of those numerous dissertations the Critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ, and a few remarks which I think have escaped their observation.

The original of Poetry is ascribed to that age which succeeded the creation of the world: And as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of Poetry was probably pastoral. 'Tis natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds requiring some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary life as Singing; and that
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in their Songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a Poem was invented, and afterwards improv'd to a perfect image of that happy time; which by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the Poets chose to introduce their Persons, from whom it receiv'd the name of Pastoral.

A Pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd; the form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mix'd of both; the fable simple: the manners not too polite nor too rustic: The thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: The expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions, are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this Poem consists in simplicity, brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an Eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy Nature, it may be useful to take this consideration along with us, that Pastoral is an image of what they call the Golden age. So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceiv'd then to have been; when a notion of quality was annex'd to that name, and the best of men follow'd the employment. To carry this resemblance yet farther, that Air of piety to the Gods should shine thro' the Poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity: And it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing; the connections should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short, and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient that the sentences only be brief, the whole Eclogue should be so too. For we cannot suppose Poetry to have been the business of the ancient shepherds, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But

PASTORAL POETRY. 5

But with a respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these composures natural, than when some Knowledge in rural affairs is discover'd. This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shewn by inference; lest by too much study to seem natural, we destroy the delight. For what is inviting in this sort of Poetry (as *Fontenelle* observes) proceeds not so much from the Idea of a country life itself, as from that of its Tranquillity. We must therefore use some illusion to render a Pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries. Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together, but a regard must be had to the subject; that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every Eclogue. Besides, in each of them a design'd scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety. This variety is obtain'd in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, tho' they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of Pastoral. And since the instructions given for any art, are to be deliver'd as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be deriv'd from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. 'Tis therefore from the practice of *Theocritus* and *Virgil*, (the only undisputed Authors of Pastoral) that the Critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his *Idyllia* are purely Pastoral, but he is not so exact in his Persons, having introduc'd Reapers
and

and Fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt to be long in his descriptions, of which that of the Cup in the first Pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective; for his Swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth *Idyllia*. But 'tis enough that all others learn'd their excellencies from him, and that his Dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil who copies *Theocritus*, refines upon his Original: and in all points where Judgment has the principal part, is much superior to his Master. Tho' some of his subjects are not Pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have a wonderful variety in them which the *Greek* was a stranger to. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavour'd to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable Genius appears in the famous *Tasso*, and our *Spenser*. *Tasso* in his *Aminta* has as far excell'd all the Pastoral writers, as in his *Giernusalemme* he has out-done the Epic Poets of his Country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of Poem, the Pastoral Comedy, in *Italy*, it cannot so well be consider'd as a copy of the ancients. *Spenser's Calendar*, in Mr. *Dryden's* opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any Nation has produc'd ever since the time of *Virgil*. Not but he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His Eclogues are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a Pastoral style, as the *Mantuan* had done before him. He has employ'd the Lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old Poets. His Stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen.

This

This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough: for the Tetraſtic has oblig'd him to extend his Senſe to the length of four lines, which would have been more cloſely confin'd in the Couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near *Theocritus* himſelf; tho' notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his *Dialect*: For the *Doric* had its beauty and propriety in the time of *Theocritus*; it was uſed in part of *Greece*, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greateſt Perſons; whereas the old *English* and country phraſes of *Spenser*, were either entirely obſolete, or ſpoken only by people of the baſeſt condition. As there is a difference betwixt ſimplicity and ruſticity, ſo the expreſſion of ſimple thoughts ſhould be plain, but not clowniſh. The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues is very beautiful: ſince by this, beſides that general moral of innocence and ſimplicity, which is common to other Authors of Paſtoral, he has one peculiar to himſelf; he compares human Life to the ſeveral Seasons, and at once expoſes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aſpects. Yet the ſcrupulous diviſion of his Paſtorals into Months, has oblig'd him either to repeat the ſame deſcription, in other words, for three months together; or when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to paſs that ſome of his Eclogues (as the ſixth, eighth, and tenth for example) have nothing but their Titles to diſtinguiſh them. The reaſon is evident, becauſe the year has not that variety in it to furniſh every month with a particular deſcription, as it may every Season.

Of the following Eclogues I ſhall only ſay, that theſe four comprehend all the ſubjects which the Critics upon *Theocritus* and *Virgil* will allow to be fit for Paſtoral: That they have as much variety of deſcription, in reſpect of the ſeveral ſeaſons, as *Spenser's*: That in order to add to this variety, the ſeveral times of the Day are obſerv'd,

serv'd, the rural employments in each season or time of Day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments; not without some regard to the several ages of Man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old Authors, whose works as I had leisure to study, so I hope I have not wanted care to imitate.



SPRING.



SPRING.

THE FIRST PASTORAL.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on *Windsor's* blissful plains:
Fair *Thames* flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks *Sicilian* Muses sing;
Let vernal airs thro' trembling osiers play,
And *Albion's* cliffs resound the rural lay.

You, that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost!
O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:
So when the Nightingale to rest removes,
The Thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
But, charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all th' aerial audience clap their wings.

Daphnis and *Strephon* to the shades retir'd,
Both warm'd by Love, and by the Muse inspir'd;
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair,
In flow'ry vales they feed their fleecy care;

C

And

And while *Aurora* gilds the mountain's side,
Thus *Daphnis* spoke, and *Strephon* thus reply'd.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry bloomy spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day!
Why sit we mute when early Linnets sing,
When warbling *Philomel* salutes the spring?
Why sit we sad when *Phosphor* shines so clear,
And lavish nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and *Damon* shall attend the strain,
While yon' slow Oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
Here on green banks the blushing vi'lets glow;
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
I'll stake my lamb that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various Seasons of the rowling year;
And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve bright Signs in beauteous order lie?

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;
Begin, the vales shall echo to the sound.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, *Phœbus*, in my *Delia's* praise
With *Waller's* strains, or *Granville's* moving lays!
A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threatens a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPH-

PASTORALS.

II

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for *Sylvia* let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes;
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle *Delia* beckons from the plain,
Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly *Sylvia* trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich *Pactolus* flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of *Po*;
Blest *Thames*'s shores the brightest beauties yield,
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial *Venus* haunts *Idalia*'s groves;
Diana Cynthus, *Ceres Hybla* loves;
If *Windsor*-shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and *Hybla* yield to *Windsor*-shade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
If *Delia* smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves fresh honours wear,
The Sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;

If *Sylvia* smiles, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But *Delia* always; forc'd from *Delia's* fight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as *May*,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day,
Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here,
But blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, shepherd, say, in' what glad soil appears
A wond'rous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears?
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy *Sylvia's* eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay tell me first, in what more happy fields,
The Thistle springs, to which the Lilly yields?
And then a nobler prize I will resign,
For *Sylvia*, charming *Sylvia*, shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend, for, *Daphnis*, I decree
The bowl to *Strephon*, and the lamb to thee:
Blest Swains, whose Nymphs in ev'ry grace excell,
Blest Nymphs, whose Swains those graces sing so well!
Now rise and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs;
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While opening blooms diffuse their sweets around.
For see! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend,
And from the *Pleiads* fruitful show'rs descend.

SUMMER



SUMMER.

THE

SECOND PASTORAL.

To Dr. GARTH.

A Faithful swain, whom Love had taught to sing,
 Bewail'd his fate beside a silver Spring;
 Where gentle *Thames* his winding waters leads
 Thro' verdant forests, and thro' flow'ry meads.
 There while he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
 The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
 The *Naiads* wept in ev'ry watry bow'r,
 And *Jove* consented in a silent show'r.

Accept, O *Garth*, the Muse's early lays,
 That adds this wreath of Ivy to thy Bays;
 Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
 From Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure!

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
 Defence from *Phæbus*, not from *Cupid's* beams,
 To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I sing,
 The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
 Ev'n hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
 Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?

The

The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
 They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
 The sultry *Sirius* burns the thirsty plains,
 While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye Muses, in what lawn or grove,
 While your *Alexis* pines in hopeless love?
 In those fair fields where sacred *Isis* glides,
 Or else where *Cam* his winding vales divides?
 As in the crystal spring I view my face,
 Fresh rising blushes paint the watry glass;
 But since those graces please thy sight no more,
 I shun the fountains which I sought before.
 Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
 And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
 Ah wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
 To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care,
 Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces share;
 But nigh that mountain let me tune my lays,
 Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
 That flute is mine which *Colin's* tuneful breath
 Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death;
 He said; "*Alexis*, take this pipe, the same
 That taught the groves my *Rosalinda's* name ———
 But now the reeds shall hang on yonder Tree,
 For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
 Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r
 The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!
 Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
 And I those kisses he receives, enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
 Rough *Satyrs* dance, and *Pan* applauds the song:
 The Nymphs forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
 Their early fruit, and milk-white Turtles bring;

Each

Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
 On you their gifts are all bestow'd again!
 For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design,
 And in one garland all their beauties join!
 Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
 In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
 Descending Gods have found *Elysium* here.
 In woods bright *Venus* with *Adonis* stray'd,
 And chaste *Diana* haunts the forest-shade.
 Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
 When swains from sheering seek their nightly bow'rs;
 When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
 And crown'd with corn, their thanks to *Ceres* yield.
 This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
 But in my breast the serpent love abides.
 Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
 But your *Alexis* knows no sweet but you.
 Some God conduct you to these blissful seats,
 The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
 Where-e'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
 Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade.
 Where-e'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
 And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
 Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
 Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
 Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
 And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above.
 But would you sing, and rival *Orpheus*' strain,
 The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,
 The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
 And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!
 But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
 The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,

To

To closer shades the panting flocks remove,
 Ye Gods! and is there no relief for love?
 But soon the Sun with milder rays descends
 To the cool ocean, where his journey ends;
 On me love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
 By night he scorches, as he burns by day.



AUTUMN.

The THIRD

PASTORAL.

To Mr. *WYCHERLEY*.

Beneath the shade a spreading Beech displays,
Hylas and *Ægon* sung their rural lays,
 To whose complaints the list'ning forests bend,
 While one his Mistress mourns and one his Friend:
 Ye *Mantuan* Nymphs, your sacred succour bring;
Hylas' and *Ægon's* rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine with *Plautus'* wit inspire,
 The art of *Terence*, and *Menander's* fire,
 Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
 Whose judgment sways us, and whose rapture warms!
 Attend the muse, tho' low her numbers be,
 She sings of friendship, and she sings to thee.

Now

Now setting *Phœbus* shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
When tuneful *Hylas* with melodious moan
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
To *Thyrsis*' ear the tender notes convey!
As some sad Turtle his lost Love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
Thus, far from *Thyrsis*, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpitied, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
For him the feather'd Quires neglect their song;
For him the Limes their pleasing shades deny;
For him the Lillies hang their heads and die.
Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,
Ye birds, that left by summer, cease to sing,
Ye trees that fade when autumn-heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love?

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Curs'd be the fields that cause my *Thyrsis*' stay:
Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all but he.
What have I said? — where-e'er my *Thyrsis* flies,
Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise;
Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty Swain,
Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain,
Not show'rs to Larks, or sunshine to the Bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

Go,

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 Come, *Thyrsis*, come, ah why this long delay?
 Thro' rocks and caves the name of *Thyrsis* sounds,
Thyrsis, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
 Ye pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy sooths my mind!
 Do lovers dream, or is my shepherd kind?
 He comes, my shepherd comes!— Now cease my lay,
 And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!

Next *Ægon* sung, while *Windfor*-groves admir'd,
 Rehearse, ye Muses, what your selves inspir'd.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
 Of perjur'd *Doris*, dying I complain!
 Here where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
 Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies.
 While lab'ring Oxen, spent with toil and heat,
 In their loose traces from the field retreat;
 While curling smoaks from village-tops are seen,
 And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
 Beneath yon' Poplar oft' we past the day:
 Oft' on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
 While she with garlands grac'd the bending boughs:
 The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
 So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
 Now bright *Arcturus* glads the teeming grain,
 Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
 And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine,
 Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove;
 Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
 The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey—
 Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
 Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep?"

Pan

Pan came, and ask'd, what magick caus'd my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?

What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r to move!
And is there magick but what dwells in love?

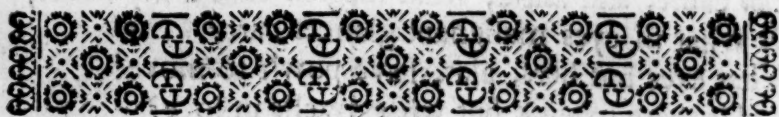
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains—
From shepherds, flocks and plains, I may remove,
For sake mankind, and all the world—but love!
I know thee Love! wild as the raging main,
More fell than Tygers on the *Lybian* plain;
Thou wert from *Aetna's* burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods! adieu, the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains.
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!

Thus sung the shepherds 'till th' approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low Sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade.



WINTER.



WINTER.

THE

FOURTH PASTORAL.

To the MEMORY of
Mrs. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

T *Hyrfis*, the music of that murm'ring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing,
Nor rivers winding thro' the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh sing of *Daphne's* fate, and *Daphne's* praise!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.
Here shall I try the sweet *Alexis'* strain,
That call'd the list'ning *Dryads* to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
 And swell the future harvest of thy field.
 Begin; this charge the dying *Daphne* gave,
 And said; "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!
 Sing, while beside the shaded Tomb I mourn,
 And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses leave your crystal spring,
 Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring;
 Ye weeping loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
 And break your bows, as when *Adonis* dy'd;
 And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
 Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:

"Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,

"Fair *Daphne's* dead, and love is now no more!

'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay;

See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day!

Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,

Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.

See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,

With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.

Ah what avail the beauties nature wore?

Fair *Daphne's* dead, and beauty is no more!

For her, the flocks refuse their verdant food,

Nor thirsty heifers seek the gliding flood.

The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,

In sadder notes than when they sing their own.

Echo no more the rural song rebounds,

Her name alone the mournful Echo sounds,

Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,

Now *Daphne's* dead, and pleasure is no more!

No

No grateful dew's descend from ev'ning skies,
 Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise.
 No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
 Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
 The balmy *Zephyrs*, silent since her death,
 Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath.

Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store;
 Fair *Daphne's* dead, and sweetness is no more!

No more the mounting Larks, while *Daphne* sings,
 Shall list'ning in mid air suspend their wings;
 No more the nightingales repeat her lays,
 Or hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
 No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
 A sweeter music than their own to hear;
 But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
 Fair *Daphne's* dead, and music is no more!

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
 And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
 The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
 Her fate remurmur to the silver flood;
 The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
 Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
 The winds and trees and floods her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!

But see! where *Daphne* wond'ring mounts on high,
 Above the clouds, above the starry sky!
 Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
 Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
 There while you rest in *Amaranthine* bow'r's,
 Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
 Behold us kindly who your name implore,
Daphne, our Goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS

PASTORALS.

23

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!
Such silence waits on *Philomela's* strains,
In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees:
To thee, bright Goddess, oft' a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes encrease my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

THYRSIS.

See pale *Orion* sheds unwholesome dew,
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp *Boreas* blows, and nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
Adieu ye vales, ye mountains, streams and groves,
Adieu ye shepherd's rural lays and loves!
Adieu my flocks, farewell ye sylvan crew,
Daphne farewell, and all the world adieu!



MESSIAH



MESSIAH.

A

SACRED ECLOGUE.

IN IMITATION OF

VIRGIL'S *POLLIO*.

YE Nymphs of *Solyma*! begin the song:
 To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of *Pindus* and th' *Aonian* maids,
 Delight no more--- O thou my voice inspire
 Who touch'd *Isaiah*'s hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the Bard begun,
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
 From 1 *Jesse*'s root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies.
 Th' Æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
 Ye 2 heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!

1 *Isaiah*, cap. 11. v. 1.

2 cap. 45. v. 8.

The 3 sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
 Returning 4 Justice lift aloft her scale;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
 See Nature haltes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring!
 See lofty 5 *Lebanon* his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance!
 See spicy clouds from lowly *Saron* rise,
 And *Carmel's* flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
 Prepare the 6 way; a God, a God appears!
 A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 Lo Earth receives him from the bending skies!
 Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies rise:
 With heads declin'd, ye Cedars, homage pay;
 Be smooth, ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!
 The Saviour comes! by ancient Bards foretold;
 Hear 7 him ye deaf, and all ye blind behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear.
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding Roe.

3 cap. 25. v. 4. 4 cap. 9. v. 7. 5 cap. 35. v. 2.

6 cap. 40. v. 3, 4. 7 cap. 42. v. 18.

D

No

No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
 From ev'ry Face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
 In 8 adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
 And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
 As the good 9 shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promis'd 10 father of the future age.
 No more shall 11 nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad faulchion in a plow-share end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful 12 Son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren 13 desarts with surprize
 Sees Lillies spring, and sudden verdure rise,
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murm'ring in his ear:
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy 14 vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;

8 cap. 25. v. 8. 9 cap. 40. v. 11. 10 cap. 9. v. 11.
 11 cap. 2. v. 4. 12 cap. 65. v. 21, 22. 13 cap.
 35. v. 1, 7. 14 cap. 41. v. 19. and cap. 55. v. 13.

To

To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The 15 lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flow'ry bands the Tyger lead;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless 16 serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested Basilisk and speckled snake;
 Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue and pointless sting shall play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial 17 *Salem* rise!
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
 See, a long 18 race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crouding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
 See barb'rous 19 nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy Temple bend;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate Kings,
 And heap'd with products of 20 *Sabaean* springs!
 For thee *Idume's* spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in *Opbyr's* mountains glow.
 See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!
 No more the rising 21 Sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning *Cynthia* fill her silver horn,
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One Tyde of glory, one unclouded blaze

15 cap. 11. v. 6, 7, 8.

16 cap. 65. v. 25.

17 cap. 60. v. 1.

18. cap. 60. v. 4.

19 cap.

60. v. 3.

20 cap. 60. v. 6.

21 cap.

60. v. 19, 20.

D 2

O'erflow

O'erflow thy courts: The Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!

The 22 seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains;
Thy Realm for ever lasts, thy own *Messiah* reigns!

22 cap. 51. v. 6. and cap. 54. v. 10.



Adver-

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN reading several passages of the Prophet *Isaiab*, which foretell the coming of Christ and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the *Pollio* of *Virgil*. This will not seem surprizing when we reflect, that the Eclogue was taken from a *Sibylline* Prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that *Virgil* did not copy it line by line, but selected such Ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral Poetry, and disposed them in that manner which serv'd most to beautify his piece. I have endeavour'd the same in this imitation of him, tho' without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the Prophet are superior to those of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of *Isaiab*, and those of *Virgil*, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation.

~~~~~

**A** *Virgin shall conceive*——  
*All Crimes shall cease, &c.*

VIR. E. 4. V. 6.

Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna,  
 Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto——  
 Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,  
 Irrita perpetuâ solvent formidine terras——  
 Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

*Now*

*Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns, now a new Progeny is sent down from high heaven. By means of thee, whatever reliques of our crimes remain, shall be wip'd away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his Father.*

ISAIAH, Ch. 7. V. 14. *Behold a Virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son*—Ch. 9. V. 6, 7. *Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; The Prince of Peace: of the increase of his government, and of his Peace, there shall be no end: Upon the Throne of David, and upon his Kingdom, to order and to stablish it, with judgment and with justice, for ever and ever.*

*See, Nature hastes, &c.*

VIRG. E. 4. V. 18.

*At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,  
Errantes hedæras passim cum baccare tellus,  
Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet Acantho——  
Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.*

*For thee, O Child, shall the earth, without being tilled, produce early offerings; winding Ivy, with Baccar, and Colocasia mixed with smiling Acanthus. Thy Cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers about thee.*

ISAIAH, Ch. 35 V. 1. *The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.* Ch. 60. V. 13. *The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the frr-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my Sanctuary.*

*Hark!*

*Hark! a glad Voice, &c.*

VIRG. E. 4. V. 46.

Aggredere ô magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,  
 Cara deûm soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum——  
 Ipsi lætitia voces ad fydera jactant  
 Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,  
 Ipsa sonent arbuta, Deus, deus ille, Menalca!

E. 5. V. 62.

*Oh come and receive the mighty honours: The time draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great increase of Jove! The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars, the very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out, A God, a God!*

ISAIAH, Ch. 40. V. 3, 4. *The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make straight in the desert a high way for our God! Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain. Ch. 44. V. 23. Break forth into singing, ye mountains! O forest, and every tree therein! for the Lord hath redeemed Israel.*

*The Swain in barren deserts, &c.*

VIRG. E. 4. V. 28.

Molli paulatim flavescet campus arista,  
 Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva.  
 Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.

*The field shall grow yellow with ripen'd ears, and the red grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard Oaks shall distill honey-like dew.*

ISAIAH,



ISAIAH, Ch. 35 V. 7. *The parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water. In the habitation where dragons lay, shall be grass, with reeds and rushes.* Ch. 55. V. 13. *Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle-tree.*

*The lambs with wolves, &c.*

VIRG. E. 4. V. 21.

Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ  
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones——  
Occidet & serpens, & fallax herba veneni  
Occidet.——

*The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with milk: nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die.*

ISAIAH. Ch. II. V. 6, &c. *The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them——And the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice.*

*Rise crown'd with light, &c.*

The thoughts that follow to the end of the Poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of *Virgil* which make the loftiest parts of his *Pollio*.

*Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo!*

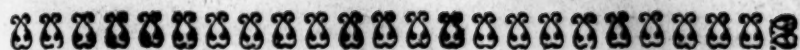
——*toto surget gens aurea mundo!*

——*incipient magni procedere menses!*

*Aspice, venturo latentur ut omnia sæclo! &c.*

The reader needs only turn to the passages of *Isaiah*, as they are cited in the margins of the preceding Eclogue.

WINDSOR.



# WINDSOR-FOREST.

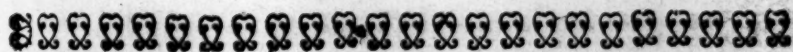
To the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

---

*Non injussa cano: Te nostræ, Vare, myrice,  
Te Nemus omne canet; nec Phœbo gratior ulla est  
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.*

VIRG. Ecl. 6.



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# WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE lord LANSDOWN.

THY forests, *Windsor*! and thy green retreats,  
At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,  
Invite my lays. Be present sylvan Maids!

Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.  
*Granville* commands; your aid O Muses bring!  
What Muse for *Granville* can refuse to sing?

The groves of *Eden*, vanish'd now so long,  
Live in description, and look green in song:  
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,  
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.  
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,  
Here earth and water seem to strive again,  
Not *Chaos*-like together crush'd and bruis'd,  
But as the world, harmoniously confus'd:

Where order in variety we see,  
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree,  
Here waving groves a checquer'd scene display,  
And part admit, and part exclude the day;  
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address  
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.  
There, interspers'd in lawns and opening glades,  
Thin trees arise that shun each others shades.

Here



Here in full light the russet plains extend;  
 There wrapt in clouds the blueish hills ascend:  
 Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,  
 And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,  
 That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn;  
 Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.  
 Let *India* boast her plants, nor envy we  
 The weeping amber or the balmy tree,  
 While by our Oaks the precious loads are born,  
 And realms commanded which those trees adorn.  
 Not proud *Olympus* yields a nobler sight,  
 Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,  
 Than what more humble mountains offer here,  
 Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.  
 See *Pan* with flocks, with fruits *Pomona* crown'd,  
 Here blushing *Flora* paints th' enamell'd ground,  
 Here *Ceres*' gifts in waving prospect stand,  
 And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand,  
 Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,  
 And Peace and Plenty tell, a *Stuart* reigns.

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,  
 A dreary desert and a gloomy waste,  
 To savage beasts and \* savage laws a prey,  
 And kings more furious and severe than they:  
 Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,  
 The lonely Lords of empty wilds and woods.  
 Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,  
 (For wiser Brutes were backward to be slaves.)  
 What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,  
 And ev'n the Elements a Tyrant sway'd?  
 In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,  
 Soft show'rs distill'd, and Suns grew warm in vain;

---

\* *The Forest Laws.*

The swain with tears to beasts his labour yields,  
 And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.  
 No wonder savages or subjects slain  
 Were equal crimes in a despotic reign,  
 Both doom'd alike for sportive Tyrants bled,  
 But subjects starv'd, while savages were fed.  
 Proud *Nimrod* first the bloody chace began,  
 A mighty hunter, and his prey was Man.  
 Our haughty *Norman* boasts that barb'rous name,  
 And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.  
 The \* fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,  
 From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:  
 The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;  
 The hollow winds thro' naked Temples roar;  
 Round broken columns clasping Ivy twin'd;  
 O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;  
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,  
 And wolves with howling fill the sacred Quires.  
 Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curst,  
 Th' oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,  
 Stretch'd o'er the Poor, and Church, his iron rod,  
 And treats alike his Vassals and his God.  
 Whom ev'n the *Saxon* spar'd, and bloody *Dane*,  
 The wanton victims of his sport remain.  
 But see the man who spacious regions gave  
 A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave!  
 Stretch'd on the lawn his † second hope survey,  
 At once the chaser and at once the prey.  
 Lo *Rufus*, tugging at the deadly dart,  
 Bleeds in the forest, like a wounded hart.

---

\* Alluding to the new forest, and the tyrannies exercis'd there by William the first.

† Richard, second son of William the Conqueror.

Succeeding

Succeeding Monarchs heard the subjects cries,  
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.  
 Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,  
 O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread;  
 The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain,  
 And secret transport touch'd the conscious Swain.  
 Fair Liberty, *Britannia's* Goddess, rears  
 Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.

Ye vig'rous Swains! while youth ferments your blood,  
 And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,  
 Now range the hills, the thickest woods beset,  
 Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.  
 When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,  
 And in the new-shorn field the Partridge feeds,  
 Before his Lord the ready Spaniel bounds,  
 Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds,  
 But when the tainted gales the game betray,  
 Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey;  
 Secure they trust th' unfaithful field, beset,  
 Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.  
 Thus (if small things we may with great compare)  
 When *Albion* sends her eager sons to war,  
 Pleas'd, in the Gen'ral's fight, the host lie down  
 Sudden, before some unsuspecting town,  
 The captive Race one instant makes our prize,  
 And high in air *Britannia's* standard flies.

See! from the brake the whirring Pheasant springs  
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings.  
 Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,  
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.  
 Ah! what avails his glossy, varying dyes,  
 His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,

The

The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,  
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Nor yet when moist *Arcturus* clouds the sky,

The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny:

To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,

And trace the mazes of the circling hare.

(Beasts taught by us, their fellow beasts pursue,

And learn of man each other to undo.)

With slaughter'ring guns th' unwearied fowler roves,

When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;

Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'er shade,

And lonely woodcocks haunt the watry glade.

He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;

Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky.

Off', as in airy rings they skim the heath,

The clam'rous Plovers feel the leaden death:

Off', as the mounting Larks their notes prepare,

They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial Spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,

Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,

The patient fisher takes his silent stand,

Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;

With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,

And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.

Our plenteous streams a various race supply;

The bright-ey'd perch with fins of *Tyrian* dye,

The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,

The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,

Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains,

And pykes, the tyrants of the watry plains.

Now *Cancer* glows with *Phæbus'* fiery car;

The youth rush eager to the sylvan war;

Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,

Rowze the fleet hart, and chear the op'ning hound.

Th'



Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein,  
 And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain,  
 Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,  
 And e're he starts, a thousand steps are lost.  
 See! the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,  
 Rush thro' the thickets, down the vallies sweep,  
 Hang o'er their courfers heads with eager speed,  
 And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.  
 Let old *Arcadia* boast her ample plain,  
 Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train,  
 Nor envy, *Windsor*! since thy shades have seen  
 As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a Queen;  
 Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,  
 The earth's fair light, and Empress of the main.

Here, as old Bards have sung, *Diana* stray'd,  
 Bath'd in the springs, or sought the cooling shade;  
 Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,  
 Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.  
 Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,  
 Thy offspring, *Thames*! the fair *Lodona* nam'd,  
 (*Lodona's* fate, in long oblivion cast,  
 The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last;)   
 Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be known;  
 But by the crescent and the golden zone:  
 She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;  
 A belt her waste, a fillet binds her hair,  
 A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,  
 And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.  
 It chanc'd, as eager of the chace the maid  
 Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,  
*Pan* saw and lov'd, and burning with desire  
 Pursu'd her flight, her flight encreas'd his fire.  
 Not half so swift the trembling Doves can fly,  
 When the fierce Eagle cleaves the liquid sky;

Not

Not half so swiftly the fierce Eagle moves,  
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling Doves;  
As from the God she flew with furious pace,  
Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chase.  
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;  
Now close behind his sounding steps she hears;  
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,  
(His shadow lengthen'd by the setting Sun)  
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,  
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.  
In vain on father *Thames* she calls for aid,  
Nor could *Diana* help her injur'd maid.  
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;  
" Ah *Cynthia*! ah——tho' banish'd from thy train,  
" Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,  
" My native shades——there weep, and murmur there.  
She said, and melting as in tears she lay,  
In a soft, silver stream dissolv'd away.  
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,  
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;  
Still bears the \* name the hapless virgin bore,  
And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.  
In her chaste current oft' the Goddess laves,  
And with celestial tears augments the waves.  
Oft' in her glass the musing shepherd spies  
The headlong mountains and the downward skies,  
The watry Landskip of the pendant woods,  
And absent trees that tremble in the floods;  
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,  
And floating forests paint the waves with green.  
Thro' the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring streams,  
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the *Thames*.

---

\* *The River Loddon.*

Thou too, great father of the *British* floods!  
 With joyful pride survey our lofty woods;  
 Where tow'ring Oaks their spreading honours rear,  
 And future Navies on thy banks appear.  
 Not *Neptune's* self from all his floods receives  
 A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.  
 No seas so rich, so full no streams appear,  
 No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.  
 Not fabled *Po* more swells the Poet's lays,  
 While thro' the skies his shining current strays,  
 Than thine, which visits *Windsor's* fam'd abodes,  
 To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods:  
 Nor all his stars a brighter lustre show,  
 Than the fair nymphs that gild thy shore below:  
 Here *Jove* himself, subdu'd by beauty still,  
 Might change *Olympus* for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright Court approves,  
 His Sov'reign favours, and his Country loves:  
 Happy next him who to these shades retires,  
 Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires,  
 Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,  
 Successive study, exercise, and ease.  
 He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,  
 And of their fragrant phyfic spoils the fields:  
 With chemic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,  
 And draws the aromattick souls of flow'rs.  
 Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;  
 O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye.  
 Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,  
 Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er.  
 Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,  
 Attends the duties of the wise and good,  
 T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,  
 To follow nature, and regard his end.

Or

Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,  
 Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,  
 Amidst her kindred stars familiar roam,  
 Survey the Region, and confess her home!  
 Such was the life great *Scipio* once admir'd,  
 Thus *Atticus*, and *Trumbal* thus retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,  
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,  
 Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,  
 Of bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens;  
 To *Thames's* banks which fragrant breezes fill,  
 Or where ye Muses sport on *Cooper's* hill.  
 (On *Cooper's* hill eternal wreaths shall grow,  
 While lasts the mountain, or while *Thames* shall flow)  
 I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove,  
 And hear soft Music dye along the grove;  
 Led by the sound I roam from shade to shade,  
 By god-like Poets venerable made:  
 Here his first lays majestick *Denham* sung;  
 There the last numbers flow'd from \**Cowley's* tongue.  
 O early lost! what tears the River shed,  
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led?  
 His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire,  
 And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

Since fate relentless stopp'd their heav'nly voice,  
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;  
 Who now shall charm the shades where *Cowley* strung  
 His living harp, and lofty *Denham* sung?  
 But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!  
 Are these reviv'd? or is it *Granville* sings?

---

\* *Mr. Cowley died at Chertsey on the borders of the Forest, and was from thence convey'd to Westminster.*



'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,  
 And call the Muses to their ancient seats,  
 To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes,  
 To crown the forests with immortal greens,  
 Make *Windsor*-hills in lofty numbers rise,  
 And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;  
 To sing those honours you deserve to wear,  
 And add new lustre to her silver Star.

Here noble \* *Surrey* felt the sacred rage,  
*Surrey*, the *Granville* of a former age:  
 Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance;  
 Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:  
 In the same shades the *Cupids* tun'd his lyre,  
 To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:  
 Fair *Geraldine*, bright object of his vow,  
 Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly *Myra* now.

Oh would'st thou sing what Heroes *Windsor* bore,  
 What Kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,  
 Or raise old Warriors, whose ador'd remains  
 In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!  
 With † *Edward's* acts adorn the shining page,  
 Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age,  
 Draw monarchs chain'd, and *Cressi's* glorious field,  
 The Lillies blazing on the regal shield.  
 Then, from her Roofs when *Verrio's* colour's fall,  
 And leave inanimate the naked wall;  
 Still in thy song should vanquish'd *France* appear,  
 And bleed for ever under *Britain's* spear.

---

\* Henry Howard *Earl of Surrey*, one of the first Refiners  
 of the English Poetry; who flourish'd in the time of Henry  
 the VIIIth.

† Edward III. born here.

Let softer strains ill-fated \* *Henry* mourn,  
 And Palms eternal flourish round his urn.  
 Here o'er the martyr-King the marble weeps,  
 And fast beside him, once-fear'd † *Edward* sleeps:  
 Whom not th' extended *Albion* could contain,  
 From old *Belerium* to the Northern main,  
 The grave unites; where ev'n the Great find rest,  
 And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppressed!

Make sacred *Charles's* tomb for ever known,  
 (Obscure the place, and un-inscrib'd the stone)  
 Oh fact accurst! what tears has *Albion* shed,  
 Heav'n's what new wounds! and how her old have bled?  
 She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,  
 Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,  
 A dreadful series of intestine wars,  
 Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.  
 At length great *Anna* said——Let discord cease!  
 She said, the World obey'd, and all was Peace!

In that blest moment, from his oozy bed  
 Old father *Thames* advanc'd his rev'rend head;  
 His tresses dropp'd with dews, and o'er the stream  
 His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:  
 Grav'd on his urn, appear'd the Moon that guides  
 His swelling waters, and alternate tides;  
 The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,  
 And on their banks *Augusta* rose in gold.  
 Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,  
 That swell with tributary urns his flood.  
 First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,  
 The winding *Isis* and the fruitful *Tame*:  
 The *Kennet* swift, for silver Eels renown'd;  
 The *Loddon* slow, with verdant alders crown'd:

\* Henry VI.

† Edward IV.

*Cole*, whose clear streams his flow'ry islands laye;  
 And chalky *Wey*, that rolls a milky wave:  
 The blue, transparent *Vandalis* appears;  
 The gulphy *Lee* his sedgey tresses rears:  
 And sullen *Mole*, that hides his diving flood;  
 And silent *Darent*, stain'd with *Danish* blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,  
 (His sea-green mantle waving with the wind)  
 The God appear'd; he turn'd his azure eyes  
 Where *Windsor*-domes and pompous turrets rise;  
 Then bow'd and spoke; the winds forget to roar,  
 And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred Peace! hail long-expect'd days,  
 That *Thames*'s glory to the stars shall raise!  
 Tho' *Tyber*'s streams immortal *Rome* behold,  
 Tho' foaming *Hermus* swells with tides of gold,  
 From heav'n itself tho' sev'n-fold *Nilus* flows,  
 And harvests on a hundred realms bestows:  
 These now no more shall be the *Muse*'s themes,  
 Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.  
 Let *Volga*'s banks with Iron Squadrons shine,  
 And groves of lances glitter on the *Rhine*,  
 Let barb'rous *Ganges* arm a servile train;  
 Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.  
 No more my sons shall dye with *British* blood  
 Red *Iber*'s sands, or *Ister*'s foaming flood;  
 Safe on my shore each unmolested swain  
 Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;  
 The shady empire shall retain no trace  
 Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace;  
 The trumpets sleep, while chearful horns are blown,  
 And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.  
 Behold! th' ascending *Villa*'s on my side,  
 Project long shadows o'er the chrystal tide.

Behold!

Behold! *Augusta's* glitt'ring spires increase,  
And temples rise, the beauteous works of Peace.  
I see, I see where two fair Cities bend  
Their ample bow, a new *White-hall* ascend!  
There mighty nations shall enquire their doom,  
The world's great Oracle in times to come;  
There Kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen  
Once more to bend before a *British* Queen.

Thy Trees, fair *Windsor*! now shall leave their woods,  
And half thy forests rush into my floods,  
Bear *Britain's* thunder, and her Cross display,  
To the bright regions of the rising day;  
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,  
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole;  
Or under Southern skies exalt their sails,  
Led by new stars, and born by spicy gales!  
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,  
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,  
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,  
And *Phœbus* warm the ripening ore to gold.  
The time shall come, when free as seas or wind  
Unbounded *Thames* shall flow for all mankind,  
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,  
And Seas but join the regions they divide;  
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,  
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.  
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,  
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side,  
Whose naked youth and painted chiefs admire  
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!  
Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,  
Till conquest cease, and slav'ry be no more;  
Till the freed *Indians* in their native groves  
Reap their own fruits, and wooe their sable Loves,

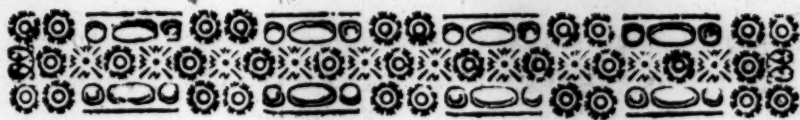
*Pern*



*Peru* once more a race of Kings behold,  
And other *Mexico's* be roof'd with gold.  
Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,  
In brazen bonds shall barb'rous Discord dwell:  
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,  
And mad Ambition, shall attend her there.  
There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,  
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:  
There hateful Envy her own Snakes shall feel,  
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel:  
There Faction roars, Rebellion bites her chain,  
And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays  
Touch the fair fame of *Albion's* golden days.  
The thoughts of Gods let *Granville's* verse recite,  
And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light.  
My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,  
Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,  
Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,  
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.  
Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,  
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;  
Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains  
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains,

---



A N  
E S S A Y  
O N  
C R I T I C I S M.

---

Written in the Year M, DCC, IX.

---

— *Si quid novisti rectius istis,*  
*Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.* Hor.

---



THE

ESSAY

CRITICISM

ON

THE

ART

OF

CRITICISM

IN

THE

ART

OF

CRITICISM

IN

THE

ART

OF

CRITICISM



A N  
E S S A Y  
O N  
C R I T I C I S M.

 IS hard to say, if greater want of skill  
 Appear in writing or in judging ill;  
 But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence  
 To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.  
 Some few in that, but numbers err in this,  
 Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;  
 A fool might once himself alone expose,  
 Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none  
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.  
 In Poets as true Genius is but rare,  
 True Taste as seldom is the Critic's share;  
 Both must alike from heav'n derive their light,  
 These born to judge, as well as those to write.  
 Let ‡ such teach others who themselves excell,  
 And censure freely who have written well.

---

‡ *Qui scribit artificiosè, ab aliis commodè scripta facile intelligere poterit. Cic. ad Herenn. lib. 4.*



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Yet if we look more closely, we shall find  
 Most † have the seeds of judgment in their mind:  
 Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;  
 The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.  
 But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,  
 Is by ill colouring but the more disgrac'd,  
 So by false learning is good sense defac'd:  
 Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,  
 And some made coxcombs nature meant but fools.  
 In search of wit these lose their common sense,  
 And then turn Critics in their own defence:  
 Those hate as rivals all that write; and others  
 But envy wits, as eunuchs envy lovers.  
 All such have still an itching to deride,  
 And fain would be upon the laughing side:  
 If *Mævius* scribble in *Apollo's* spight,  
 There are who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past,  
 Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.  
 Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,  
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.  
 Those half-learn'd wittings, num'rous in our isle,  
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of *Nile*;  
 Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,  
 Their generation's so equivocal:  
 To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,  
 Or one vain Wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you who seek to give and merit fame,  
 And justly bear a Critic's noble name,  
 Be sure your self and your own reach to know,  
 How far your genius, taste, and learning go;

---

† *Omnes tacito quodam sensu, sine ulla arte, aut ratione, quæ sint in artibus ac rationibus recta ac prava judicant.* Cic. de Orat. lib. 3.

Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,  
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.  
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,  
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.  
As on the land while here the Ocean gains,  
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;  
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,  
The solid pow'r of understanding fails;  
Where beams of warm imagination play,  
The memory's soft figures melt away.  
One science only will one genius fit;  
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:  
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,  
But oft' in those confin'd to single parts.  
Like Kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,  
By vain ambition still to make them more.  
Each might his sev'ral province well command,  
Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame  
By her just standard, which is still the same:  
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,  
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,  
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,  
At once the source, and end, and test of art.  
Art from that fund each just supply provides,  
Works without show, and without pomp presides:  
In some fair body thus the secret soul  
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole:  
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;  
Itself unseen, but in th' effects, remains.  
There are whom heav'n has blest with store of wit,  
Yet want as much again to manage it;

For



52 *An Essay on CRITICISM.*

For wit and judgment ever are at strife,  
 Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.  
 'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed;  
 Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;  
 The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,  
 Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those Rules of old discover'd, not devis'd,  
 Are nature still, but nature methodiz'd;  
 Nature, like Monarchy, is but restrain'd  
 By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd *Greece* her useful rules indites,  
 When to repress, and when indulge our flights!  
 High on *Parnassus*' top her sons she show'd,  
 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod,  
 Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,  
 And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.  
 Just \* precepts thus from great examples giv'n,  
 She drew from them what they deriv'd from heav'n.  
 The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire,  
 And taught the world with reason to admire.  
 Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,  
 To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd:  
 But following Wits from that intention stray'd;  
 Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid,  
 Set up themselves, and drove a sep'rate trade;  
 Against the Poets their own arms they turn'd,  
 Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.  
 So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art  
 By Doctor's bills to play the Doctor's part,

---

\* *Nec enim artibus editis factum est ut argumenta inveniremus, sed dicta sunt omnia antequam præciperentur, mox ea scriptores observata & collecta ediderunt.* Quintil.  
 Bold

Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,  
 Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.  
 Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,  
 Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they.  
 Some dryly plain, without invention's aid,  
 Write dull receipts how poems may be made;  
 These lost the sense, their learning to display,  
 And those explain'd the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course would steer,  
 Know well each Ancient's proper character;  
 His fable, subje& scope in ev'ry page;  
 Religion, country, genius of his age:  
 Without all these at once before your eyes,  
 Cavil you may, but never criticize.  
 Be *Homer's* works your study, and delight,  
 Read them by day, and meditate by night,  
 Thence form your judgment, thence your notions bring,  
 And trace the Muses upward to their spring.  
 Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;  
 And let your comment be the *Mantuan* Muse.

\* When first young *Maro* sung of Kings and wars,  
 E're warning *Phæbus* touch'd his trembling ears,  
 Perhaps he seem'd above the Critic's law,  
 And but from nature's fountains scorn'd to draw;  
 But when t'examine ev'ry part he came,  
 Nature and *Homer* were, he found the same:  
 Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design;  
 And rules as strict his labour'd works confine,  
 As if the *Stagyrite* o'erlook'd each line.  
 Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;  
 To copy nature is to copy them.

---

\* Virgil, Eclog. 6. *Cùm canerem Reges & Prælia,  
 Cynthia aurem vellit*—

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,  
 For there's a happiness as well as care,  
 Music resembles Poetry, in each  
 Are nameless graces which no methods teach,  
 And which a master-hand alone can reach.  
 If, \* where the rules not far enough extend,  
 (Since rules were made but to promote their end)  
 Some lucky Licence answers to the full  
 Th' intent propos'd, that Licence is a rule.  
 Thus *Pegasus*, a nearer way to take,  
 May boldly deviate from the common track.  
 Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,  
 And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend;  
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,  
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,  
 Which, without passing thro' the judgment, gains  
 The heart, and all its end at once attains.  
 In prospects, thus, some objects please our eyes,  
 Which out of nature's common order rise,  
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.  
 But care in poetry must still be had,  
 It asks discretion ev'n in running mad:  
 And tho' the Ancients thus their rules invade,  
 (As Kings dispense with laws themselves have made)  
 Moderns beware! or if you must offend  
 Against the Precept, ne'er transgress its End;  
 Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;  
 And have at least their precedent to plead.

---

\* *Neque tam sancta sunt ista Precepta, sed hoc quicquid est, Utilitas excogitavit; Non negabo autem sic utile esse plerumque; verum si eadem illa nobis aliud suadebit utilitas, hanc, relictis magistrorum autoritatibus, sequemur.*  
 Quintil. lib. 2. cap. 13.

The Critic else proceeds without remorse,  
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts  
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.  
Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,  
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,  
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,  
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.

A prudent chief not always must display  
His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,  
But with th' occasion and the place comply,  
Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.  
Those oft' are stratagems which errors seem,  
Nor is it *Homer* nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,  
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;  
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,  
Destructive war, and all-devouring age.  
See, from each clime the learn'd their incense bring:  
Hear, in all tongues consenting *Pæans* ring!  
In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,  
And fill the gen'ral Chorus of mankind!  
Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;  
Immortal heirs of universal praise!

Whose honours with increase of ages grow,  
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow!  
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,  
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!  
Oh may some spark of your celestial fire,  
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,  
(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights:  
Glow while he reads, but trembles as he writes)  
To teach vain Wits, a science little known,  
T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own!



Of all the causes which conspire to blind  
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,  
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,  
 Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.  
 Whatever nature has in worth deny'd,  
 She gives in large recruits of needful pride;  
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find  
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:  
 Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,  
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense!  
 If once right reason drives that cloud away,  
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day;  
 Trust not your self; but your defects to know,  
 Make use of ev'ry friend——and ev'ry foe.

A little Learning is a dang'rous thing;  
 Drink deep, or taste not the *Pierian* spring;  
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
 And drinking largely sobers us again.  
 Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,  
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,  
 While from the bounded level of our mind,  
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;  
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize  
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!  
 So pleas'd at first the tow'ring *Alps* we try,  
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,  
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,  
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:  
 But those attain'd, we tremble to survey  
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,  
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,  
 Hills peep o'er hills, and *Alps* on *Alps* arise!

\* A perfect Judge will read each work of wit  
 With the same spirit that its Author writ,  
 Survey the Whole, nor seek slight faults to find;  
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;  
 Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,  
 The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.  
 But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow,  
 Correctly cold, and regularly low,  
 That shunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;  
 We cannot blame indeed——but we may sleep.  
 In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts  
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;  
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,  
 But the joint force and full result of all.  
 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,  
 (The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine O Rome!)  
 No single parts unequally surprize;  
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes;  
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;  
 The Whole at once is bold and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.  
 In ev'ry work regard the writer's End,  
 Since none can compass more than they intend;  
 And if the means be just, the conduct true,  
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.  
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,  
 T' avoid great errors, must the less commit:  
 Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,  
 For not to know some trifles, is a praise.

---

\* *Diligenter legendum est, ac pœne adscribendi sollicitudinem: Nec per partes modo scrutanda sunt omnia, sed perlectus liber utique ex integro resumendus. Quintil.*

Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,  
Still make the whole depend upon a part,  
They talk of principles but notions prize,  
And all to one lov'd Folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, *La Mancha's* Knight, they say,  
A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,  
Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,  
As e'er could *Dennis*, of the laws o'th' stage;  
Concluding all were desp'rate fots and fools,  
That durst depart from *Aristotle's* rules.

Our author, happy in a judge so nice,  
Produc'd his Play, and begg'd the knight's advice;  
Made him observe the subject, and the plot,  
The manners, passions, unities, what not?  
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,  
Were but a Combate in the lists left out.

"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the knight;  
Yes, or we must renounce the *Stagyrite*.

"Not so by heav'n" (he answers in a rage)

"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."  
The stage can ne'er so vast a throng contain,

"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

Thus Critics of less judgment than caprice,  
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,  
Form short Ideas; and offend in arts

(As most in manners,) by a love to parts.

Someto conceit alone their taste confine,  
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;  
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;  
One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.

Poets like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace

The naked nature and the living grace,

With

With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,  
And hide, with Ornaments their want of art.  
True \* wit is nature to advantage dress'd,  
What oft' was thought, but ne'er so well express'd ;  
Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,  
That gives us back the image of our mind.  
As shades most sweetly recommend the light,  
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit ;  
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,  
As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,  
And value books, as women men, for Dress :  
Their praise is still — the style is excellent :  
The sense, they humbly take upon content.  
Words are like leaves ; and where they most abound,  
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.  
False Eloquence, like the Prismatic glass ;  
Its gawdy colours spreads on ev'ry place ;  
The face of nature we no more survey,  
All glares alike, without distinction gay :  
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,  
Clears, and improves whate'er it shines upon,  
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.  
Expression is the dress of thought, and still  
Appears more decent, as more suitable ;  
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,  
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd ;  
For diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects sort,  
As sev'ral garbs with country, town, and court.

---

\* *Naturam intueamur, hanc sequamur ; id facillime accipiunt animi quod agnoscunt.* Quintil. lib. 8. c. 3.



Some \* by Old words to fame have made pretence:  
 Ancients in phrase, meer moderns in their sence!  
 Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,  
 Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.  
 Unlucky, as *Fungoso* in the † Play,  
 These sparks with aukward vanity display  
 What the fine Gentlemen wore Yesterday:  
 And but so mimic ancient wits at best,  
 As apes our grandfires, in their doublets drest.  
 In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;  
 Alike fantastic, if too new, or old;  
 Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,  
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

§ But most by Numbers judge a Poet's song,  
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong;  
 In the bright Muse tho' thousand charms conspire,  
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;  
 Who haunt *Parnassus* but to please their ear,  
 Not mend their minds; as some to Church repair,  
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.

\* *Abolita & abrogata retinere, insolentia cujusdam est, & frivola in parvis jactantia.* Quintil. lib. 1. c. 6

*Opus est ut Verba à vetustate repetita neque crebra sint, neque manifesta, quia nil est odiosius affectatione, nec utique ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio cujus summa virtus est perspicuitas, quam sit vitiosa si egeat interprete? Ergo ut novorum optima erunt maximè vetera, ita veterum maximè nova. Idem.*

† Ben Johnson's *Every Man in his Humour.*

§ *Quis populi sermo est? quis enim? nisi carmine molli Nunc demum numero fluere ut per læve severos Effundat junctura ungues: scit tendere versum; Non secus, ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno.* Persius, Sat. 1.

These

These equal syllables alone require,  
 Tho' \* oft' the ear the open vowels tire;  
 While expletives their feeble aid do join;  
 And ten low words oft' creep in one dull line;  
 While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,  
 With sure returns of still-expected rhymes.  
 Where-e'er you find *the cooling western breeze*,  
 In the next line, it *whispers thro' the trees*;  
 If crystal streams *with pleasing murmurs creep*,  
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with sleep.  
 Then, at the last, and only couplet fraught  
 With some unmeaning thing they call a Thought,  
 A needless *Alexandrine* ends the song,  
 That like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.  
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhimes, and know  
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly flow;  
 And praise the easy vigour of a line,  
 Where *Denham's* strength, and *Waller's* sweetness join.  
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,  
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.  
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,  
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense.  
 Soft is the strain when *Zephyr* gently blows,  
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;  
 But when loud billows lash the sounding shore,  
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.  
 When *Ajax* strives, some rock's vast weight to throw,  
 The line too labours, and the words move slow;  
 Not so, when swift *Camilla* scours the plain,  
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

---

\* *Fugiemus crebras vocalium concursiones, quæ vastam  
 atque hiantem orationem reddunt. Cic. ad Herenn. lib.  
 4. Vide etiam Quintil. lib. 9. c. 4.*

64 *An Essay on CRITICISM.*

Hear how \* *Timotheus*' various lays surprize,  
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!  
While, at each change, the son of *Lybian Jove*  
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love:  
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,  
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:  
*Persians* and *Greeks* like turns of nature found,  
And the World's victor stood subdu'd by Sound!  
The pow'r of Music all our hearts allow;  
And what *Timotheus* was, is *Dryden* now.

Avoid Extreams; and shun the fault of such,  
Who still are pleas'd too little, or too much.  
At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,  
That always shows great pride, or little sence;  
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,  
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.  
Yet let not each gay Turn thy rapture move,  
For fools admire, but men of sence approve.  
As things seem large which we thro' mists descry,  
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some the French writers, some our own despise;  
The ancients only, or the moderns prize.  
(Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd  
To one small sect; and all are damn'd beside.)  
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,  
And force that sun but on a part to shine,  
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,  
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;  
Which from the first has shone on ages past,  
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last.

---

\* *Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music; An Ode*  
by Mr. Dryden.

(Tho'

(Tho' each may feel encreases and decays,  
And see now clearer and now darker days)  
Regard not then if wit be old or new,  
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,  
But catch the spreading notion of the town;  
They reason and conclude by precedent,  
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.  
Some judge of authors names, not works, and then  
Nor praise, nor blame the writings, but the men.

Of all this servile herd, the worst is he  
That in proud dulness joins with Quality,  
A constant Critic at the great man's board,  
To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.  
What woful stuff this madrigal would be,  
In some starv'd hackny Sonneteer, or me?  
But let a Lord once own the happy lines,  
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!  
Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,  
And each exalted Stanza teems with thought!

The Vulgar thus through imitation err;  
As oft' the Learn'd by being singular;  
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng  
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong:  
So Schismatics the plain believers quit,  
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.

Some praise at morning what they blame at night;  
But always think the last opinion right.  
A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd,  
This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;  
While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,  
'Twixt fence and nonsense daily change their side.  
Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say,  
And still to morrow's wiser than to day.

We



We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;  
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.  
 Once School-divines this zealous isle o'erspread;  
 Who knew most Sentences, was deepest read;  
 Faith, Gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,  
 And none had sense enough to be confuted:  
*Scotists*, and *Thomists*, now in peace remain,  
 Amidst their kindred cobwebs in *Duck-lane*.  
 If Faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn,  
 What wonder Modes in wit should take their turn?  
 Oft', leaving what is natural and fit,  
 The current folly proves our ready wit;  
 And authors think their reputation safe,  
 Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

Some valuing those of their own side, or mind,  
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind:  
 Fondly we think we honour merit then,  
 When we but praise our selves in other men.  
 Parties in Wit attend on those of State,  
 And publick faction doubles private hate.  
 Pride, malice, folly, against *Dryden* rose,  
 In various shapes of Parsons, Critics, Beaus;  
 But sense surviv'd, when merry jests were past;  
 For rising merit will buoy up at last.  
 Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,  
 New *Blackmores* and new *Milbourns* must arise:  
 Nay should great *Homer* lift his awful head,  
*Zoilus* again would start up from the dead.  
 Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;  
 But like a shadow, proves the substance true.  
 For envy'd Wit, like *sol* eclips'd, makes known  
 Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.  
 When first that sun too pow'ful beams displays,  
 It draws up vapours which obscure its rays:

But

But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,  
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend,  
His praise is lost, who stays 'till all commend.  
Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,  
And 'tis but just to let 'em live betimes.  
No longer now that golden age appears,  
When Patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years;  
Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,  
And bare Threescore is all ev'n that can boast:  
Our sons their father's failing Language see,  
And such as *Chaucer* is, shall *Dryden* be.  
So when the faithful pencil has design'd  
Some bright Idea of the master's mind,  
Where a new world leaps out at his command,  
And ready nature waits upon his hand;  
When the ripe colours soften and unite,  
And sweetly melt into just shade and light,  
When mellowing years their full perfection give,  
And each bold figure just begins to live;  
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,  
And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken things,  
Atones not for that envy which it brings.  
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,  
But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost!  
Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,  
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.  
What is this wit which must our cares employ?  
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;  
Still most our trouble when the most admir'd;  
The more we give, the more is still requir'd:  
The fame with pains we gain, but lose with ease;  
Sure some to vex, but never all to please;

'Tis

'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;  
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If wit so much from ign'rance undergo,  
Ah! let not learning too commence its foe!  
Of old, those met rewards who could excell,  
And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:  
Tho' triumphs were to Gen'als only due,  
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the Soldiers too.  
Now, they who reach *Parnassus*' lofty crown,  
Employ their pains to spurn some others down.  
And while self love each jealous writer rules,  
Contending wits become the sport of fools.  
But still the worst with most regret commend,  
For each ill author is as bad a friend.

To what base ends, and by what abject ways,  
Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred Lust of praise!  
Ah! ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,  
Nor in the Critic let the man be lost!  
Good nature and good sense must ever join;  
To err is humane, to forgive, divine.  
But if in noble minds some dregs remain,  
Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sow'r disdain,  
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,  
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.  
No pardon vile Obscenity should find,  
Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind;  
But Dulness with obscenity must prove  
As shameful sure as Impotence in love.

In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,  
Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase;  
When Love was all an easy Monarch's care;  
Seldom at council, never in a war:  
Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen Farces writ;  
Nay wits had pensions, and young Lords had wit----

The

The fair fate panting at a Courtier's play,  
 And not a Mask went un-improv'd away:  
 The modest fan was lifted up no more,  
 And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before——  
 The following licence of a foreign reign  
 Did all the dregs of bold *Socinus* drain;  
 Then first the *Belgian* morals were extoll'd;  
 We their religion had, and they our gold:  
 Then unbelieving Priests reform'd the nation,  
 And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;  
 Where heav'n's free subjects might their rights dispute  
 Lest God himself should seem too absolute.  
 Pulpits their sacred satyre learn'd to spare,  
 And Vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!  
 Encourag'd thus, wit's *Titans* brav'd the skies,  
 And the Press groan'd with licenc'd blasphemies——  
 These monsters, Critics! with your darts engage,  
 Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!  
 Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,  
 Will needs mistake an author into vice;  
 All seems infected that th' infected spy,  
 As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

Learn then what Morals Critics ought to show;  
 For 'tis but half a judge's task to know.  
 'Tis not enough, wit, art, and learning join;  
 In all you speak, let truth and candor shine:  
 That not alone what to your judgment's due,  
 All may allow; but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always when you doubt your sense;  
 And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence:  
 Some positive, persisting fops we know,  
 That, if once wrong, will needs be always so;  
 But you, with pleasure own your errors past,  
 And make, each day, a Critic on the last.

'Tis



'Tis not enough, your counsel still be true;  
 Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;  
 Men must be taught as if you taught them not,  
 And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.  
 Without good breeding, truth is disapprov'd;  
 That only makes superior sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;  
 For the worst avarice is that of sense.  
 With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,  
 Nor be so civil as to prove unjust:  
 Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;  
 Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

'Twere well, might Critics still this freedom take;  
 But *Appius* reddens at each word you speak,  
 And stares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,  
 Like some fierce Tyrant in old Tapestry!  
 Fear most to tax an Honourable fool,  
 Whose right it is, uncensur'd to be dull;  
 Such without wit are Poets when they please,  
 As without learning they can take Degrees.  
 Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful Satyrs,  
 And flattery to fulsome Dedicators,  
 Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more,  
 Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.  
 'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,  
 And charitably let the dull be vain.  
 Your silence there is better than your spite,  
 For who can rail so long as they can write?  
 Still humming on, their drowzy course they keep,  
 And lash'd so long, like Tops, are lash'd asleep.  
 False steps but help them to renew the race,  
 As after stumbling, Jades will mend their pace.  
 What crowds of these, impenitently bold,  
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,

Still

Still run on Poets, in a raging vein,  
Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain;  
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,  
And rhyme with all the rage of Impotence!

Such shameless Bards we have; and yet 'tis true,  
There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,  
With loads of learned lumber in his head,  
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,  
And always list'ning to himself appears.

All books he reads, and all he reads assails,  
From *Dryden's* Fables down to *D——y's* Tales.

With him, most authors steal their works, or buy;  
*Garth* did not write his own *Dispensary*.

Name a new Play, and he's the Poet's friend,  
Nay show'd his faults—but when wou'd Poets mend?

No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,  
Nor is *Paul's* church more safe than *Paul's* church-yard:

Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead;

For fools rush in where Angels fear to tread.

Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,  
It still looks home, and short excursions makes;

But rattling nonsense in full vollies breaks;

And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,

Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide!

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,  
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know!

Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite;

Not dully prepossess'd, or blindly right;

Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, sincere;

Modestly bold, and humanly severe?

Who to a friend his faults can freely show,

And gladly praise the merit of a foe?

Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;  
 A knowledge both of books and humankind;  
 Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;  
 And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were Critics; such the happy few,  
*Athens* and *Rome* in better ages knew.

The mighty *Stagyrite* first left the shore,  
 Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore;  
 He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,  
 Led by the light of the *Mæonian* Star.  
 Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,  
 Still fond and proud of savage liberty,  
 Receiv'd his *Laws*; and stood convinc'd, 'twas fit  
 Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit.

*Horace* still charms with graceful negligence,  
 And without method talks us into sence,  
 Will like a friend, familiarly convey  
 The truest notions in the easiest way.  
 He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,  
 Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,  
 Yet judg'd with coolness tho' he sung with fire,  
 His precepts teach but what his works inspire.  
 Our Critics take a contrary extreme,  
 They judge with fury, but they write with phle'me:  
 Nor suffers *Horace* more in wrong Translations  
 By Wits, than Critics in as wrong Quotations.

See † *Dionysius* *Homer's* thoughts refine,  
 And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!

Fancy and art in gay *Petronius* please,  
 The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.

In grave *Quintilian's* copious work, we find  
 The justest rules, and clearest method join'd:

---

† *Dionysius of Halicarnassus.*

Thus useful arms in magazines we place,  
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace;  
Nor thus alone the curious eye to please,  
But to be found, when need requires, with ease.

Thee, bold *Longinus*! all the Nine inspire,  
And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire.  
An ardent judge, who zealous in his trust,  
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;  
Whose own example strengthens all his laws,  
And is himself that great Sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding Critics justly reign'd,  
Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.  
Learning and *Rome* alike in empire grew,  
And arts still follow'd where her Eagles flew.  
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,  
And the same age saw Learning fall, and *Rome*.  
With tyranny, then superstition join'd,  
As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;  
Much was believ'd, but little understood,  
'And to be dull was constru'd to be good.  
A second deluge learning thus o'er-run,  
And the *Monks* finish'd what the *Goths* begun.

At length *Erasmus*, that great, injur'd name,  
(The glory of the Priesthood, and the shame!)  
Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,  
And drove those holy *Vindals* off the stage. |

But see! each Muse, in *Leo's* golden days,  
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays!  
*Rome's* ancient *Genius*, o'er its ruins spread,  
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head!  
Then Sculpture and her sister-arts revive;  
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;

G

With



With sweeter notes each rising Temple rung;  
 A *Raphael* painted, and a † *Vida* sung!  
 Immortal *Vida*! on whose honour'd brow  
 The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow:  
*Cremona* now shall ever boast thy name,  
 As next in place to *Mantua*, next in fame!

But soon by impious arms from *Latium* chas'd,  
 Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses past;  
 Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance;  
 But critic learning flourish'd most in *France*:  
 The rules, a nation born to serve, obeys;  
 And *Boileau* still in right of *Horace* sways.  
 But we, brave *Britons*, foreign laws despis'd,  
 And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd,  
 Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,  
 We still defy'd the *Romans*, as of old.  
 Yet some there were, among the sounder few  
 Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,  
 Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,  
 And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.  
 Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,  
*Nature's* \* chief master-piece is writing well.  
 Such was *Roscommon*—not more learn'd than good,  
 With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;  
 To him the wit of *Greece* and *Rome* was known,  
 And ev'ry Author's merit but his own.  
 Such late was *Walsh*—the Muse's judge and friend,  
 Who justly knew to blame or to commend;

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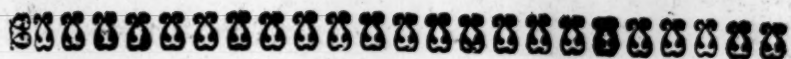
† M. Hieronymus Vida, an excellent Latin Poet, who writ an *Art of Poetry in Verse*. He flourish'd in the time of Leo X.

\* *Essay on Poetry*, by the Duke of Buckingham.

To failings mild, but zealous for desert;  
The clearest Head, and the sincerest Heart.  
This humble praise, lamented Shade! receive,  
This praise at least a grateful Muse may give;  
The Muse, whose early Voice you taught to sing,  
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,  
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,  
But in low numbers short excursions tries:  
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,  
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:  
Careless of Censure, nor too fond of Fame,  
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;  
Averse alike to flatter, or offend,  
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.







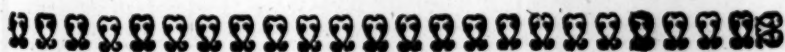
THE  
R A P E of the L O C K.  
A N  
HEROI-COMICAL  
P O E M.

Written in the YEAR 1712.

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*Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos,  
Sed juvat hoc, precibus me tribuisse tuis.*

MARTIAL.





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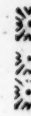
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T O

Mrs. *Arabella Fermor.*

MADAM,

**I**T will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to You. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded Follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a Secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect Copy having been offer'd to a Bookseller, you had the good nature for my sake to consent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forc'd to before I had executed half my design, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to compleat it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the Critics, to signify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Demons, are made to act in a Poem: For the ancient Poets are in one respect like many modern Ladies; let an action be never so trivial in it self, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These Machines I determin'd to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a Lady; but 'tis so much the concern of a Poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your Sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The

*The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French Book called Le Comte de Gabalis, which both in its title and size is so like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these Gentlemen, the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The Gnomes, or Demons of Earth, delight in mischief; but the Sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best condition'd creatures imaginable. For they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle Spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true adepts, an inviolate preservation of Chastity.*

*As to the following Canto's, all the passages of them are as fabulous, as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end; [except the loss of your Hair, which I always name with Reverence.] The Human persons are as fictitious as the Airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now manag'd, resembles You in nothing but in Beauty.*

*If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in your Person, or in your Mind, yet I could never hope it should pass thro' the world half so Uncensur'd as You have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring You that I am, with the truest esteem,*

MADAM,

Your most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

A. POPE.

THE



T H E  
RAPE *of the* LOCK.  
C A N T O I.

WHAT dire Offence from am'rous causes springs,  
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,  
I sing — This verse to C —, Muse! is due:  
This, ev'n *Belinda* may vouchsafe to view:  
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,  
If She inspire, and He approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel  
A well-bred Lord t' assault a gentle *Belle*?  
Oh say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,  
Cou'd make a gentle *Belle* reject a Lord?  
And dwells such rage in softest bosoms then?  
And lodge such daring souls in Little men?

*Sol* thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,  
And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day;  
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rowling shake,  
And sleepless lovers just at twelve awake:  
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,  
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.  
*Belinda* still her downy pillow prest,  
Her guardian *Sylph* prolong'd the balmy rest.

'Twas



82      The R A P E of the L O C K.

'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed  
The Morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head.  
A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau,  
(That even in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)  
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,  
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say.

Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care  
Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air!  
If e'er one vision touch'd thy Infant thought,  
Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught,  
Of airy Elves by moon-light shadows seen,  
The silver token, and the circled green,  
Or virgins visited by Angel-powers,  
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs,  
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,  
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.  
Some secret truths from Learned Pride conceal'd,  
To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:  
What tho' no credit doubting Wits may give?  
The Fair and Innocent shall still believe.  
Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,  
The light Militia of the lower sky;  
These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,  
Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring:  
Think what an Equipage thou hast in air,  
And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair.  
As now your own, our beings were of old,  
And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mold;  
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair  
From earthly Vehicles to these of air.  
Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,  
That all her vanities at once are dead:  
Succeeding vanities she still regards,  
And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.

He

## The RAPE of the LOCK. 83

Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive,  
 And love of *Ombre*, after death survive.  
 For when the Fair in all their pride expire,  
 To their first Elements their Souls retire:  
 The Sprites of fiery Termagants in flame  
 Mount up, and take a *Salamander's* name.  
 Soft yielding minds to water glide away,  
 And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental Tea.  
 The graver Prude sinks downward to a *Gnome*,  
 In search of mischief still on earth to roam.  
 The light Coquettes in *Sylphs* aloft repair,  
 And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste  
 Rejects mankind, is by some *Sylph* embrac'd:  
 For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease  
 Assume what sexes, and what shapes they please.  
 What guards the purity of melting maids,  
 In courtly Balls, and midnight Masquerades,  
 Safe from the treach'rous friend, and daring spark,  
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark;  
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,  
 When music softens, and when dancing fires?  
 'Tis but their *Sylph*, the wise Celestials know,  
 Tho' *Honour* is the word with Men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,  
 For Life destin'd to the *Gnomes* embrace.  
 These swell their prospects, and exalt their pride,  
 When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd.  
 Then gay Ideas crowd the vacant brain,  
 While Peers and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,  
 And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,  
 And in soft sounds, *your grace* salutes their ear.  
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,  
 Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,

Teach

Teach Infants cheeks a bidden blush to know,  
And little hearts to flutter at a Beau.

Oft' when the world imagine Women stray,  
The *sylphs* thro' mystic mazes guide their way,  
Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,  
And old impertinence expel by new.

What tender maid but must a victim fall  
To one man's Treat, but for another's Ball?  
When *Florio* speaks, what virgin could withstand,  
If gentle *Damon* did not squeeze her hand?  
With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,  
They shift the moving Toyshop of their heart;  
Where Wigs with Wigs, with Sword knots, Sword-  
knots strive,

Beaus banish Beaus, and Coaches Coaches drive.  
This erring mortals Levity may call,  
Oh blind to truth! the *sylphs* contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim,  
A watchful Sprite, and *Ariel* is my name.  
Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of Air,  
In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star  
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,  
E're to the main this morning Sun descend.  
But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:  
Warn'd by the *sylph*, oh pious Maid, beware!  
This to disclose is all thy guardian can;  
Beware of all, but most beware of man!

He said; when *Shock*, who thought she slept too long,  
Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.  
'Twas then *Belinda*! if report say true,  
Thy eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux;  
Wounds, charms, and ardors, were no sooner read,  
But all the Vision vanish'd from thy head.

And

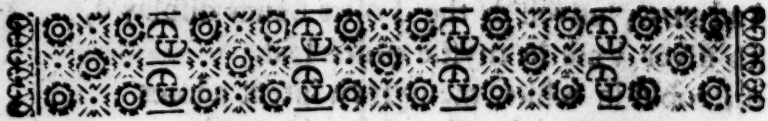
## The RAPE of the LOCK.

85

And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,  
Each silver Vase in mystic order laid.  
First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores  
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.  
A heav'nly Image in the glass appears,  
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;  
Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,  
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride.  
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here  
The various off'rings of the world appear;  
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,  
And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.  
This casket *India's* glowing gems unlocks,  
And all *Arabia* breathes from yonder box.  
The Tortoise here, and Elephant unite,  
Transform'd to Combs, the speckled, and the white.  
Here files of Pins extend their shining rows,  
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.  
Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms;  
The fair each moment rises in her charms,  
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,  
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;  
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,  
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.  
The busy *Sylphs* surround their darling care,  
These set the head, and those divide the hair,  
Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown;  
And *Betty's* prais'd for labours not her own.

THE





T H E  
 RAPE *of the* LOCK.  
 C A N T O II.

**N**OT with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,  
 The Sun first rises o'er the purple main,  
 Than issuing forth, the rival of his beams  
 Launch'd on the bosom of the silver *Thames*.  
 Fair nymphs, and well-drest youths around her shone,  
 But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.  
 On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,  
 Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.  
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,  
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:  
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends,  
 Off' she rejects, but never once offends.  
 Bright as the Sun, her eyes the gazers strike,  
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.  
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,  
 Might hide her faults, if *Belles* had faults to hide:  
 If to her share some female errors fall,  
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,  
 Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind

In

## The R A P E of the L O C K. 87

In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck  
 With shining ringlets her smooth iv'ry neck:  
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,  
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.  
 With hairy sprindges we the birds betray,  
 Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey,  
 Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,  
 And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd,  
 He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd:  
 Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,  
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;  
 For when success a Lover's toil attends,  
 Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, e're *Phæbus* rose, he had implor'd  
 Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,  
 But chiefly Love — to Love an altar built,  
 Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt,  
 There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;  
 And all the trophies of his former loves.  
 With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,  
 And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.  
 Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes  
 Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:  
 The Pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,  
 The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,  
 The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides,  
 While melting music steals upon the sky,  
 And soften'd sounds along the waters die.  
 Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,  
*Belinda* smil'd, and all the world was gay.  
 All but the *Sylph* — with careful thoughts oppress'd:  
 Th' impending woe sate heavy on his breast.

He

He summons strait his Denizens of air;  
 The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:  
 Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breath,  
 That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.  
 Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,  
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold.  
 Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,  
 Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.  
 Loose to the winds their airy garments flew,  
 Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew;  
 Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,  
 Where lights disports in ever-mingling dies,  
 While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,  
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.  
 Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,  
 Superior by the head, was *Ariel* plac'd;  
 His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,  
 He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

Ye *Sylphs* and *sylphids*, to your chief give ear,  
*Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Demons* hear!  
 Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd,  
 By laws eternal, to th' aerial kind.  
 Some in the fields of purest *Æther* play,  
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.  
 Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,  
 Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky.  
 Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light  
 Hover, and catch the shooting stars by night;  
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,  
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,  
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,  
 Or o'er the glebe distill the kindly rain.  
 Others on earth o'er humane race preside,  
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:

Of these the chief the care of nations own,  
And guard with Arms divine the *British* Throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the fair;  
Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care.  
To save the powder from too rude a gale,  
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale,  
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs,  
To steal from rainbows e're they drop in show'rs  
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,  
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;  
Nay oft', in dreams, invention we bestow,  
To change a flounce, or add a furbelo.

This day, black Omens threat the brightest fair  
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;  
Some dire disaster, or by force, or flight;  
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.  
Whether the nymph shall break *Diana's* Law,  
Or some frail *China* jar receive a flaw,  
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade,  
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade,  
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a Ball;  
Or whether heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.  
Haste then ye spirits! to your charge repair;  
The flutt'ring fan be *Zephyretta's* care;  
The drops to thee, *Brillante*, we consign;  
And *Momentilla*, let the watch be thine;  
Do thou, *Crispissa*, tend her fav'rite Lock;  
*Ariel* himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen *Sylphs*, of special note,  
We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat:  
Oft' have we known that sev'nfold fence to fail,  
Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale.  
Form a strong line about the silver bound,  
And guard the wide circumference around.

H

What-

Of



Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,  
 His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,  
 Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,  
 Be stopp'd in vials, or transfixt with pins;  
 Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lye,  
 Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye;  
 Gums and Pomatums shall his flight restrain,  
 While clog'd he beats his silken wings in vain;  
 Or Alom-stypticks with contracting pow'r  
 Shrink his thin essence like a rivell'd flow'r:  
 Or as *Ixion* fix'd, the wretch shall feel  
 The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,  
 In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow,  
 And tremble at the sea that froths below!

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;  
 Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend,  
 Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair,  
 Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;  
 With beating hearts the dire event they wait,  
 Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

---





THE  
RAPE of the LOCK.  
CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,  
Where *Thames* with pride surveys his rising tow'rs;  
There stands a structure of majestic frame,  
Which from the neighb'ring *Hampton* takes its name.  
Here *Britain's* statesmen oft' the fall foredoom  
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;  
Here thou, great *Anna*! whom three realms obey,  
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes Tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,  
To taste a while the pleasures of a Court;  
In various talk th' instructive hours they pass,  
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;  
One speaks the glory of the *British* Queen,  
And one describes a charming *Indian* screen;  
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;  
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan supplies each pause of chat,  
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Mean while declining from the noon of day,  
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;

The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,  
 And wretches hang that Jury-men may dine;  
 The merchant from th' *Exchange* returns in peace,  
 And the long labours of the Toilet cease——  
*Belinda* now, whom thirst of fame invites,  
 Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights,  
 At *Ombre* singly to decide their doom;  
 And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.  
 Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,  
 Each band the number of the sacred nine.  
 Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial guard  
 Descend, and sit on each important card:  
 First *Ariel* perch'd upon a Matadore,  
 Then each, according to the rank they bore;  
 For *sylphs*, yet mindful of their ancient race,  
 Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,  
 With hoary whiskers and a forky beard:  
 And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,  
 Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r;  
 Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,  
 Caps on their heads, and halberds in their hand;  
 And particolour'd troops, a shining train,  
 Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care;  
 Let Spades be trumps, she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her sable Matadores,  
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.  
*Spadillio* first, unconquerable Lord!

Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.  
 As many more *Manillio* forc'd to yield,  
 And march'd a Victor from the verdant field.  
 Him *Basto* follow'd, but his fate more hard  
 Gain'd but one trump and one *Plebeian* card.

With

## The RAPE of the LOCK.

93

With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,  
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears;  
Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd;  
The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.

The rebel-Knave, who dares his prince engage,  
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.  
Ev'n mighty *Pam* that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,  
And mow'd down armies in the fights of *Lu*,  
Sad chance of war! now, destitute of aid,  
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armies to *Belinda* yield;  
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.  
His warlike *Amazon* her host invades,  
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.  
The Club's black Tyrant first her victim dy'd,  
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride:  
What boots the regal circle on his head,  
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;  
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,  
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;  
Th' embroider'd King who shows but half his face,  
And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd,  
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.

Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,  
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.

Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,  
Of *Asia's* troops, and *Afric's* sable sons,  
With like confusion different nations fly,  
In various habits, and of various dye,  
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,  
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,  
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.

At



At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,  
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;  
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,  
Just in the jaws of ruin, and *Codille*.  
And now, (as oft' in some distemper'd state)  
On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate.  
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: The King unseen  
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:  
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,  
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.  
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky,  
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

Oh thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,  
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate!  
Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,  
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,  
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:  
On shining Altars of *Japan* they raise  
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:  
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,  
And *China's* earth receives the smoking tide.  
At once they gratify their scent and taste,  
While frequent cups prolong the rich repast.  
Strait hover round the fair her airy band;  
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,  
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,  
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.  
Coffee, (which makes the politician wise,  
And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)  
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain  
New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.

## The RAPE of the LOCK.

95

Ah cease, rash youth! desist e're 'tis too late,  
Fear the just Gods, and think of \* *Scylla's* fate!  
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,  
She dearly pays for *Nisus'* injur'd hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,  
How soon they find fit instruments of ill?  
Just then *Clarissa* drew with tempting grace  
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case;  
So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,  
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.  
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends  
The little engine on his finger's ends:  
This just behind *Belinda's* neck he spread,  
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.  
Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair,  
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;  
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;  
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.  
Just in that instant, anxious *Ariel* sought  
The close recesses of the Virgin's thought;  
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,  
He watch'd th' Ideas rising in her mind,  
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,  
An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.  
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,  
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring *Forfex* wide,  
T' inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.  
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,  
A wretched *Sylph* too fondly interpos'd;

---

\* *Vide* Ovid. *Metam.* 8.

Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the *Sylph* in twain,  
 (\* But airy substance soon unites again)

The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever  
 From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the livid lightnings from her eyes,  
 And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.  
 Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,  
 When husbands, or when lap-dogs breathe their last;  
 Or when rich *China* vessels, fall'n from high,  
 In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie!

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,  
 (The victor cry'd) the glorious prize is mine!  
 While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,  
 Or in a Coach and six, the *British* fair;  
 As long as *Atalantis* shall be read,  
 Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed;  
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,  
 When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze;  
 While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,  
 So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!

What Time wou'd spare, from steel receives its date,  
 And monuments, like men, submit to fate!  
 Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,  
 And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of *Troy*;  
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,  
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.  
 What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel  
 The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel?

---

\* See Milton, lib. 6. of *Satan cut asunder by the Angel Michael*.



T H E  
RAPE *of the* LOCK.  
CANTO IV.

**B**UT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress,  
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.  
Not youthful Kings in battel seiz'd alive,  
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,  
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,  
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,  
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,  
Not *Cynthia* when her Manteau's pinn'd awry,  
E'er felt such rage, resentment and despair,  
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair.

For, that sad moment, when the *Sylphs* withdrew,  
And *Ariel* weeping from *Belinda* flew,  
*Umbriel*, a dusky, melancholy sprite  
As ever sully'd the fair face of light,  
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,  
Repairs to search the gloomy cave of *Spleen*.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the *Gnome*,  
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome,  
No chearful breeze this sullen region knows,  
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows.

Here,



Here, in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,  
 And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,  
 She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,  
*Pain* at her side, and *Megrim* at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,  
 But diff'ring far in figure and in face.  
 Here stood *Ill-nature* like an ancient maid,  
 Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;  
 With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights and noons,  
 Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.

There *Affectation*, with a sickly mein,  
 Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,  
 Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,  
 Faints into airs, and languishes with pride;  
 On the rich quilt, sinks with becoming woe,  
 Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.  
 The fair ones feel such maladies as these,  
 When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;  
 Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;  
 Dreadful, as hermit's dreams in haunted shades,  
 Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.  
 Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,  
 Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires;  
 Now lakes of liquid gold, *Elysian* scenes,  
 And crystal domes, and Angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,  
 Of bodies chang'd to various forms by spleen.  
 Here living Teapots stand, one arm held out,  
 One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:  
 A Pipkin there like \* *Homer's* Tripod walks;  
 Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pye talks;

---

\* See Hom. *Iliad* 18 of Vulcan's walking Tripods.

## The RAPE of the LOCK.

99

Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,  
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the *Gnome* thro' this fantastic band,  
A branch of healing Spleenwort in his hand.  
Then thus address'd the pow'r--Hail wayward Queen!  
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:  
Parent of vapours and of female wit,  
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit,  
On various tempers act by various ways,  
Make some take phyfic, others scribble plays;  
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,  
And send the godly in a pett, to pray.

A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains,  
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.  
But oh! if e'er thy *Gnome* could spoil a grace,  
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face;  
Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,  
Or change complexions at a losing game;  
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,  
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,  
Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,  
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a Prude,  
Or e'er to costive lap-dogs gave disease,  
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:  
Hear me, and touch *Belinda* with chagrin;  
That single act gives half the world the Spleen.

The Goddess with a discontented air  
Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his pray'r.  
A wond'rous bag with both her hands she binds,  
Like that where once *Ulysses* held the winds;  
There she collects the force of female lungs,  
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.  
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,  
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.

The

The *Gnome* rejoicing, bears her gift away,  
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in *Thalestris*' arms the nymph he found,  
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.

Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,  
And all the furies issued at the vent.

*Belinda* burns with more than mortal ire,  
And fierce *Thalestris* fans the rising fire.

O wretched maid! she spread her hands, and cry'd,  
(While *Hampton*'s echoes, wretched maid reply'd)

Was it for this you took such constant care  
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?

For this your Locks in paper durance bound,

For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?

For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,

And bravely bore the double loads of lead?

Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,

While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare!

*Honour* forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine

Ease, pleasure, virtue, all, our sex resign.

Methinks already I your tears survey,

Already hear the horrid things they say,

Already see you a degraded toast,

And all your honour in a whisper lost!

How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?

'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!

And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,

Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,

And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,

On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?

Sooner shall grass in *Hyde-Park circus* grow,

And wits take lodgings in the sound of *Bow*;

Sooner let earth, air, sea, to *Chaos* fall,

Men, monkies, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!

She

# The RAPE of the LOCK. 191

She said; then raging to Sir *Plume* repairs,  
 And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:  
 (Sir *Plume*, of amber Snuff-box justly vain,  
 And the nice conduct of a clouded Cane)  
 With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,  
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,  
 And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil?  
 "Z—ds! damn the Lock!'fore Gad, you must be civil!  
 "Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay prythee, pox!  
 "Give her the hair—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)  
 Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.  
 But \* by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear,  
 (Which never more shall join its parted hair;  
 Which never more its honours shall renew,  
 Clip'd from the lovely head where late it grew)  
 That while my nostrils draw the vital air,  
 This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.  
 He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread  
 The long-contended honours of her head.

But *Umbriel*, hateful *Gnome*! forbears not so;  
 He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.  
 Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,  
 Her eyes half languishing, half drown'd in tears,  
 On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,  
 Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said.

For ever curs'd be this detested day,  
 Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite Curl away!  
 Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,  
 If *Hampton-Court* those eyes had never seen!  
 Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,  
 By love of Courts to num'rous ills betray'd.

---

\* In allusion to Achilles's oath in Homer. *Il.* 1.

Oh



Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd  
 In some lone isle, or distant Northern land;  
 Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way,  
 Where none learn *Ombre*, none e'er taste *Bohea*!  
 There kept my charms, conceal'd from mortal eye,  
 Like roses that in deserts bloom and die.  
 What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?  
 O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home!  
 'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell;  
 Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;  
 The tott'ring China shook without a wind,  
 Nay, *Poll* fate mute, and *Shock* was most unkind!  
 A *Sylph* too warn'd me of the threats of fate,  
 In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!  
 See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!  
 My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:  
 These, in two sable ringlets taught to break,  
 Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;  
 The sister-lock now fits uncouth, alone,  
 And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;  
 Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands;  
 And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.  
 Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize  
 Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!

---

 T H E



T H E  
RAPE *of the* LOCK.  
C A N T O V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears:  
But Fate and *Jove* had stopp'd the Baron's ears.  
In vain *Thalestris* with reproach assails,  
For who can move when fair *Belinda* fails?  
Not half so fix'd the *Trojan* could remain,  
While *Anna* begg'd, and *Dido* rag'd in vain.  
Then grave *Clarissa* graceful wav'd her fan;  
Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began.

Say, why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd most,  
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?  
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,  
Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?  
Why round our Coaches crowd the whiteglov'd Beaus,  
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?  
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,  
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:  
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,  
Behold the first in virtue, as in face!  
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,  
Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old age away;

Who

Who would not scorn what hufwife's cares produce,  
 Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?  
 To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,  
 Nor could it fure be fuch a fin to paint.  
 But fince, alas! frail beauty muft decay,  
 Curl'd or uncurl'd, fince Locks will turn to grey,  
 Since painted, or not painted, all fhall fade,  
 And fhe who fcorns a man, muft die a maid;  
 What then remains, but well our pow'r to ufe,  
 And keep good humour ftill whate'er we lofe?  
 And truft me, dear! good humour can prevail,  
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and fcoling fail.  
 Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;  
 Charms ftrike the fight, but merit wins the foul.

So fpoke the Dame, but no applaufe enfu'd;  
*Belinda* frown'd, *Thaleftris* call'd her Prude.  
 To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,  
 And fwift as lightning to the combate flies.  
 All fide in parties, and begin th' attack;  
 Fans clap, filks ruffle, and tough whalebones crack;  
 Heroes and Heroins shouts confus'dly rife,  
 And bafe, and treble voices ftrike the skies:  
 No common weapons in their hands are found,  
 Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

\* So when bold *Homer* makes the Gods engage,  
 And heav'nly breafte with human paffions rage;  
 'Gainft *Pallas*, *Mars*; *Latona*, *Hermes* arms;  
 And all *Olympus* rings with loud alarms:  
*Jove's* thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around;  
 Blew *Neptune* ftorms, the bellowing deeps refound;  
 Earth fhakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,  
 And the pale ghofte ftart at the fafh of day!

---

\* *Homer, Il. 20.*

Triumphant

Triumphant *Umbriel* on a sponce's height  
Clap'd his glad wings, and sate to view the fight,  
Prop'd on their bodkin spears, the Sprites survey  
The growing combate, or assist the fray.

While thro' the press enrag'd *Thalestris* flies,  
And scatters deaths around from both her eyes;  
A Beau. and Witling perish'd in the throng,  
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song.  
O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,  
Cry'd *Dapperwit*, and sunk beside his chair.  
A mournful glance Sir *Fopling* upwards cast,  
\* Those eyes are made so killing—was his last;  
Thus on *Mæander's* flow'r'y margin lies  
Th' expiring *Swan*, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir *Plume* had drawn *Clarissa* down,  
*Chloe* stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;  
She smil'd to see the doughty Hero slain,  
But, at her smile, the Beau reviv'd again.

† Now *Jove* suspends his golden scales in air,  
Weighs the Mens wits against the Lady's hair;  
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;  
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce *Belinda* on the Baron flies,  
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:  
Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,  
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.  
But this bold Lord with manly strength endu'd,  
She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd:  
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,  
A charge of Snuff the wily virgin threw;

\* A Song in the Opera of Camilla.

† Vid. Homer. *Il.* 8. & Virg. *Æn.* 12.



The *Gnomes* direct, to ev'ry atome just,  
 The pungent grains of titillating dust.  
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,  
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd *Belinda* cry'd,  
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.

(\* The same, his ancient personage to deck,  
 Her great great grandfire wore about his neck  
 In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,  
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:  
 Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,  
 The bells she gingled, and the whistle blew;  
 Then in a bodkin grac'd her Mother's hairs,  
 Which long she wore, and now *Belinda* wears.)

Boast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting foe!  
 Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.  
 Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:  
 All that I dread is leaving you behind!  
 Rather than so, ah let me still survive,  
 And burn in *Cupid's* flames,—but burn alive.

Restore the Lock! she crys; and all around  
 Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.  
 Not fierce *Othello* in so loud a strain  
 Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.  
 But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,  
 And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!  
 The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,  
 In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain:  
 With such a prize no mortal must be blest,  
 So heav'n decrees! with heav'n who can contest?

---

\* *In imitation of the progress of Agamemnon's sceptre  
 in Homer, Il. 2.*

Some

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere;  
 \* Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.  
 There Hero's wits are kept in pondrous vases,  
 And Beau's in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.  
 There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,  
 And lover's heart's with ends of riband bound;  
 The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,  
 The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs;  
 Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,  
 Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse——she saw it upward rise,  
 Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:  
 (So *Rome's* great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,  
 To *Proculus* alone confess'd in view)  
 A sudden Star, it shot thro' liquid air,  
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.  
 Not *Berenice's* Locks first rose so bright,  
 The heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd light,  
 The *Sylphs* behold it kindling as it flies,  
 And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies.

This the *Beau-monde* shall from the Mall survey,  
 And hail with music its propitious ray:  
 This, the blest Lover shall for *Venus* take,  
 And send up vows from *Rosamonda's* lake:  
 This *Partridge* soon shall view in cloudless skies,  
 When next he looks thro' *Galileo's* eyes;  
 And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom  
 The fate of *Louis*, and the fall of *Rome*.

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn the ravish'd hair,  
 Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!  
 Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,  
 Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.

---

\* *Vid.* Ariosto. Canto 34.

For, after all the murders of your eye,  
When, after millions slain, your self shall die;  
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,  
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust;  
This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,  
And 'midst the stars inscribe *Belinda's* name!





THE  
TEMPLE  
OF  
FAME.





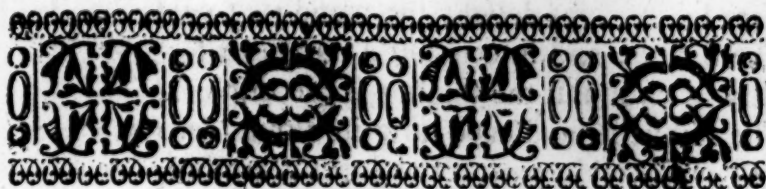


## Advertisement.

**T**HE hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's HOUSE OF FAME. The design is in a manner entirely alter'd, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own: Yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment, or think a concealment of this nature the less unfair for being common. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third book of FAME, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their Title.



THE



T H E  
T E M P L E  
O F  
F A M E.



IN that soft season when descending show'rs  
 Call forth the greens, and wake the ri-  
 sing flow'rs, (day,  
 When opening buds salute the welcome  
 And earth relenting feels the genial ray;  
 As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,  
 And love itself was banish'd from my breast,  
 (What time the morn mysterious visions brings,  
 While purer slumbers spread their golden wings)  
 A train of phantoms in wild order rose,  
 And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose.

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies;  
 The whole creation open to my eyes:  
 In air self-ballanc'd hung the globe below,  
 Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow;  
 Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen,  
 There tow'ry cities, and the forests green:

Here

Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes;  
 There trees, and intermingl'd temples rise;  
 Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,  
 The transient landscape now in clouds decays.

O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,  
 Sudden I heard a wild, promiscuous sound,  
 Like broken thunders that at distance roar,  
 Or billows murm'ring on the hollow shoar:  
 Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,  
 Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd.  
 High on a rock of ice the structure lay,  
 Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way;  
 The wond'rous rock like *Parian* marble shone,  
 And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.  
 Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,  
 The greater part by hostile time subdu'd;  
 Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,  
 And Poets once had promis'd they should last.  
 Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd;  
 I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.  
 Critics I saw, that other names deface,  
 And fix their own, with labour, in their place:  
 Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,  
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.  
 Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,  
 But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;  
 For fame, impatient of extreams, decays  
 Not more by envy than excess of praise.  
 Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel,  
 Like chrystal faithful to the graving steel:  
 The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,  
 Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.  
 There names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past  
 From time's first birth, with time itself shall last:

These

## *The TEMPLE of FAME.* 113

These ever new, nor subject to decays,  
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.

So *Zembla's* rocks (the beauteous work of frost)  
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;  
Pale Suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,  
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;  
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,  
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky;  
As *Atlas* fix'd, each hoary pile appears,  
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.

On this foundation Fame's high temple stands,  
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.  
Whate'er proud *Rome*, or artful *Greece* beheld,  
Or elder *Babylon*, its frame excell'd.  
Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face  
Of various structure, but of equal grace:  
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,  
Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.  
Here fabled Chiefs in darker ages born,  
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,  
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race;  
The fourfold walls in breathing statues grace:  
Heroes in animated marble frown,  
And Legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,  
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,  
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,  
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.  
In shaggy spoils here *Theseus* was beheld,  
And *Percus* dreadful with *Minerva's* shield:  
There great *Alcides* stooping with his toil,  
Rests on his club, and holds th' *Hesperian* spoil.  
Here *Orpheus* sings; trees moving to the sound  
Start from their roots, and form a shade around:

*Amphion*



# 114      *The TEMPLE of FAME.*

*Amphion* there the loud creating lyre  
Strikes, and beholds a sudden *Thebes* aspire;  
*Cytheron's* echoes answer'd to his call,  
And half the mountain roll'd into a wall:  
There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,  
The domes swell up, the widening arches bend,  
The growing tow'rs like exhalations rise,  
And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The Eastern front was glorious to behold,  
With diamond flaming, and *Barbaric* gold.  
There *Ninus* shone, who spread th' *Assyrian* fame,  
And the great founder of the *Persian* name:  
There in long robes the royal *Magi* stand,  
Grave *Zoroaster* waves the circling wand:  
The sage *Chaldeans* rob'd in white appear'd,  
And *Brachmans*, deep in desert woods rever'd.  
These stopp'd the moon, and call'd th' unbody'd shades  
To midnight banquets in the glimmering glades;  
Made visionary fabricks round them rise,  
And airy spectres skim before their eyes;  
Of *Talismans* and *Sigils* knew the pow'r,  
And careful watch'd the Planetary hour.  
Superior, and alone, *Confucius* stood,  
Who taught that useful science, to be good.

But on the south, a long, majestic race  
Of *Ægypt's* Priests the gilded niches grace;  
Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres;  
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.  
High on his car *Sesostris* struck my view,  
Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew:  
\* His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold;  
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.

---

\* Herodotus l. 2. describes a statue of *Sesostris* in this manner, which remain'd in his own time.

Between

## *The TEMPLE of FAME.*

115

Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,  
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd,  
Of *Gothic* structure was the northern side,  
O'er-wrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride.  
There huge colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,  
And *Runic* characters were gray'd around.  
There sate *Zamolxis* \* with erected eyes,  
And *Odin* † here in mimic trances dyes.  
There on rude iron columns smear'd with blood,  
The horrid forms of *Scythian* heroes stood,  
Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unstrung)  
And youths that dy'd to be by Poets sung.  
These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,  
To whom old fables gave a lasting name,  
In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face;  
The wall in lustre and effect like glass,  
Which o'er each object casting various dyes,  
Enlarges some, and others multiplies.  
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,  
For thus romantic fame encreases all.

The temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,  
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:  
Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around  
With lawrel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd:  
Of bright, transparent beryl were the walls,  
The freezes gold, and gold the capitals:  
As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,  
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.

---

\* *Zamolxis was the disciple of Pythagoras, who first taught the immortality of the soul to the Scythians.*

† *Odin or Woden, the great Legislator of the Goths, who being subject to fits, persuaded his followers that during those trances he receiv'd his Laws by inspiration.*

Full

116 *The TEMPLE of FAME.*

Full in the passage of each spacious gate,  
 The sage Historians in white garments wait;  
 Grav'd o'er their seats, the form of Time was found,  
 His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.  
 Within stood heroes, who thro' loud alarms  
 In bloody fields pursu'd renown in arms.  
 High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd  
 The \* youth that all things but himself subdu'd;  
 His feet on sceptres and *Tiara's* trod,  
 And his horn'd head express'd the *Lybian* God.  
 There *Cæsar*, grac'd with both *Minerva's*, shone;  
*Cæsar*, the world's great master, and his own;  
 Unmov'd, superior still in ev'ry state,  
 And scarce detested in his country's fate.  
 But chief where those who not for empire fought,  
 But with their toils their peoples safety bought,  
 High o'er the rest *Epaminondas* stood;  
*Timoleon*, glorious in his brother's blood;  
 Bold *Scipio*, saviour of the *Roman* state,  
 Great in his triumphs, in retirement great.  
 And wise *Aurelius*, in whole well-taught mind  
 With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,  
 His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.

Much-suff'ring heroes next their honours claim,  
 Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,  
 Fair virtue's silent train; supreme of these  
 Here ever shines the godlike *Socrates*:  
 † He whom ungrateful *Athens* could expell,  
 At all times just, but when he sign'd the shell.

---

\* *Alexander the Great caus'd himself to be represented in his coins with horns on his head, as the son of Jupiter Ammon.*

† *Aristides, vide Plutarch.*

## The TEMPLE of FAME.

117

Here his abode the martyr'd *Phocion* claims,  
With *Agis*, not the last of *Spartan* names :  
Unconquer'd *Cato* shews the wound he tore,  
And *Brutus* his ill Genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd quire,  
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;  
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,  
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.  
High on the first, the mighty *Homer* shone;  
Eternal Adamant compos'd his throne;  
Father of verse! in holy fillets drest,  
His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast;  
Tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears;  
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.  
The wars of *Troy* were round the pillar seen:  
Here fierce *Tydid*es wounds the *Cyprian* Queen:  
Here *Hector* glorious from *Patroclus* fall,  
Here dragg'd in triumph round the *Trojan* wall.  
Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,  
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire,  
A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,  
And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,  
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;  
Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,  
With patient touches of unwearied art:  
The *Mantuan* there in sober triumph sate,  
Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate;  
On *Homer* still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,  
Great without pride, in modest majesty.  
In living sculpture on the sides were spread  
The *Latian* wars, and haughty *Turnus* dead;  
*Eliza* stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre,  
*Aeneas* bending with his aged fire:

*Troy*



*Troy* flam'd in burnish'd gold, and o'er the throne  
Arms and the Man in golden cyphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,  
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight:  
Here, like some furious prophet, *Pindar* rode,  
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God:  
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,  
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.  
The figur'd games of *Greece* the column grace;  
*Neptune* and *Jove* survey the rapid race:  
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;  
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;  
The champions in distorted postures threat;  
And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy *Horace* tun'd th' *Ausonian* lyre,  
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd *Pindar's* fire:  
Pleas'd with *Alcæus'* manly rage t' infuse  
The softer spirit of the *Saphic* Muse.  
The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace;  
A work outlasting monumental brass.  
Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,  
The *Julian* star and great *Augustus* here:  
The \* doves that round the infant Poet spread  
Myrtles and bays, hung hov'ring o'er his head.

Here in a shrine that cast a dazling light,  
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty *Stagyrite*;  
His sacred head a radiant Zodiack crown'd,  
And various animals his sides surround;  
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view  
Superior worlds, and look all nature thro'.

With Equal rays immortal *Tully* shone,  
The Roman *Rostrum* deck'd the Consul's throne:

---

\* *Vid.* Horat. lib. 3 Ode 4.

Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand,  
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand:  
Behind, *Rome's* Genius waits with Civic crowns,  
And the great father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,  
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies:  
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aking sight;  
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.  
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat  
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;  
The vivid em'rals there revive the eye,  
The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye,  
Bright azure rays from lively saphyres stream,  
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.  
With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,  
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;  
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,  
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.  
When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,  
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height,  
But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,  
Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd.  
With her, the Temple ev'ry moment grew,  
And ampler *Vista's* open'd to my view,  
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,  
And arches widen, and long ile extend.  
Such was her form, as ancient Bards have told,  
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;  
A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,  
And thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears.  
Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine  
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine:  
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;  
For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string;

With

With time's first birth began the heav'nly lays,  
And last, eternal thro' the length of days.

Around these wonders as I cast a look,  
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,  
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,  
From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall:  
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;  
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;  
Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew  
Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,  
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,  
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,  
Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,  
And a low murmur runs along the field.  
Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,  
And all degrees before the Goddess bend;  
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,  
And boasting youth, and narrative old-age.  
Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same:  
For good and bad alike are fond of fame.  
Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd,  
Unlike successes equal merits found.

Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune reigns,  
And undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.  
First at the shrine the Learned world appear,  
And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r:  
Long have we sought t'instruct and please mankind  
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind;  
But thank'd by view, rewarded yet by none,  
We here appeal to thy superior throne:  
On wit and learning the just prize bestow,  
For fame is all we must expect below.

The Goddess heard, and bade the muses raise  
The golden trumpet of eternal praise:

From

## The TEMPLE of FAME.

121

From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,  
That fills the circuit of the World around;  
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud,  
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud:  
By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,  
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.  
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,  
Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread.  
Less fragrant scents th' undfolding rose exhales,  
Or spices breathing in *Arabian* gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,  
Thus on their knees address'd the sacred fane.  
Since living virtue is with envy curst,  
And the best men are treated like the worst;  
Do thou, just Goddess, call our merits forth,  
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.  
Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,  
(Said Fame) but high above desert renown'd:  
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,  
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.

This band dismiss'd behold another crow'd  
Prefer'd the same request, and lowly bow'd;  
The constant tenour of whose well spent days  
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.  
But strait the direful trump of slander sounds;  
Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;  
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,  
The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies:  
In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung,  
And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.  
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke  
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke:  
The pois'nous vapor blots the purple skies,  
And withers all before it as it flies.

K

A troop



122 *The TEMPLE of FAME.*

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,  
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:  
For thee (they cry'd) amidst alarms and strife,  
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;  
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,  
And swam to empire thro' the purple flood.  
Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own,  
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.  
Ambitious fools! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)  
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;  
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,  
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown.  
A sudden cloud strait snatch'd them from my sight,  
And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;  
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.  
Great idol of mankind! we neither claim  
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!  
But safe in deserts from th' applause of men.  
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen,  
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight  
Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.  
O let us still the secret joy partake,  
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake.

And live there men who slight immortal fame?  
Who then with incense shall adore our name?  
But mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride  
To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.  
Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath,  
These must not sleep in darkness and in death.  
She said: in air the trembling music floats,  
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;  
So soft, tho' high, so loud, and yet so clear,  
Ev'n list'ning Angels lean'd from heav'n to hear:

To

*The TEMPLE of FAME.*

123

To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,  
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,  
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dress'd;  
Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and see  
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry:  
Ours is the place at banquets, balls and plays;  
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;  
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care  
To pay due visits, and address the fair:

In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,  
But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid;  
Of unknown Dutcheffes leud tales we tell,  
Yet would the world believe us, all were well.  
The joy let others have, and we the name,  
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.

The Queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,  
And at each blast a Lady's honour dies.

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers prest  
Around the shrine, and made the same request:

What you (she cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to please,  
Slaves to your selves, and ev'n fatigu'd with ease,  
Who lose a length of undeserving days;  
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?  
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,  
The peoples fable, and the scorn of all.

Strait the black clarion sends a horrid sound,  
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,  
Whispers were heard, with taunts reviling loud,  
And scornful hisses ran thro' all the croud.

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,  
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;  
Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd,  
On Sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;

Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith can fix,  
 Of crooked counsels and dark politicks;  
 Of these, a gloomy tribe surround the throne,  
 And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.  
 The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,  
 With sparks, that seem'd to set the world on fire.  
 At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,  
 And startled nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown  
 Strait chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the throne.  
 Before my view appear'd a structure fair,  
 Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;  
 With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;  
 With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound:  
 Not less in number were the spacious doors,  
 Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores;  
 Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,  
 Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.  
 As flames by nature to the skies ascend,  
 As weighty bodies to the centre tend,  
 As to the sea returning rivers roll,  
 And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole:  
 Hither, as to their proper place, arise  
 All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,  
 Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;  
 Nor ever silence, rest or peace is here.  
 As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes,  
 The sinking stone at first a circle makes;  
 The trembling surface, by the motion stir'd,  
 Spreads in a second circle, then a third;  
 Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,  
 Fill all the watry plain, and to the margin dance.  
 Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,  
 On neigh'ring air a soft impresson make;

Another

Another ambient circle then they move;  
That, in its turn, impels the next above;  
Thro' undulating air the sounds are sent,  
And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard, of love and strife,  
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,  
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store,  
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,  
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,  
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,  
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,  
The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great,  
Of old mismanagements, taxations new——  
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,  
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,  
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away;  
Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day;  
Astrologers, that future fates foretew,  
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;  
And priests, and party-zealots, num'rous bands  
With home-born lyes, or tales from foreign lands;  
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,  
And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.  
The flying rumors gather'd, as they roll'd,  
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;  
And all who told it, added something new,  
And all who heard it, made enlargements too,  
In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.  
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,  
News travell'd with encrease from mouth to mouth.  
So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,  
With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance;

Till



126 *The TEMPLE of FAME.*

Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,  
And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lyes are to perfection sprung,  
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,  
Thro' thousand vents, impatient forth they flow,  
And rush in millions on the world below.  
Fame sits aloft and points them out their course,  
Their date determines, and prescribes their force:  
Some to remain, and some to perish soon;  
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.  
Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,  
Born by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd thro' the sky.

There, at one passage, oft' you might survey  
A lye and truth contending for the way;  
And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,  
Which first should issue thro' the narrow vent:  
At last agreed, together out they fly,  
Inseparable now, the truth and lye;  
The strict companions are for ever join'd,  
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,  
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear:  
What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?  
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise?

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,  
For who so fond as youthful bards of fame?  
But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,  
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost:  
How vain that second life in others breath,  
Th' estate which wits inherit after death!  
Ease, health, and life, for this we must resign,  
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)  
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,  
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor;

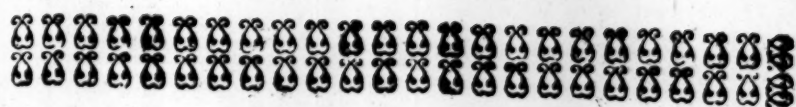
*The TEMPLE of FAME.* 127

All luckless wits our enemies profess,  
And all successful, jealous friends at best,  
Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours call;  
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.  
But if the purchase costs so dear a price,  
As soothing folly, or exalting vice:  
Oh! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,  
And follow still where fortune leads the way;  
Or if no basis bear my rising name,  
But the fal'n ruins of another's fame:  
Then teach me heav'n! to scorn the guilty bays;  
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;  
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;  
Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me none!



*JANU.*





*JANUARY* and *MAR*;

OR, THE

Merchant's Tale

FROM

CHAUCER.





THE HISTORY OF THE

ANNUAL AND MONTHLY

OR THE

Merchant's Tale

FROM

CHAUCEER.

THE HISTORY OF THE



# JANUARY

## AND

# MAY.

**H**ERE liv'd in *Lombardy*, as authors write,  
**T**In days of old, a wise and worthy Knight;  
**S**Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,  
 Bless'd with much sense, more riches, and some grace.  
 Yet led astray by *Venus*' soft delights,  
 He scarce could rule some idle appetites:  
 For long ago, let Priests say what they cou'd,  
 Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.

But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,  
 He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more,  
 Whether pure holiness inspir'd his mind,  
 Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;  
 But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,  
 And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.  
 This was his nightly dream, his daily care,  
 And to the heav'nly pow'rs his constant pray'r,

Once

132 *JANUARY and MAY.*

Once, e're he dy'd, to taste the blisful life  
Of a kind husband and a loving wife.

These thoughts he fortify'd with reason still,  
(For none want reasons to confirm their will)  
Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,  
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing;  
But depth of judgment most in him appears,  
Who wisely weds in his maturer years.  
Then let him chuse a damsel young and fair,  
To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir;  
To sooth his cares, and free from noise and strife  
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.  
Let sinful batchelors their woes deplore,  
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:  
Unaw'd by precepts, human or divine,  
Like birds and beasts, promiscuously they join:  
Nor know to make the present blessing last,  
To hope the future, or esteem the past;  
But vainly boast the joys they never try'd,  
And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.  
The marry'd man may bear his yoke with ease,  
Secure at once himself and heav'n to please;  
And pass his inoffensive hours away,  
In bliss all night, and innocence all day:  
Tho' fortune change, his constant spouse remains,  
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.

But what so pure, which envious tongues will spare?  
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.  
With matchless impudence they stile a wife  
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life;  
A bosom-serpent, a domestic evil,  
A night-invasion, and a mid-day-devil.  
Let not the wife these scandalous words regard,  
But curse the bones of ev'ry lying bard.

All

All other goods by fortune's hand are giv'n,  
A Wife is the peculiar gift of heav'n:  
Vain fortune's favours, never at a stay,  
Like empty shadows, pass, and glide away;  
One solid comfort, our eternal wife,  
Abundantly supplies us all our life:  
This blessing lasts, (if those who try, say true)  
As long as heart can wish—and longer too.

Our grandfire *Adam*, e're of *Eve* possess'd,  
Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unblest'd,  
With mournful looks the blisful scenes survey'd,  
And wander'd in the solitary shade:  
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd  
Woman, the last, the best reserve of God.

A Wife! ah gentle deities, can he  
That has a wife, e'er feel adversity?  
Would men but follow what the sex advise,  
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.  
'Twas by *Rebecca's* aid that *Jacob* won  
His father's blessing from an elder son:  
Abusive *Nabal* ow'd his forfeit life  
To the wise conduct of a prudent wife:  
Heroic *Judith*, as old *Hebrews* show,  
Preserv'd the *Jews*, and slew th' *Assyrian* foe:  
At *Hester's* suit, the persecuting sword  
Was sheath'd, and *Israel* liv'd to bless the Lord.

These weighty motives, *January* the sage  
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;  
And charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life,  
Would try that christian comfort, call'd a wife:  
His friends were summon'd on a point so nice,  
To pass their judgment, and to give advice;  
But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he;  
(As men that ask advice are wont to be)

My



134 *JANUARY and MAY.*

My friends, he cry'd, (and cast a mournful look  
Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke :)  
Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,  
And worn with cares, am hast'ning to my end;  
How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,  
In worldly follies, which I blush to tell;  
But gracious heav'n has op'd my eyes at last,  
With due regret I view my vices past,  
And as the precept of the Church decrees;  
Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.  
But since by counsel all things should be done,  
And many heads are wiser still than one;  
Chuse you for me, who best shall be content  
When my desire's approv'd by your consent.

One caution yet is needful to be told,  
To guide your choice; this wife must not be old:  
There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,  
Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.  
My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace  
Of a stale virgin with a winter face;  
In that cold season Love but treats his guest  
With bean straw, and tough forage at the best.  
No crafty widows shall approach my bed;  
Those are too wise for batchelors to wed;  
As subtle clerks by many schools are made,  
Twice-marry'd dames are mistresses o' th' trade:  
But young and tender virgins, rul'd with ease,  
We form like wax, and mold them as we please.

Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my sense amiss;  
'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss;  
Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse,  
As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?  
Then should I live in lewd adultery,  
And sink downright to *Satan* when I die.

Or

Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,  
The righteous ends were lost, for which I wed;  
To raise up seed to bless the pow'rs above,  
And not for pleasure only, or for love.  
Think not I doat; 'tis time to take a wife,  
When vig'rous blood forbids a chaster life:  
Those that are blest with store of grace divine,  
May live like faints, by heav'n's consent, and mine.

And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,  
(As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may)  
My limbs are active, still I'm sound at heart,  
And a new vigour springs in ev'ry part.  
Think not my virtue lost, tho' time has shed  
These rev'rend honours on my hoary head;  
Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as snow,  
The vital sap then rising from below:

Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear  
Like winter greens, that flourish all the year.  
Now, Sirs, you know to what I stand inclin'd,  
Let ev'ry friend with freedom speak his mind.

He said; the rest in different parts divide,  
The knotty point was urg'd on either side;  
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,  
Some prais'd with wit, and some with reason blam'd.  
Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,  
Each wondrous positive, and wondrous wise,  
There fell between his brothers a debate,  
*Placebo* this was call'd, and *Justin* that.

First to the Knight *Placebo* thus begun,  
(Mild were his looks and pleasing was his tone)  
Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,  
As plainly proves, experience dwells with years!  
Yet you pursue sage *Solomon's* advice,  
To work by counsel when affairs are nice:

But,

But, with the wiseman's leave, I must protest,  
 So may my soul arrive at ease and rest,  
 As still I hold your own advice the best.

Sir, I have liv'd a courtier all my days,  
 And study'd men, their manners, and their ways;  
 And have observ'd this useful maxim still,  
 To let my betters always have their will.  
 Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that black was white,  
 My word was this, your honour's in the right.  
 Th' assuming Wit, who deems himself so wise  
 As his mistaken patron to advise,  
 Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought;  
 A noble fool was never in a fault.

This, Sir, affects not you, whose ev'ry word  
 Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a Lord:  
 Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)  
 Pleasing to God, and should be so to man;  
 At least, your courage all the world must praise,  
 Who dare to wed in your declining days.  
 Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,  
 And let grey fools be indolently good,  
 Who past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,  
 With rev'rend dulness, and grave impotence.

*Justin*, who silent sat, and heard the man,  
 Thus, with a philosophic frown, began.

A heathen author, of the first degree,  
 (Who, tho' not faith, had sense as well as we)  
 Bids us be certain our concerns to trust,  
 To those of gen'rous principles and just.  
 The venture's greater I'll presume to say,  
 To give your person, than your goods away:  
 And therefore, Sir, as you regard your rest,  
 First learn your Lady's qualities at least:

Whether

Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil;  
Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil;  
Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,  
Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule?  
'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find  
In all this world, much less in womankind;  
But if her virtues prove the largest share,  
Bless the kind fates, and think your fortune rare.  
Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,  
Who knows too well the state you thus commend;  
And, spite of all its praises, must declare,  
All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.  
Heav'n knows, I shed full many a private tear,  
And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear:  
While all my friends applaud my blissful life,  
And swear no mortal's happier in a wife;  
Demure and chaste as any vestal Nun,  
The meekest creature that beholds the sun!  
But, by th' immortal pow'rs, I feel the pain,  
And he that smarts has reason to complain.  
Do what you list, for me; you must be sage,  
And cautious sure; for wisdom is in Age:  
But, at these years, to venture on the fair!  
By him, who made the ocean, earth, and air,  
To please a wife, when her occasions call,  
Would busy the most vig'rous of us all.  
And trust me, Sir, the chastest you can chuse  
Will ask observance, and exact her dues.  
If what I speak my noble Lord offend,  
My tedious sermon here is at an end.

'Tis well, 'tis wond'rous well, the Knight replies,  
Most worthy kinsman, faith you're mighty wise!  
We, Sirs, are fools; and must resign the cause  
To heath'nish authors, proverbs, and old saws.

L

He



He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way; —  
What does my friend, my dear *Placebo* say?

I say, quoth he, by heav'n the man's to blame,  
To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name.  
At this, the council rose, without delay;  
Each, in his own opinion, went his way;  
With full consent, that all disputes appeas'd,  
The Knight should marry, when and where he pleas'd.

Who now but *January* exults with joy?

The charms of wedlock all his soul employ:  
Each nymph by turns his wav'ring mind possess,  
And reign'd the short-liv'd tyrant of his breast;  
While fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively part,  
And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.  
Thus, in some publick *Forum* fix'd on high,  
A Mirrour shews the figures moving by;  
Still one by one, in swift succession, pass  
The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.  
This Lady's charms the nicest cou'd not blame,  
But vile suspicions had aspers'd her fame;  
That was with sense, but not with virtue, blest;  
And one had grace, that wanted all the rest.  
Thus doubting long, what nymph he shou'd obey,  
He fix'd at last upon the youthful *May*.

Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,  
But ev'ry charm revolv'd within his mind:  
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,  
Her easy motion, her attractive air,  
Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,  
Her moving softness, and majestic grace.

Much in his prudence did our Knight rejoice,  
And thought no mortal could dispute this choice:  
Once more in haste he summon'd ev'ry friend,  
And told them all, their pains were at an end.

Heav

Heav'n, that (said he) inspir'd me first to wed,  
Provides a consort worthy of my bed;  
Let none oppose th' election, since on this  
Depends my quiet, and my future bliss.

A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,  
Young, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wise;  
Chaste, tho' not rich, and tho' not nobly born,  
Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.  
Her will I wed, if gracious heav'n so please;  
To pass my age in sanctity and ease:  
And thank the pow'rs, I may possess alone  
The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none!  
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,  
My joys are full, my happiness is sure.

One only doubt remains; full oft' I've heard,  
By casuists grave, and deep divines averr'd;  
That 'tis too much for human race to know  
The bliss of heav'n above, and earth below.  
Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,  
To match the blessings of the future state,  
Those endless joys were ill exchange'd for these;  
Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease.

This *Justin* heard, nor could his spleen controul,  
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.  
Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all you dread,  
Heav'n put it past your doubt, whene'er you wed;  
And to my fervent pray'rs so far consent,  
That e're the rites are o'er, you may repent!  
Good heav'n no doubt the nuptial state approves,  
Since it chastises still what best it loves.  
Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to despair;  
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair,  
One, that may do your business to a hair;

Not ev'n in wish, your happiness delay;  
 But prove the scourge to lash you on your way:  
 Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,  
 Swift, as an arrow soaring from the bow!  
 Provided still, you moderate your joy,  
 Nor in your pleasures all your might employ,  
 Let reason's rule your strong desires abate,  
 Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.  
 Old wives there are, of judgment most acute,  
 Who solve these questions beyond all dispute;  
 Consult with those, and be of better cheer;  
 Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear.

So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd;  
 The match was offer'd, the proposals made.  
 The parents, you may think, would soon comply;  
 The Old have int'rest ever in their eye.  
 Nor was it hard to move the Lady's mind,  
 When fortune favours, still the fair are kind.

I pass each previous settlement and deed,  
 Too long for me to write, or you to read;  
 Nor will with quaint impertinence display  
 The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.  
 The time approach'd, to Church the parties went,  
 At once with carnal and devout intent:  
 Forth came the Priest, and bade th' obedient wife  
 Like *Sarah* or *Rebecca*, lead her life:  
 Then pray'd the pow'rs the fruitful bed to bless,  
 And made all sure enough with holiness.

And now the palace gates are open'd wide,  
 The guests appear in order, side by side,  
 And plac'd in state, the bridegroom and the bride.  
 The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,  
 And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;

The

The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring,  
 These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling string.  
 Not thus *Amphion* tun'd the warbling lyre,  
 Nor *Joab* the sounding clarion could inspire,  
 Nor fierce *Theodamas*, whose sprightly strain  
 Cou'd swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train.

*Bacchus* himself, the nuptial feast to grace,  
 (So Poets sing) was present on the place:  
 And lovely *Venus*, Goddess of delight,  
 Shook high her flaming torch in open sight,  
 And danc'd around, and smil'd on ev'ry Knight:  
 Pleas'd her best servant wou'd his courage try,  
 No less in wedlock, than in liberty.

Full many an age old *Hymn* had not spy'd  
 So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.  
 Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng,  
 For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song;  
 Think not your softest numbers can display  
 The matchless glories of this blissful day:  
 The joys are such, as far transcend your rage,  
 When tender youth has wedded stooping age.

The beauteous dame sate smiling at the board,  
 And darted am'rous glances at her Lord;  
 Not *Hester's* self, whose charms the *Hebrews* sing,  
 E'er look'd so lovely on her *Persian* King:  
 Bright as the rising sun, in summer's day,  
 And fresh and blooming as the month of *May*!  
 The joyful Knight survey'd her by his side,  
 Nor envy'd *Paris* with the *Spartan* bride:  
 Still as his mind revolv'd with vast delight  
 Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night:  
 Restless he sate, invoking ev'ry pow'r,  
 To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.

Mean-



Meantime the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,  
And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round,  
With od'rous spices they perfum'd the place,  
And mirth and pleasure shone in ev'ry face.

*Damian* alone of all the menial train,  
Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain;  
*Damian* alone, the knight's obsequious squire,  
Consum'd at heart, and fed a secret fire.  
His lovely mistress all his soul possess'd,  
He look'd, he languish'd, and cou'd take no rest;  
His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,  
Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day;  
There let him lie; till the relenting dame  
Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.

The weary sun, as learned poets write,  
Forsook th' horizon, and rowl'd down the light;  
While glitt'ring stars his absent beams supply,  
And night's dark mantle overspread the sky.  
Then rose the guests; and as the time requir'd,  
Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.

The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t' undress,  
So keen he was, and eager to possess:  
But first thought fit th' assistance to receive,  
Which grave Physicians scruple not to give;  
*Satyrian* near, with hot *Eringo's* flood,  
*Cantharides*, to fire the lazy blood,  
Whose use old Bards describe in luscious rhymes,  
And Critics learn'd explain to modern times.

By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,  
The room was sprinkled, and the bed was bless'd.  
What next ensu'd befits not me to say;  
'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day,

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Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light,  
As all were nothing he had done by night;  
And supp'd his cordial as he sat upright:  
He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,  
And feebly sung a lusty roundelay:  
Then on his couch his weary limbs he cast;  
For ev'ry labour must have rest at last.

But anxious cares the pensive squire oppress,  
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast;  
The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,  
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell.  
Yet hoping time th' occasion might betray,  
Compos'd a sonnet to the lovely *May*;  
Which writ and folded, with the nicest art,  
He wrapt in silk, and laid upon his heart.

When now the fourth revolving day was run,  
(Twas *June*, and *Cancer* had receiv'd the sun)  
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride;  
The good old knight mov'd slowly by her side.  
High Mass was sung; they feasted in the hall;  
The servants round stood ready at their call.  
The squire alone was absent from the board,  
And much his sickness griev'd his worthy Lord,  
Who pray'd his spouse, attended by her train,  
To visit *Damian*, and divert his pain.  
Th' obliging dames obey'd with one consent;  
They left the hall, and to his lodging went;  
The female tribe surround him as he lay,  
And close beside him sat the gentle *May*:  
Where, as she try'd his pulse, he softly drew  
A speaking sigh, and cast a mournful view;  
Then gave his bill, and brib'd the pow'rs divine  
With secret vows, to favour his design.

Who

Who studies now but discontented *May*?  
 On her soft couch uneasily she lay:  
 The lumpish husband snor'd away the night,  
 Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.  
 What then he did, I not presume to tell,  
 Nor if she thought herself in heav'n or hell:  
 Honest and dull, in nuptial bed they lay,  
 Till the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray.

Were it by forceful destiny decreed,  
 Or did from chance, or nature's pow'r proceed;  
 Or that some star with aspect kind to love,  
 Shed its selectest influence from above;  
 Whatever was the cause, the tender dame  
 Felt the first motions of an infant flame;  
 Receiv'd th' impressions of the love-sick Squire,  
 And wasted in the soft, infectious fire.

Ye fair, draw near, let *May's* example move  
 Your gentle minds to pity those who love!  
 Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,  
 The poor adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd:  
 But she, your sex's mirrour, free from pride,  
 Was much too meek to prove a homicide.

But to my tale: some Sages have defin'd  
 Pleasure the sov'reign bliss of humankind:  
 Our Knight (who study'd much, we may suppose)  
 Deriv'd this high philosophy from those;  
 For, like a Prince, he bore the vast expence  
 Of lavish pomp and proud magnificence:  
 His house was stately, his retinue gay,  
 Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.  
 His spacious garden made to yield to none,  
 Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone;  
*Priapus* cou'd not half describe the grace  
 (Tho' God of gardens) of this charming place:

A place

A place to tire the rambling wits of *France*  
In long descriptions, and exceed Romance;  
Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings  
Of painted meadows, and of purling springs.

Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground,  
A chrystal fountain spread its streams around,  
The fruitful banks with verdant lawrels crown'd:  
About this spring (if ancient fame say true)  
The dapper Elves their moonlight sports pursue;  
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,  
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,  
While tuneful sprites a merry consort made,  
And airy music warbled thro' the shade.

Hither the noble knight would oft' repair,  
(His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care)  
For this he held it dear, and always bore  
The silver key that lock'd the garden door.  
To this sweet place, in summer's sultry heat,  
He us'd from noise and bus'ness to retreat;  
And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,  
*Solus cum sola*, with his sprightly *May*.

For whate'er work was undischarg'd a-bed:  
The duteous knight in this fair garden sped.

But ah! what mortal lives of bliss secure,  
How short a space our worldly joys endure?  
O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous kind,  
But faithless still, and wav'ring as the wind!  
O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat,  
With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit!  
This rich, this am'rous, venerable knight,  
Amidst his ease, his solace, and delight,  
Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,  
And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.



The rage of jealousy then seiz'd his mind,  
 For much he fear'd the faith of womankind.  
 His wife not suffer'd from his side to stray,  
 Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day,  
 Abridg'd her pleasures, and confin'd her sway.  
 Full oft in tears did hapless *May* complain,  
 And sigh'd full oft'; but sigh'd and wept in vain;  
 She look'd on *Damian* with a lover's eye,  
 For oh, 'twas fix'd; she must possess or dye!  
 Nor less impatience vex'd her am'rous squire,  
 Wild with delay, and burning with desire.  
 Watch'd as she was, yet could not he refrain  
 By secret writing to disclose his pain;  
 The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,  
 Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah gentle knight, what would thy eyes avail,  
 Tho' they could see as far as ships can sail?  
 'Tis better sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,  
 Than be deluded when a man can see!

*Argus* himself, so cautious and so wise,  
 Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes:  
 So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,  
 Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.

The dame at last, by diligence and care,  
 Procur'd the key her knight was wont to bear;  
 She took the wards in wax before the fire,  
 And gave th' impression to the trusty squire.  
 By means of this, some wonder shall appear,  
 Which in due place and season, you may hear.

Well sung sweet *Ovid* in the days of yore,  
 What flight is that which Love will not explore?  
 And *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* plainly show  
 The feats true lovers, when they list, can do:

Tho'

Tho' watch'd and captive, yet in spite of all,  
They found the art of kissing thro' a wall.

But now no longer from our tale to stray;  
It happ'd, that once upon a summer's day,  
Our rev'rend knight was urg'd to am'rous play:  
He rais'd his spouse, e're Martin bell was rung,  
And thus his morning canticle he sung.

Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes;  
Arise, my wife, my beauteous Lady, rise!  
Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,  
And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain;  
The winter's past; the clouds and tempests fly;  
The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.  
Fair without spot, whose ev'ry charming part  
My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart;  
Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,  
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.

This heard, to *Damian* strait a sign she made,  
To haste before; the gentle squire obey'd:  
Secret, and undescry'd, he took his way,  
And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.

It was not long e're *January* came,  
And hand in hand, with him, his lovely dame;  
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,  
He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.

Here let us walk, he said, observ'd by none,  
Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown:  
So may my soul have joy, as thou, my wife,  
Art far the dearest solace of my life;  
And rather wou'd I chuse, by heav'n above,  
To die this Instant, than to lose thy love.  
Reflect what truth was in my passion shown,  
When un-endow'd, I took thee for my own,  
And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.

Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight,  
 While thou art faithful to thy own true knight,  
 Nor age, nor blindness, rob me of delight.  
 Each other loss with patience I can bear,  
 The loss of thee is what I only fear.  
 Consider then, my Lady, and my wife,  
 The solid comforts of a virtuous life.  
 As first, the love of Christ himself you gain;  
 Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain;  
 And lastly that which sure your mind must move,  
 My whole estate shall gratify your love:  
 Make your own terms, and e're to morrow's sun  
 Displays his light, by heav'n it shall be done.  
 I seal the contract with a holy kiss,  
 And will perform, by this——my dear, and this——  
 Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy Lord unkind;  
 'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind.  
 For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,  
 And join'd to them, my own unequal age;  
 From thy dear side I have no pow'r to part,  
 Such secret transports warm my melting heart.  
 For who that once possesseth those heav'nly charms,  
 Cou'd live one moment, absent from thy arms?  
 He ceas'd, and *May* with modest grace reply'd;  
 (Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cry'd :)  
 Heav'n knows, (with that a tender sigh she drew)  
 I have a soul to save as well as you;  
 And, what no less you to my charge commend,  
 My dearest honour, will to death defend.  
 To you in holy Church I gave my hand,  
 And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band:  
 Yet after this, if you distrust my care,  
 Then hear, my Lord, and witness what I swear.

First

First may the yawning earth her bosom rend,  
 And let me hence to hell alive descend;  
 Or die the death I dread no less than hell,  
 Sow'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well:  
 E're I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,  
 Or once renounce the honour of my race.  
 For know, sir Knight, of gentle blood I came,  
 I loath a whore, and startle at the name.  
 But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,  
 And learn from thence their ladies to suspect:  
 Else why these needless cautions, Sir, to me?  
 These doubts and fears of female constancy?  
 This chime still rings in ev'ry Lady's ear,  
 The only strain a wife must hope to hear.

Thus while she spoke, a sidelong glance she cast,  
 Where *Damian* kneeling, worshipp'd as she past.  
 She saw him watch the motions of her eye,  
 And singled out a Peartree planted nigh:  
 'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly show,  
 And hung with dangling pears was ev'ry bough.  
 Thither th' obsequious squire address'd his pace,  
 And climbing, in the summit took his place;  
 The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,  
 Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.

'Twas now the season when the glorious sun  
 His heav'nly progress thro' the *Twins* had run;  
 And *Jove*, exalted, his mild influence yields,  
 To glad the glebe, and paint the flow'ry fields.  
 Clear was the day, and *Phæbus* rising bright,  
 Had streak'd the azure firmament with light;  
 He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden streams,  
 And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.



It so befel, in that fair morning-tide,  
 The Fairies sported on the garden's side,  
 And, in the midst, their Monarch and his bride.  
 So featly tripp'd the lightfoot Ladies round  
 The knights so nimbly o'er the greensword bound  
 That scarce they bent the flow'rs, or touch'd the ground.  
 The dances ended, all the fairy train  
 For pinks and daisies search'd the flow'ry plain;  
 While on a bank reclin'd of rising green,  
 Thus, with a frown, the King bespoke his Queen.

'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,  
 The treachery you women use to man:  
 A thousand authors have this truth made out,  
 And sad experience leaves no room for doubt.

Heav'n rest thy spirit, noble *Solomon*,  
 A wiser monarch never saw the sun:  
 All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree  
 Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee!  
 For sagely hast thou said; Of all mankind,  
 One only just, and righteous, hope to find:  
 But should'st thou search the spacious world around,  
 Yet one good woman were not to be found.

Thus says the King who knew your wickedness;  
 The son of *Sirach* testifies no less.  
 So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,  
 Or some devouring plague consume you all;  
 As well you view the Leacher in the tree,  
 And well this honourable knight you see:  
 But since he's blind and old, (a helpless case)  
 His squire shall cuckold him before your face.

Now by my own dread majesty I swear,  
 And by this awful scepter which I bear,  
 No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,  
 That in my presence offers such a wrong.

I will

I will this instant undeceive the knight,  
And, in the very act, restore his sight:  
And set the strumpet here in open view,  
A warning to these Ladies, and to you,  
And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true.

3  
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3

And will you so, reply'd the Queen, indeed?  
Now, by my mother's soul, it is decreed,  
She shall not want an answer at her need.  
For her, and for her daughter's, I'll engage,  
And all the sex in each succeeding age;  
Art shall be theirs to varnish an offence,  
And fortify their crimes with confidence.  
Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,  
Seen with both eyes and pinion'd on the place;  
All they shall need is to protest, and swear,  
Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear;  
Till their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like these,  
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.

What tho' this slanderous Jew, this Solomon,  
Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one?  
The wiser wits of later times declare,  
How constant, chaste, and virtuous, women are:  
Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their breath,  
Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;  
And witness next what *Roman* authors tell,  
How *Arria*, *Portia*, and *Lucretia* fell.

But since the sacred leaves to all are free,  
And men interpret texts, why should not we?  
By this no more was meant, than to have shown,  
That sov'reign goodness dwells in Him alone;  
Who only is, and is but only one.  
But grant the worst; shall women then be weigh'd  
By ev'ry word that *Solomon* has said?

3

What

What tho' this King (as ancient story boasts)  
 Built a fair temple to the Lord of hosts;  
 He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,  
 And did as much for Idol-gods, or more.  
 Beware what lavish praises you confer  
 On a rank leacher and idolater;  
 Whose reign indulgent God, says holy writ,  
 Did but for *David's* righteous sake permit;  
*David*, the monarch after heav'n's own mind,  
 Who lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind.  
 Well, I'm a woman, and as such must speak;  
 Silence would swell me, and my heart would break.  
 Know then, I scorn your dull authorities,  
 Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.  
 By heav'n, those authors are our sex's foes,  
 Whom, in our right, I must, and will oppose.

Nay (quoth the King) dear Madam be not wroth;  
 I yield it up; but since I gave my oath,  
 That this much-injur'd knight again shou'd see;  
 It must be done——I am a King, said he,  
 And one, whose faith has ever sacred been.

And so has mine, (she said)——I am a Queen!  
 Her Answer she shall have, I undertake;  
 And thus an end of all dispute I make:  
 Try when you list; and you shall find, my Lord,  
 It is not in our sex to break our word.

We leave them here in this heroic strain,  
 And to the knight our story turns again;  
 Who in the garden, with his lovely *May*,  
 Sung merrier than the Cuckow or the Jay:  
 This was his song; "Oh kind and constant be,  
 "Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee.

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew  
 By easy steps to where the Peartree grew:

The

The longing dame look'd up, and spy'd her Love  
Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.  
She stopp'd, and sighing: oh good Gods, she cry'd,  
What pangs, what sudden shoots distend my side?  
O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green;  
Help, for the love of heav'n's immortal Queen!  
Help, dearest Lord, and save at once the Life  
Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife!

Sore sigh'd the knight to hear his Lady's cry,  
But cou'd not climb, and had no servant nigh:  
Old as he was, and void of eye-sight too,  
What cou'd, alas! the helpless husband do?  
And must I languish then, she said, and die,  
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?  
At least, kind Sir, for charity's sweet sake,  
Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take;  
Then from your back I might ascend the tree;  
Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me.

With all my soul, he thus reply'd again,  
I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain;  
With that, his back against the trunk he bent,  
She seiz'd a twig, and up the tree she went.

Now prove your patience, gentle Ladies all!  
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:  
'Tis truth I tell, tho' not in phrase refin'd;  
Tho' blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.  
What feats the Lady in the tree might do,  
I pass, as gambols never known to you;  
But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,  
Than in her life she ever felt before.

In that nice Moment, lo! the wond'ring knight  
Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight.  
Strait on the tree his eager eyes he bent,  
As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent;

M

But



But when he saw his bosom-wife so drest,  
 His rage was such as cannot be express'd:  
 Not frantic mothers when their infants die,  
 With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky:  
 He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his Hair;  
 Death! hell! and furies! what dost thou do there?

What ails my Lord, the trembling dame reply'd,  
 I thought your patience had been better try'd:  
 Is this your Love, ungrateful and unkind,  
 This my reward for having cur'd the blind?  
 Why was I taught to make my husband see,  
 By struggling with a man upon a tree?  
 Did I, for this, the pow'r of magic prove?  
 Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love!

If this be struggling, by this holy light,  
 'Tis struggling with a vengeance (quoth the knight)  
 So heav'n preserve the fight it has restor'd,  
 As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd;  
 Whor'd by my slave—perfidious wretch! may hell  
 As surely seize thee, as I saw too well.

Guard me, good angels! cry'd the gentle May,  
 Pray heav'n, this magic work the proper way!  
 Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,  
 You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me:  
 So help me fates, as 'tis no perfect fight,  
 But some faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light.

What I have said, (quoth he) I must maintain,  
 For by th' immortal pow'rs, it *seem'd* too plain—  
 By all those pow'rs, some frenzy seiz'd your mind,  
 (Reply'd the dame) are these the thanks I find?  
 Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!  
 She said; a rising sigh express'd her woe,  
 The ready tears apace began to flow,

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And as they fell, she wip'd from either eye  
The drops, (for women, when they list, can cry.)

The knight was touch'd, and in his looks appear'd  
Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he chear'd.  
Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er;  
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more:  
Excuse me, dear, if ought amiss was said,  
For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:  
Let my repentance your forgiveness draw,  
By heav'n, I swore but what I thought I saw.

Ah my lov'd Lord! 'twas much unkind (she cry'd)  
On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride.  
But till your sight's establish'd, for a while,  
Imperfect Objects may your sense beguile.  
Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,  
The balls seem wounded with the piercing ray,  
And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day.  
So just recov'ring from the shades of night,  
Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light;  
Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before  
your sight.

Then, Sir, be cautious, not too rashly deem;  
Heav'n knows how seldom things are what they seem!  
Consult your reason, and you soon shall find  
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:  
Love ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,  
None judge so wrong as those who think amiss.  
With that, she leap'd into her Lord's embrace,  
With well-dissembled virtue in her face:  
He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,  
Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more:  
Both, pleas'd and bless'd, renew'd their mutual vows,  
A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse.

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Thus ends our tale, whose moral next to make,  
Let all wise husbands hence example take,  
And pray, to crown the pleasures of their lives,  
To be so well deluded by their wives.

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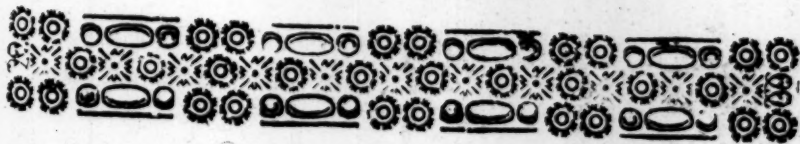


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THE



THE  
*Wife of Bath*  
HER  
PROLOGUE,  
FROM  
CHAUCER.







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T H E  
 Wife of *Bath*.  
 F R O M  
 CHAUCER.

**B**Ehold the Woes of matrimonial life,  
 And hear with rev'rence an experienc'd wife!  
 To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,  
 And think for once a woman tells you true.  
 In all these trials I have born a part;  
 I was my self the scourge that caus'd the smart;  
 For, since fifteen, in triumph have I led  
 Five captive husbands from the church to bed.

Christ saw a wedding once, the scripture says,  
 And saw but one, 'tis thought in all his days;  
 Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,  
 No pious Christian ought to marry twice.

But let them read, and solve me, if they can,  
 The words address'd to the *Samaritan*:  
 Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd;  
 And sure the certain stint was ne'er defin'd.

*Encrease*

*Encrease and multiply* was heav'n's command,  
 And that's a text I clearly understand.  
 This too, " Let men their fires and mothers leave,  
 " And to their dearer wives for ever cleave.  
 More wives than one by *Solomon* were try'd,  
 Or else the wisest of mankind's bely'd.  
 I've had my self full many a merry fit,  
 And trust in heav'n I may have many yet.  
 For when my transitory spouse, unkind,  
 Shall die, and leave his woful wife behind,  
 I'll take the next good christian I can find.

*Paul*, knowing one could never serve our turn,  
 Declar'd 'twas better far to wed, than burn;  
 There's danger in assembling fire and tow,  
 I grant 'em that; and what it means you know.  
 The same Apostle too has elsewhere own'd  
 No precept for virginity he found:  
 'Tis but a counsel—and we women still  
 Take which we like, the counsel, or our will.

I envy not their bliss, if he or she  
 Think fit to live in perfect chastity,  
 Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice;  
 I, for a few slight spots, am not so nice.  
 Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways, on these bestows  
 One proper gift, another grants to those:  
 Not ev'ry man's oblig'd to sell his store,  
 And give up all his substance to the poor;  
 Such as are perfect, may, I can't deny;  
 But, by your leave, divines, so am not I.

Full many a faint, since first the world began,  
 Liv'd an unspotted maid in spite of man:  
 Let such (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,  
 And let us honest wives eat barley bread.

For

For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by heav'n,  
And use the copious talent it has giv'n;  
Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,  
And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night;  
His proper body is not his, but mine;  
For so said *Paul*, and *Paul's* a sound divine.

Know then, of those five husbands I have had,  
Three were just tolerable, two were bad.  
The three were old, but rich and fond beside,  
And toil'd most piteously to please their bride;  
But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,  
The rest, without much loss, I could resign.  
Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to please,  
Yet had more pleasure far than they had ease.

Presents flow'd in apace: with show'rs of gold,  
They made their court, like *Jupiter* of old,  
If I but smil'd, a sudden youth they found,  
And a new palsy seiz'd them when I frown'd.

Ye sov'reign wives! give ear, and understand;  
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command.  
For never was it giv'n to mortal man,  
To lye so boldly as we women can.  
Forswear the fact, tho' seen with both his eyes,  
And call your maids to witness how he lyes.

Hark old Sir *Paul* ('twas thus I us'd to say)  
Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay?  
Treated, caress'd, where-e'er she's pleas'd to roam —  
I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home!  
Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?  
Art thou so am'rous? and is she so fair?  
If I but see a cousin or a friend,  
Lord! how you swell, and rage like any fiend!  
But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,  
Then preach till midnight in your easy chair;



Cry wives are false, and ev'ry woman evil,  
And give up all that's female to the devil.

If poor (you say) she drains her husband's purse;  
If rich, she keeps her Priest, or something worse;  
If highly born, intolerably vain;  
Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain:  
Now gaily mad, now sourly splenetic,  
Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick.  
If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,  
By pressing youth attack'd on ev'ry side.  
If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,  
Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures,  
Or else she dances with becoming grace,  
Or shape excuses the defects of face.

There swims no goose so grey, but, soon or late,  
She finds some honest gander for her mate.

Horses (thou say'st) and asses men may try,  
And ring suspected vessels e're they buy:  
But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take,  
They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake;  
Then, nor till then, the veil's remov'd away,  
And all the woman glares in open day.

You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,  
Your eyes must always languish on my face,  
Your tongue with constant flatt'ries feed my ear,  
And tag each sentence with, My life! my dear!  
If, by strange chance, a modest blush be rais'd,  
Be sure my fine complexion must be prais'd:  
My garments always must be new and gay,  
And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day:  
Then must my Nurse be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid;  
And endless treats, and endless visits paid,  
To a long train of kindred, friends, allies;  
All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lies.

On

On *Jenkin* too you cast a squinting eye;  
What? can your prentice raise your jealousy?  
Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,  
And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair:  
But clear thy wrinkled brow? and quit thy sorrow,  
I'd scorn your prentice, should you die to-morrow.

Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what design?  
Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine?  
Sir, I'm no fool: nor shall you, by *St. John*,  
Have goods and body to your self alone.  
One you shall quit—— in spite of both your eyes——  
I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.  
If you had wit, you'd say, "Go where you will,  
"Dear spouse, I credit not the tales they tell.  
"Take all the freedoms of a married life;  
"I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife.

Lord! when you have enough, what need you care  
How merrily soever others fare?  
Tho' all the day I take and give delight,  
Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night.  
'Tis but a just and rational desire,  
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.

There's *Danger* too, you think, in rich array,  
And none can long be modest that are gay.  
The Cat, if you but findge her tabby Skin,  
The chimney keeps, and sits content within;  
But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,  
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun;  
She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad  
To show her furr, and to be catterwaw'd.

Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires  
These three right ancient venerable fires.  
I told 'em, Thus you say, and thus you do——  
And told 'em false, but *Jenkin* swore 'twas true.

I, like

I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine:  
 And first complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.  
 I tax'd them oft' with wenching and amours;  
 When their weak legs scarce dragg'd 'em out of doors;  
 And swore the rambles that I took by night,  
 Were all to spy what damsels they bedight.  
 That colour brought me many hours of Mirth;  
 For all this wit is giv'n us from our birth:  
 Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar grace  
 To spin, to weep, and cully human race.  
 By this nice conduct and this prudent course,  
 By murm'ring, wheedling, stratagem and force,  
 I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,  
 Or curtain-lectures made a restless night.  
 If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,  
 What? so familiar with your spouse? I cry'd:  
 I levy'd first a tax upon his need,  
 Then let him-----'twas a nicety indeed!  
 Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,  
 Marry who will, our Sex is to be sold!  
 With empty hands no tassels you can lure,  
 But fulsom love for gain we can endure:  
 For gold we love the impotent and old,  
 And heave, and pant, and kifs, and cling, for gold.  
 Yet with embraces, curses oft' I mixt,  
 Then kifs'd again, and chid and rail'd betwixt.  
 Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,  
 For not one word in man's arrears am I.  
 To drop a dear Dispute I was unable,  
 Ev'n tho' the Pope himself had sate at table.  
 But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke,  
 " Billy, my dear, how sheepishly you look?  
 " Approach, my spouse, and let me kifs thy cheek;  
 " Thou should'st be always thus, resign'd and meek!

- " Of *Job's* great patience since so oft' you preach,  
" Well should you practise, who so well can teach.  
" 'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,  
" But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.  
" Great is the blessing of a prudent wife,  
" Who puts a period to domestic strife!  
" One of us two must rule, and one obey;  
" And since in man right reason bears the sway,  
" Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.  
" The wives of all our Race have ever rul'd  
" Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.  
" Fye, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan;  
" What? would you have me to your self alone?  
" Why take me, Love! take all and ev'ry part!  
" Here's your revenge! you love it at your heart.  
" Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,  
" You little think what custom I could have?  
" But see! I'm all your own—nay hold—for shame!  
" What means my dear—indeed—you are to blame.  
Thus with my first three Lords I pass my Life;

A very woman, and a very wife!

What sums from these old spouses I could raise,  
Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.

Tho' past my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,  
Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a Pye.

In country dances still I bore the bell,  
And sung as sweet as ev'ning *Philomel*.

To clear my quail-pipe and refresh my soul,  
Full oft' I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl;  
Rich luscious Wines, that youthful blood improve,  
And warm the swelling veins to seats of love.

For 'tis as sure, as cold ingenders hail,

• A liqu'rish mouth must have a lech'rous tail;

Wine



Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,  
As all true gamesters by experience know.

But oh good Gods! whene'er a thought I cast,  
On all the joys of youth and beauty past,  
To find in pleasures I have had my part,  
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.  
This wicked world was once my dear delight;  
Now all my conquests, all my charms good night!  
The flour consum'd, the best that now I can,  
Is e'en to make my market of the bran.

My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;  
He kept, 'twas thought, a private mis's or two:  
But all that score I paid— as how? you'll say,  
Not with my body, in a filthy way——  
But I so dress'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd;  
And view'd a friend, with eyes so very kind,  
As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry  
With burning rage, and frantick jealousy.  
His soul, I hope, enjoys perpetual glory,  
For here on earth I was his purgatory.  
Oft', when his shoe the most severely wrung,  
He put on careless airs, and sate and sung.  
How sore I gall'd him, only heav'n could know,  
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.  
He dy'd when last from pilgrimage I came,  
With other gossips, from *Jerusalem*;  
And now lies buried underneath a Rood,  
Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood.  
A tomb, indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd,  
Than that *Mausolus*' pious widow plac'd,  
Or where inshrin'd the great *Darius* lay;  
But cost on graves is merely thrown away.  
The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;  
So bless the good man's soul, I say no more.

Now

Now for my fifth lov'd Lord, the last and best ;  
 (Kind heav'n afford him everlasting rest)  
 Full hearty was his love, and I can shew  
 The tokens on my ribs, in black and blew :  
 Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,  
 While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.  
 How quaint an appetite in Women reigns !  
 Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains :  
 Let men avoid us, and on them we leap ;  
 A glutted market makes provision cheap.

In pure good will I took this jovial spark,  
 Of *Oxford* he, a most egregious clerk :  
 He boarded with a widow in the town,  
 A trusty gossip, one dame *Alison*.  
 Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,  
 Better than e'er our parish Priest could do.  
 To her I told whatever could befall ;  
 Had but my husband piss'd against a wall,  
 Or done a thing that might have cost his life,  
 She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,  
 Had known it all : what most he would conceal,  
 To these I made no scruple to reveal.  
 Oft' has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame,  
 That e'er he told a secret to his dame.

It so befel, in holy time of *Lent*,  
 That oft' a day I to this gossip went ;  
 (My husband, thank my stars, was out of town)  
 From house to house we rambled up and down,  
 This clerk, my self, and my good neighbour *Alice*,  
 To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales ;  
 Visits to ev'ry church we daily paid,  
 And march'd in ev'ry holy Masquerade,  
 The stations duly, and the vigils kept ;  
 Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.

At sermons too I shone in scarlet gay;  
 The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array;  
 The cause was this; I wore it ev'ry day.

'Twas when fresh *May* her early blossoms yields;  
 The clerk and I were walking in the fields.  
 We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,  
 I pawn'd my honour, and engag'd my vow,  
 If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,  
 That he, and only he, should serve my turn.  
 We straight struck hands; the bargain was agreed;  
 I still have shifts against a time of need:  
 The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,  
 Can never be a mouse of any soul.

I vow'd, I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,  
 And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him:  
 If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,  
 And dreams foretel, as learned men have shown:  
 All this I said; but Dream, sirs, I had none,  
 I follow'd but my crafty crony's lore,  
 Who bid me tell this lye—and twenty more.

Thus day by day, and month by month we past;  
 It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last!  
 I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,  
 And beat my breast, as wretched widows—must.  
 Before my face my handkerchief I spread,  
 To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed.  
 The good man's Coffin to the Church was born;  
 Around, the neighbours, and my clerk too, mourn.  
 But as he march'd, good Gods! he show'd a pair  
 Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair!  
 Of twenty winters age he seem'd to be;  
 I to say truth was twenty more than he;  
 But vig'rous still, a lively buxom dame;  
 And had a wond'rous gift to quench a flame.

A Conjuror once, that deeply could divine,  
 Affur'd me, *Mars* in *Taurus* was my sign.  
 As the stars order'd, such my Life has been:  
 Alas, alas, that ever love was sin!  
 Fair *Venus* gave me fire, and sprightly grace,  
 And *Mars* assurance, and a dauntless face.  
 By virtue of this pow'ful constellation,  
 I follow'd always my own inclination.

But to my tale: a month scarce pass'd away,  
 With dance and song we kept the nuptial day.  
 All I possess'd I gave to his command,  
 My goods and chattels, money, house, and land:  
 But oft' repented, and repent it still;  
 He prov'd a rebel to my sov'reign will:  
 Nay once by heav'n he struck me on the face;  
 Hear but the fact, and judge your selves the case.

Stubborn as any lions was I;  
 And knew full well to raise my voice on high;  
 As true a rambler as I was before,  
 And would be so, in spite of all he swore.  
 He, against this, right sagely would advise,  
 And old examples set before my eyes;  
 Tell how the *Roman* matrons led their life,  
 Of *Gracchus*' mother, and *Drusus*' wife;  
 And chose the sermon, as becom'd his wit,  
 With some grave sentence out of holy writ.  
 Oft' would he say, Who builds his house on sands,  
 Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands,  
 Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,  
 Deserves a fools-cap and long ears at home.  
 All this avail'd not; for whoe'er he be  
 That tells my faults, I hate him mortally:  
 And so do numbers more, I'll boldly say,  
 Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.



My spouse ( who was, you know, to learning bred)  
 A certain treatise oft' at evening read,  
 Where divers authors (whom the dev'l confound  
 For all their lies) were in one volume bound.  
*Valerius*, whole; and of *St. Jerome*, part;  
*Chrysippus* and *Tertullian*; *Ovid's Art*;  
*Solomon's* proverbs, *Eloisa's* loves;  
 And many more than fure the Church approves.  
 More legends were there here, of wicked wives,  
 Than good, in all the Bible and Saint's-lives.  
 Who drew the Lion vanquish'd? 'Twas a Man.  
 But cou'd we women write as scholars can,  
 Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness,  
 Than all the sons of *Adam* can redress.  
 Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,  
 And *Venus* sets e're *Mercury* can rise,  
 Those play the scholars who can't play the men;  
 And use that weapon which they have, their pen;  
 When old, and past the relish of delight,  
 Then down they sit, and in their dotage write  
 That not one woman keeps her marriage vow.  
 (This by the way, but to my purpose now.)

It chanc'd my husband, on a winter's night,  
 Read in this book, aloud, with strange delight,  
 How the first female (as the scriptures show)  
 Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe;  
 How *Sampson* fell; and he whom *Dejanire*  
 Wrap'd in th' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire.  
 How curs'd *Eryphile* her Lord betray'd,  
 And the dire ambush *Clytemnestra* lay'd.  
 But what most pleas'd him was the *Cretan* dame,  
 And husband-bull — oh monstrous! fie, for shame!

He had by heart the whole detail of woe  
*Xantippe* made her good man undergo;

How

How oft' she scolded in a day, he knew;  
How many piss-pots on the sage she threw;  
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head;  
Rain follows thunder, that was all he said.

He read, how *Adam* to his friend complain'd,  
A fatal Tree was growing in his land,  
On which three wives successively had twin'd  
A sliding noose, and wip'd in the wind;  
Where grows this plant (reply'd the friend) oh where!  
For better fruit did never orchard bear:  
Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,  
And in my garden planted shall it be!

Then how two wives their lord's destruction prove,  
Thro' hatred one; and one thro' too much love;  
That for her husband mix'd a pois'ned draught;  
And this for lust an am'rous philtre bought:  
The nimbly juice soon seiz'd his giddy head,  
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.

How some with swords their sleeping lords have slain,  
And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,  
And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion;  
All this he read, and read with great devotion.

Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and frown'd,  
But when no end of these vile tales I found,  
When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,  
And half the night was thus consum'd in vain;  
Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,  
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.  
With that my husband in a fury rose,  
And down he settled me with hearty blows:  
I groan'd, and lay extended on my side;  
Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth (I cry'd)  
Yet I forgive thee — take my last embrace.  
He wept, kind soul! and stoop'd to kiss my face;

I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,  
Then sigh'd and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu!

But after many a hearty struggle past,  
I condescended to be pleas'd at last.

Soon as he said, My mistress and my wife,  
Do what you list, the term of all your life:

I took to heart the merits of the cause,  
And stood content to rule by wholesome laws;

Receiv'd the reins of absolute command,  
With all the government of house and land;

And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.  
As for the volume that revil'd the dames,

'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.

Now heav'n on all my husbands gone, bestow  
Pleasures above, for tortures felt below:

That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave,  
And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save!



XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S A P H O

T O

P H A O N,

F R O M

O V I D.

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CHAPTER

TO

JOHN

FROM

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S A P H O  
T O  
P H A O N.

SAY, lovely youth, that dost my Heart command,  
Can *Phaon's* eyes forget his *Sapho's* hand?  
Must then her name the wretched writer prove,  
To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?  
Ask not the cause that I new numbers chuse,  
The Lute neglected, and the Lyric muse;  
Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow;  
And tun'd my heart to elegies of woe.  
I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn  
By driving winds the spreading flames are born!  
*Phaon* to *Ætna's* scorching fields retires,  
While I consume with more than *Ætna's* fires!  
No more my soul a charm in music finds,  
Music has charms alone for peaceful minds:  
Soft scenes of solitude no more can please,  
Love enters there, and I'm my own disease:  
No more the *Lesbian* dames my passion move,  
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;  
All other loves are lost in only thine,  
Ah youth ungrateful to a flame like mine!  
Whom would not all those blooming charms surprize,  
Those heav'nly looks, and dear deluding eyes?

The

The harp and bow would you like *Phæbus* bear,  
 A brighter *Phæbus*, *Phaon* might appear;  
 Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,  
 Not *Bacchus*' self with *Phaon* could compare:  
 Yet *Phæbus* lov'd, and *Bacchus* felt the flame,  
 One *Daphne* warm'd, and one the *Cretan* dame;  
 Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,  
 Than ev'n those Gods contend in charms with thee,  
 The Muses teach me all their softest lays,  
 And the wide world resounds with *Sappho*'s praise.  
 Tho' great *Alcæus* more sublimely sings,  
 And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,  
 No less renown attends the moving lyre,  
 Which *Venus* tunes, and all her Loves inspire.  
 To me what nature has in charms deny'd,  
 Is well by wit's more lasting charms supply'd,  
 Tho' short my stature, yet my name extends  
 To heav'n itself, and earth's remotest ends.  
 Brown as I am, an *Æthiopian* dame  
 Inspir'd young *Persæus* with a gen'rous flame,  
 Turtles and doves of diff'rent hues, unite,  
 And glossy jett is pair'd with shining white.  
 If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,  
 But such as merit, such as equal thine,  
 By none alas! by none thou can'st be mov'd,  
*Phaon* alone by *Phaon* must be lov'd!  
 Yet once thy *Sappho* could thy cares employ,  
 Once in her arms you center'd all your joy:  
 Still all those joys to my remembrance move,  
 For Oh! how vast a memory has love?  
 My music, then you could for ever hear,  
 And all my words were music to your ear.  
 You stop'd with kisses my enchanting tongue,  
 And found my kisses sweeter than my song,

In

In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best;  
And the last joy was dearer than the rest.  
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,  
You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd;  
Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,  
And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.  
The fair *Sicilians* now thy soul inflame;  
Why was I born, ye Gods, a *Lesbian* dame?  
But ah beware, *Sicilian* nymphs! nor boast  
That wandring heart which I so lately lost;  
Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,  
Those tempting words were all to *Sapho* us'd,  
And you that rule *Sicilia*'s happy plains,  
Have pity, *Venus*, on your Poet's pains!  
Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,  
And still encrease the woes so soon begun?  
Enur'd to sorrows from my tender years,  
My parent's ashes drank my early tears.  
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,  
Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame.  
An infant daughter late my griefs increast,  
And all a mother's cares distract my breast.  
Alas, what more could fate itself impose,  
But thee, the last and greatest of my woes?  
No more my robes in waving purple flow,  
Nor on my hand the sparkling diamonds glow,  
No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse  
The costly sweetness of *Arabian* dews,  
Nor braids of gold the vary'd tresses bind,  
That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind:  
For whom should *Sapho* use such arts as these?  
He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please!  
*Cupid*'s light darts my tender bosom move,  
Still is there cause for *Sapho* still to love;



So from my birth the Sisters fix'd my doom,  
 And gave to *Venus* all my life to come;  
 Or while my Muse in melting notes complains,  
 My beating heart keeps measure to my strains.  
 By charms like thine, which all my soul have won,  
 Who might not, — ah! who would not be undone?  
 For those, *Aurora Cephalus* might scorn,  
 And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.  
 For those, might *Cynthia* lengthen *Phaon's* sleep,  
 And bid *Endymion* nightly tend his sheep.  
*Venus* for those had rapt thee to the skies,  
 But *Mars* on thee might look with *Venus'* eyes.  
 O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!  
 O useful time for lovers to employ!  
 Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,  
 Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!  
 The vows you never will return, receive;  
 And take at least the love you will not give.  
 See, while I write, my words are lost in tears;  
 The less my sense, the more my love appears.  
 Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,  
 (At least to feign was never hard to you.)  
 Farewel, my *Lesbian* love, you might have said,  
 Or coldly thus, farewel, oh *Lesbian* maid!  
 No tear did you, no parting kiss receive,  
 Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.  
 No lover's gift your *Sappho* could confer,  
 And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.  
 No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,  
 But this; be mindful of our loves and live.  
 Now by the Nine, those powers ador'd by me,  
 And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,  
 When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)  
 That you were fled, and all my joys with you,

Like

Like some sad statue, speechless, pale, I stood:  
Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing blood;  
No sigh to rise, no tear had pow'r to flow;  
Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe.

But when its way th' impetuous passion found,  
I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound,  
I rave, then weep, I curse, and then complain,  
Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.  
Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,  
Whose first-born infant feeds the Fun'ral flame.  
My scornful brother with a smile appears,  
Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears,  
His hated image ever haunts my eyes,  
And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.  
Stung with my love, and furious with despair,  
All torn my garments, and my bosom bare,  
My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;  
Such inconsistent things are love and shame!  
'Tis thou art all my care, and my delight,  
My daily longing, and my dream by night:  
Oh night more pleasing than the brightest day,  
When fancy gives what absence takes away,  
And dress'd in all its visionary charms,  
Restores my fair deserter to my arms!  
Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine,  
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine:  
A thousand tender words, I hear, and speak;  
A thousand melting kisses, give, and take:  
Then fiercer joys ——— I blush to mention these,  
Yet while I blush, confess how much they please!  
But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly,  
And all things wake to life and joy, but I,  
As if once more forsaken, I complain,  
And close my eyes, to dream of you again.

The

Then frantic rise, and like some fury rove  
 Thro' lonely plains, and thro' the silent grove,  
 As if the silent grove, and lonely plains,  
 That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.  
 I view the Grotto, once the scene of love,  
 The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,  
 That charm'd me more, with native moss o'er-grown,  
 Than *Phrygian* marble, or the *Parian* stone,  
 I find the shades that veil'd our joys before,  
 But, *Phaon* gone, those shades delight no more.  
 Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray,  
 Where oft' entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay;  
 I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,  
 And all with tears the with'ring herbs bedew.  
 For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,  
 And birds defer their songs till thy return;  
 Night shades the Groves, and all in silence lie,  
 All, but the mournful *Philomel* and I:  
 With mournful *Philomel* I join my strain,  
 Of *Tereus* she, of *Phaon* I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show  
 Clear as a glass, the shining sands below;  
 A flow'ry *Lotos* spreads its arms above,  
 Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove;  
 Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,  
 Watch'd by the sylvan Genius of the place.  
 Here as I lay and swell'd with tears the flood,  
 Before my sight a watry virgin stood,  
 She stood and cry'd ' O you that love in vain!  
 ' Fly hence; and seek the far *Leucadian* main;  
 ' There stands a rock, from whose impending steep  
 ' *Apollo's* fane surveys the rolling deep;  
 ' There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,  
 ' Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.

' *Democ-*

' *Dencalion* once with hopeless fury burn'd,  
 ' In vain he lov'd, relentless *Pyrrha* scorn'd;  
 ' But when from hence he plung'd into the main,  
 ' *Dencalion* scorn'd, and *Pyrrha* lov'd in vain.  
 ' Haste *Sapbo*, haste, from high *Leucadia* throw  
 ' Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!

She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice——I rise,  
 And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.

I go, ye nymphs! those rocks and seas to prove;  
 How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!

I go, ye nymphs! where furious love inspires;  
 Let female fears submit to female fires.

To rocks and seas I fly from *Phaon's* hate,  
 And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.

Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,  
 And softly lay me on the waves below!

And thou, kind *Love*, my sinking limbs sustain,  
 Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,  
 Nor let a Lover's death the guiltless flood profane!

On *Phæbus'* shrine my harp I'll then bestow,  
 And this inscription shall be plac'd below.

' Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,

' *Sapbo* to *Phæbus* consecrates her Lyre;

' What suits with *Sapbo*, *Phæbus* suits with thee;

' The gift, the giver, and the God agree.

But why, alas, relentless youth, ah why  
 To distant seas must tender *Sapbo* fly?

Thy charms than those may far more pow'rful be,  
 And *Phæbus'* self is less a God to me;

Ah! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,  
 O far more faithless and more hard than they?

Ah! canst thou rather see this tender breast

Dash'd on those rocks, than to thy bosom prest?

This



This breast which once, in vain! you lik'd so well?  
 Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muses dwell.—  
 Alas! the Muses now no more inspire,  
 Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre,  
 My languid numbers have forgot to flow,  
 And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.  
 Ye *Lesbian* virgins, and ye *Lesbian* dames,  
 Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,  
 No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,  
 No more these hands shall touch the trembling string:  
 My *Phaon's* fled, and I those arts resign,  
 (Wretch that I am, to call that *Phaon* mine!)  
 Return, fair youth, return and bring along  
 Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song:  
 Absent from thee, the Poet's flame expires,  
 But ah! how fiercely burn the lover's fires?  
 Gods! can no pray'rs, no sighs, no numbers move  
 One savage heart, or teach it how to love?  
 The winds my pray'rs, my sighs, my numbers bear,  
 The flying winds have lost them all in air!  
 Oh when, alas! shall more auspicious gales  
 To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails?  
 If you return——ah why these long delays?  
 Poor *Sapho* dies, while careless *Phaon* stays,  
 O launch thy bark, nor fear the watry plain,  
*Venus* for thee shall smooth her native main.  
 O launch thy bark, secure of prosp'rous gales,  
*Cupid* for thee shall spread the swelling sails.  
 If you will fly——(yet ah! what cause can be,  
 Too cruel youth that thou should fly from me?)  
 If not from *Phaon* I must hope for ease,  
 Ah let me seek it from the raging seas:  
 To raging seas unpity'd I'll remove,  
 And either cease to live, or cease to love!

VERTUM-

( 183 )



VERTUMNUS

AND

POMONA:

From the FOURTEENTH BOOK

OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THE fair *Pomona* flourish'd in his reign ;  
Of all the virgins of the sylvan train,  
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,  
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.  
To her the shady grove, the flow'ry field,  
The streams and fountains, no delights could yield ;  
'Twas all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,  
And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.  
The hook she bore, instead of *Cynthia's* spear,  
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,  
To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,  
And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.  
Now the cleft rind inserted grafts receives,  
And yields an off-spring more than nature gives ;

Now

Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,  
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.

These cares alone her virgin breast employ,  
Averse from *Venus* and the nuptial joy;  
Her private orchards, wall'd on ev'ry side,  
To lawless sylvans all access deny'd.  
How oft' the satyrs and the wanton fawns,  
Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,  
The God whose ensign scares the birds of prey,  
And old *Silenus*, youthful in decay,  
Employ'd their wiles and unavailing care,  
To pass the fences, and surprize the fair?  
Like these, *Vertumnus* own'd his faithful flame,  
Like these, rejected by the scornful dame.

To gain her sight, a thousand forms he wears,  
And first a reaper from the field appears,  
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain  
O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.  
Oft' o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,  
And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade;  
Oft' in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,  
Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers.  
Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,  
And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.  
Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,  
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.  
A soldier now, he with his sword appears;  
A fisher next, his trembling angle bears;  
Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,  
On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.

A female form at last *Vertumnus* wears,  
With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,  
His temples thinly spread with silver hairs:

Prop'd

Prop'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,  
A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.  
The God, in this decrepit form array'd,  
The gardens enter'd, and the fruits survey'd,  
And "happy you! (he thus address'd the maid)  
" Whose charms as far all other nymphs out-shine,  
" As other gardens are excell'd by thine!  
Then kiss'd the fair; (his kisses warmer grow  
Than such as women on their sex bestow.)  
Then plac'd beside her on the flow'ry ground,  
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.  
An Elm was near, to whose embraces led,  
The curling vine her swelling clusters spread;  
He view'd their twining branches with delight,  
And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.

Yet this tall elm, but for his vine (he said)!  
Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;  
And this fair vine, but that her arms surround  
Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.  
Ah beauteous maid, let this example move  
Your mind, averse from all the joys of love.  
Deign to be lov'd, and ev'ry heart subdue!  
What nymph cou'd e'er attract such crowds as you?  
Not she whose beauty urg'd the *Centaurs* arms,  
*Ulysses'* Queen, nor *Helen's* fatal charms.  
Ev'n now, when silent scorn is all they gain,  
A thousand court you, tho' they court in vain,  
A thousand sylvans, demigods, and gods,  
That haunt our mountains and our *Alban* woods.  
But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,  
Whom age, and long experience render wise,  
And one whose tender care is far above  
All that these lovers ever felt of love,

O

(Far



(Far more than e'er can by your self be gues'd)  
 Fix on *Vertumnus*, and reject the rest.  
 For his firm faith I dare engage my own;  
 Scarce to himself, himself is better known.  
 To distant lands *Vertumnus* never roves;  
 Like you, contented with his native groves;  
 Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair;  
 For you he lives; and you alone shall share  
 His last affection, as his early care.  
 Besides, he's lovely far above the rest,  
 With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.  
 Add, that he varies ev'ry shape with ease,  
 And tries all forms, that may *Pomona* please.  
 But what should most excite a mutual flame,  
 Your rural cares, and pleasures, are the same.  
 To him your orchards early fruits are due,  
 (A pleasing off'ring when 'tis made by you;  
 He values these; but yet (alas) complains,  
 That still the best and dearest gift remains:  
 Not the fair fruit that on yon' branches glows  
 With that ripe red, th' autumnal sun bestows;  
 Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,  
 Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies;  
 You, only you, can move the God's desire:  
 Oh crown so constant and so pure a fire!  
 Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind;  
 Think, 'tis *Vertumnus* begs you to be kind!  
 So may no frost, when early buds appear,  
 Destroy the promise of the youthful year;  
 Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,  
 Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs!  
 This when the various God had urg'd in vain,  
 He straight assum'd his native form again;

Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,  
As when thro' clouds th' emerging sun appears,  
And thence exerting his refulgent ray,  
Dispells the darkness, and reveals the day.  
Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design;  
For when, appearing in a form divine,  
The nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace  
Of charming features, and a youthful face,  
In her soft breast consenting passions move,  
And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

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THE  
F A B L E  
O F  
D R Y O P E.  
From the NINTH BOOK  
O F  
O U I D's METAMORPHOSES.

---

*Upon occasion of the death of Hercùles, his mother Alcmena recounts her misfortunes to Iole, who answers with a relation of those of her own family, in particular the transformation of her sister Dryope, which is the subject of the ensuing Fable.*

**S**HE said, and for her lost *Galanthis* sighs,  
When the fair Consort of her son replies.  
Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,  
And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own;

Let

Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate  
A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.

No nymph of all *Oechalia* could compare  
For beauteous form with *Dryope* the fair,  
Her tender mother's only hope and pride,  
(My self the offspring of a second bride.)  
This nymph compress'd by him who rules the day,  
Whom *Delphi* and the *Delian* isle obey,  
*Andræmon* lov'd; and bless'd in all those charms  
That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her arms.

A lake there was, with shelving banks around,  
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd:  
Those shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,  
And to the *Naiads* flow'ry garlands brought,  
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she press'd  
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.

Not distant far a watry *Lotos* grows;  
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs  
Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie  
In glowing colours with the *Tyrian* dye.  
Of these she crop'd, to please her infant son;  
And I my self the same rash act had done,  
But lo! I saw, (as near her side I stood)  
The violated blossoms drop with blood;  
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look;  
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook.

*Lotis* the nymph (if rural tales be true)  
As from *Priapus*' lawless lust she flew,  
Forsook her form; and fixing here, became  
A flow'ry plant, which still preserves her name.

This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight  
My trembling sister strove to urge her flight,  
Yet first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,  
And those offended sylvan pow'rs ador'd:

But



But when she backward wou'd have fled, she found  
 Her stiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground:  
 In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,  
 And as she struggles, only moves above;  
 She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow  
 By slow degrees, and cover all below:  
 Surpriz'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves  
 To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves;  
 Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen  
 To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.  
 The child *Amphisus*, to her bosom prest,  
 Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast,  
 And found the springs, that ne'er till then deny'd  
 Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.  
 I saw, unhappy! what I now relate,  
 And stood the helpless witness of thy fate;  
 Embrac'd thy boughs, the rising bark delay'd,  
 There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.

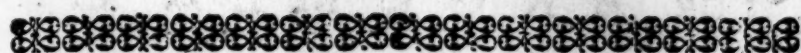
Behold, *Andraemon* and th' unhappy Sire  
 Appear, and for their *Dryope* enquire;  
 A springing tree for *Dryope* they find,  
 And print warm kisses on the panting rind;  
 Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,  
 And close embrac'd, as to the roots they grew,  
 The face was all that now remain'd of thee;  
 No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree:  
 Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,  
 From ev'ry leaf distills a trickling tear,  
 And strait a voice, while yet a voice remains,  
 Thus thro' the trembling boughs in sighs complains.

If to the wretched any faith be giv'n,  
 I swear by all th' unpitying pow'rs of heav'n,  
 No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred,  
 In mutual innocence our lives we led:

If this be false, let these new greens decay,  
 Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,  
 And crackling flames on all my honours prey.  
 Now from my branching arms this infant bear,  
 Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care:  
 Yet to his mother let him oft' be led,  
 Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed;  
 Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame  
 Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,  
 To hail this tree; and say, with weeping eyes,  
 Within this plant my hapless parent lies:  
 And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,  
 Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,  
 Nor touch the fatal flow'rs; but warn'd by me,  
 Believe a Goddess shrin'd in ev'ry tree.  
 My fire, my sister, and my spouse farewell!  
 If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,  
 Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel  
 The browsing cattle, or the piercing steel.  
 Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join  
 My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.  
 My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,  
 While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.  
 I can no more; the creeping rind invades  
 My closing lips, and hides my head in shades:  
 Remove your hands, the bark shall soon suffice  
 Without their aid, to seal these dying eyes.

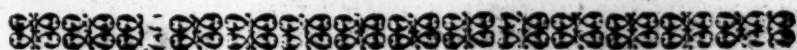
She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be;  
 And all the nymph was lost within the tree:  
 Yet latent life thro' her new branches reign'd,  
 And long the plant a human heat retain'd.



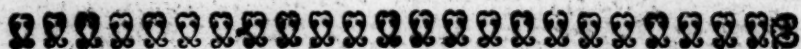


THE  
FIRST BOOK  
OF  
STATIUS  
HIS  
THEBAIS.

Translated in the Year 1703.







## The A R G U M E N T.

**OE**DIPUS King of Thebes having by mistake slain his father Laius, and marry'd his mother Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and resign'd the realm to his sons, Etheocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtain'd by Etheocles. Jupiter, in a council of the Gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus King of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Etheocles, and provoke him to break the agreement, Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon having kill'd his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having receiv'd an oracle from Apollo that his daughters should be marry'd to a Boar and a Lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arriv'd at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that God. The rise of this solemnity he relates to his guests, the loves of Phœbus and Psamathe, and the story of Choræbus. He enquires, and is made acquainted with, their descent and quality: The sacrifice is renew'd, and the book concludes with a Hymn to Apollo.

T H E



T H E  
F I R S T B O O K  
O F  
S T A T I U S *his* Thebais.

FRaternal rage, the guilty *Thebes*' alarms,  
Th' alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms,  
Demand our song; a sacred fury fires  
My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.  
O Goddess, say, shall I deduce my rhimes  
From the dire nation in its early times,  
*Europa*'s rape, *Agenor*'s stern decree,  
And *Cadmus* searching round the spacious sea?  
How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,  
And reap'd an Iron harvest of his toil;  
Or how from joining stones the city sprung,  
While to his harp divine *Amphion* sung?  
Or shall I *Juno*'s hate to *Thebes* resound,  
Whose fatal rage th' unhappy Monarch found;  
The fire against the son his arrows drew,  
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,  
And while her arms her second hope contain,  
Sprung from the rocks, and plung'd into the main.

But

But wave whate'er to *Cadmus* may belong,  
 And fix, O Muse! the barrier of thy song,  
 At *Oedipus* — from his disasters trace  
 The long confusions of his guilty race.  
 Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,  
 And mighty *Cæsar*'s conqu'ring eagles sing;  
 How twice he tam'd proud *Ister*'s rapid flood,  
 While *Dacian* mountains stream'd with barb'rous blood;  
 Twice taught the *Rhine* beneath his laws to roll,  
 And stretch'd his empire to the frozen pole;  
 Or long before, with early valour strove,  
 In youthful arms t' assert the cause of *Jove*.  
 And thou, great heir of all thy father's fame,  
 Encrease of glory to the *Latian* name;  
 Oh bless thy *Rome* with an eternal reign,  
 Nor let desiring worlds intreat in vain!  
 What tho' the stars contract their heav'nly space,  
 And crowd their shining ranks to yield thee place:  
 Tho' all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,  
 Conspire to court thee from our world away;  
 Tho' *Phæbus* longs to mix his rays with thine,  
 And in thy glories more serenely shine;  
 Tho' *Jove* himself no less content would be,  
 To part his throne and share his heav'n with thee;  
 Yet stay, great *Cæsar*! and vouchsafe to reign  
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watry main,  
 Resign to *Jove* his empire of the skies,  
 And people heav'n with *Roman* Deities.

The time will come when a diviner flame  
 Shall warm my breast to sing of *Cæsar*'s fame:  
 Meanwhile permit, that my preluding Muse  
 In *Theban* wars an humbler theme may chuse:  
 Of furious hate surviving death, she sings,  
 A fatal throne to two contending Kings,

And

And fun'ral flames, that parting wide in air,  
 Express the discord of the souls they bear:  
 Of towns dispeopled, and the wand'ring ghosts  
 Of Kings unbury'd on the wasted coasts;  
 When *Dirce's* fountain blush'd with *Grecian* Blood,  
 And *Thetis*, near *Ismenos'* swelling flood,  
 With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep  
 In heaps, his slaughter'd sons into the deep.

What hero, *Clio!* wilt thou first relate?  
 The raging *Tydeus*, or the Prophet's fate?  
 Or how with hills of slain on ev'ry side,  
*Hippomedon* repell'd the hostile tide?  
 Or how the \* youth with ev'ry grace adorn'd,  
 Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?  
 Then to fierce *Capaneus* thy verse extend,  
 And sing, with horror, his prodigious end.

Now wretched *Oedipus*, depriv'd of sight,  
 Led a long death in everlasting night;  
 But while he dwells, where not a chearful ray  
 Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day;  
 The clear, reflecting mind, presents his sin  
 In frightful views, and makes it day within;  
 Returning thoughts in endless circles roll,  
 And thousand furies haunt his gully soul.  
 The wretch then lifted to th' unpitying skies  
 Those empty orbs, from whence he tore his eyes,  
 Whose wounds yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook,  
 While from his breast these dreadful accents broke.

Ye Gods that o'er the gloomy regions reign  
 Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain;  
 Thou, sable *Styx!* whose livid streams are roll'd  
 Thro' dreary coasts which I, tho' blind, behold:

---

\* *Parthenopæus.*



*Tisiphone*, that oft' hast heard my pray'r,  
 Assist, if *Oedipus* deserve thy care!  
 If you receiv'd me from *Jocasta's* womb,  
 And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to come:  
 If leaving *Polybus*, I took my way  
 To *Cyrrha's* temple on that fatal day,  
 When by the son the trembling father dy'd,  
 Where the three roads the *Phocian* fields divide:  
 If I the *Sphinx's* riddles durst explain,  
 Taught by thy self to win the promis'd reign:  
 If wretched I, by baleful furies led,  
 With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed,  
 For hell and thee begot an impious brood,  
 And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd:  
 Then self-condemn'd to shades of endless night,  
 Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight.  
 Oh hear, and aid the vengeance I require,  
 If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire!  
 My sons their old, unhappy fire despise,  
 Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;  
 Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn,  
 While these exalt their scepters o'er my urn;  
 These sons, ye Gods! who with flagitious pride,  
 Insult my darkness, and my groans deride.  
 Art thou a father, unregarding *Jove*!  
 And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above?  
 Thou Fury, then, some lasting curse entail,  
 Which o'er their childrens children shall prevail:  
 Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,  
 Which these dire hands from my slain father tore;  
 Go, and a parent's heavy curses bear;  
 Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare  
 Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.

 }  
 Give

Give them to dare, what I might wish to see,  
Blind as I am, some glorious villany!  
Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,  
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:  
Could'st thou some great, proportion'd mischief frame,  
They'd prove the father from whose loins they came.

The fury heard, while on *Cocytus*' brink  
Her snakes, unty'd, sulphureous waters drink;  
But at the summons, roll'd her eyes around,  
And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.  
Not half so swiftly shoots along in air  
The gliding light'ning, or descending star.  
Thro' crouds of airy shades she wing'd her flight,  
And dark dominions of the silent night;  
Swift as she pass'd, the sitting ghosts withdrew,  
And the pale spectres trembled at her view:  
To th' iron gates of *Tenarus* she flies,  
There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies.  
The day beheld, and sickning at the sight,  
Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.  
Affrighted *Atlas*, on the distant shore,  
Trembl'd, and shook the heav'ns and gods he bore,  
Now from beneath *Malea*'s airy height  
Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to *Thebes* her flight;  
With eager speed the well-known journey took,  
Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.  
A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,  
A hundred serpents guard her horrid head,  
In her sunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow,  
Such rays from *Phæbe*'s bloody circle flow,  
When lab'ring with strong charms, she shoots from high  
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.  
Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came  
Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame;

From

From ev'ry blast of her contagious breath,  
 Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death:  
 A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,  
 A dress by fates and furies worn alone:  
 She toss'd her meagre arms; her better hand  
 In waving circles whirl'd a fun'ral brand;  
 A serpent from her left, was seen to rear  
 His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.

But when the fury took her stand on high,  
 Where vast *Cytheron's* top salutes the sky,  
 A hiss from all the snaky tire went round;  
 The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,  
 And thro' th' *Achaian* cities send the sound.  
*Oete*, with high *Parnassus*, heard the voice;  
*Eurota's* banks remurmur'd to the noise;  
 Again *Leucothoe* shook at these alarms,  
 And press'd *Palamon* closer in her arms.  
 Headlong from thence the glowing fury springs,  
 And o'er the *Theban* palace spreads her wings,  
 Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds  
 Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.  
 Strait with the \* rage of all their race possess,  
 Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,  
 And all the furies wake within their breast.  
 Their tortur'd minds repining envy tears,  
 And hate, engender'd by suspicious fears;  
 And sacred thirst of sway; and all the ties  
 Of nature broke; and royal perjuries;  
 And impotent desire to reign alone,  
 That scorns the dull reversion of a throne;

---

\* *Gentilisque animos subit furor, seems to me a better  
 reading than Gentilesque.*

Each would the sweets of sov'reign rule devour,  
While discord waits upon divided pow'r.

As stubborn steers by brawny plowmen broke,  
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,  
Alike disdain with servile necks to bear  
Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,  
But rend the reins, and bound a diff'rent way,  
And all the furrows in confusion lay:  
Such was the discord of the royal pair,  
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.

In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way,  
To govern *Thebes* by their alternate sway;  
Unjust decree! while this enjoys the state,  
That mourns in exile his unequal fate;  
And the short monarch of a hasty year  
Foresees with anguish his returning heir.  
Thus did this league their impious arms restrain,  
But scarce subsisted to the second reign.

Yet then no proud aspiring piles were rais'd,  
Whose fretted roofs with polish'd metals blaz'd,  
No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,  
No *Grecian* stone the pompous arches grac'd;  
Nor nightly bands in glitt'ring armour wait  
Before the sleepless Tyrant's guarded gate:  
No chargers then were wrought in burnish'd Gold,  
Nor silver vases took the forming mold,  
Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,  
Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine——  
Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?  
Say to what end your impious arms engage?  
Not all bright *Phœbus* views in early morn,  
Or when his evening beams the west adorn,  
When the south glows with his meridian ray,  
And the cold north receives a fainter day;



For crimes like these, not all those realms suffice,  
Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize!

But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)  
Decrees to proud *Etheocles* the crown:  
What joys, oh Tyrant! swell'd thy soul that day,  
When all were slaves thou could'st around survey,  
Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,  
And singly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!

But the vile vulgar, ever discontent,  
Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent;  
Still prone to change, tho' still the slaves of state,  
And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate;  
Madly they make new Lords, then tamely bear,  
And softly curse the Tyrants whom they fear.  
And one of those who groan beneath the sway  
Of Kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey;  
(Whom envy to the great, and vulgar spight  
With scandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight,)  
Exclaim'd — O *Thebes*! for thee what fates remain,  
What woes attend this inauspicious reign?  
Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,  
Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,  
And still to change whom chang'd we still must fear?  
These now controul a wretched people's fate,  
These can divide, and these reverse the state;  
Ev'n fortune rules no more; — O servile land,  
Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command!  
Thou Sire of Gods and men, imperial *Jove*!  
Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?  
On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate,  
From the first birth of our unhappy state;  
When banish'd *Cadmus* wand'ring o'er the main,  
For lost *Europa* search'd the world in vain,

And

And fated *Bæotian* fields, to found  
A rising empire on a foreign ground,  
First rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain;  
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?  
What lofty looks th' unrival'd monarch bears!  
How all the tyrant in his face appears!  
What fullen fury clouds his scornful brow!  
Gods! how his eyes with threatening ardour glow!  
Can this imperious Lord forget to reign,  
Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?  
Yet who, before, more popularly bow'd,  
Who more propitious to the suppliant crowd,  
Patient of right, familiar in the throne?  
What wonder then? he was not then alone.  
Oh wretched we, a vile, submissive train,  
Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in ev'ry reign!

As when two winds with rival force contend,  
This way and that, the wav'ring sails they bend,  
While freezing *Boreas* and black *Eurus* blow,  
Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw:  
Thus on each side, alas! our tott'ring state  
Feels all the fury of resistless fate,  
And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,  
While that Prince threatens, and while this commands.

And now th' almighty father of the Gods  
Convenes a council in the blest'd abodes:  
Far in the bright recesses of the skies,  
High o'er the rowling heav'ns, a mansion lies,  
Whence, far below, the Gods at once survey,  
The realms of rising and declining day,  
And all th' extended space of earth, and air, and sea.  
Full in the midst, and on a starry throne,  
The majesty of heav'n superior shone;

Serene he look'd, and gave an awful \* nod,  
 And all the trembling Spheres confess'd the God.  
 At *Jove's* assent, the deities around  
 In solemn state the consistory crown'd:  
 Next, a long order of inferior pow'rs  
 Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bow'rs;  
 Those from whose urns the rowling rivers flow,  
 And those that give the wand'ring winds to blow;  
 Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs cease,  
 And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.  
 A shining synod of majestic Gods  
 Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes,  
 Heav'n seems improv'd with a superior ray,  
 And the bright arch reflects a double day.  
 The monarch then his solemn silence broke,  
 The still creation listen'd while he spoke,  
 Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,  
 And each irrevocable word is fate.

How long shall Man the wrath of heav'n defy,  
 And force unwilling vengeance from the sky!  
 Oh race confed'rate into crimes, that proye  
 Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of *Jove*!  
 This weary'd arm can scarce the bolt sustain,  
 And unregarded thunder rolls in vain:  
 Th' o'er-labour'd *Cyclop* from his task retires;  
 Th' *Æolian* forge exhausted of its fires.  
 For this, I suffer'd *Phæbus*' steeds to stray,  
 And the mad ruler to misguide the day,  
 When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd,  
 And heav'n itself the wand'ring chariot burn'd.

---

\* *Placido quatiens rament omnia Vultu, is the common reading; I believe it should be Nutu, with reference to the word quatiens.*

For this, my brother of the watry reign  
 Releas'd th' impetuous sluices of the main,  
 But flames consum'd, and billows rag'd in vain.  
 Two races now, ally'd to *Jove*, offend;  
 To punish these, see *Jove* himself descend!  
 The *Theban* Kings their line from *Cadmus* trace,  
 From godlike *Persæus* those of *Argive* race.  
 Unhappy *Cadmus*' fate who does not know?  
 And the long series of succeeding woe:  
 How oft' the furies, from the deeps of night,  
 Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight;  
 Th' exulting mother stain'd with filial blood;  
 The savage hunter, and the haunted wood;  
 The direful banquet why should I proclaim,  
 And crimes that grieve the trembling Gods to name?  
 E're I recount the sins of these profane,  
 The sun would sink into the western main,  
 And rising gild the radiant east again.  
 Have we not seen (the blood of *Laius* shed)  
 The murd'ring son ascend his parent's bed,  
 Thro' violated nature force his way,  
 And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?  
 Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,  
 And for the crimes of guilty fate atones;  
 His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,  
 Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.  
 Thy curse, oh *Oedipus*, just heav'n alarms,  
 And sets th' avenging thunderer in arms.  
 I from the root thy guilty race will tear,  
 And give the nations to the waste of war.  
*Adrastus* soon, with Gods averse, shall join  
 In dire alliance with the *Theban* line;  
 Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed;  
 The guilty realms of *Tantalus* shall bleed;

Fix'd

mon  
the

For



Fix'd is their doom; this all-remembering breast  
Yet harbours vengeance for the Tyrant's feast.

He said; and thus the Queen of heav'n return'd;  
(With sudden grief her lab'ring bosom burn'd)  
Must I, whose cares *Phoroneus*' tow'rs defend,  
Must I, oh *Jove*, in bloody wars contend?  
Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,  
Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:  
Tho' there the fair *Ægyptian* heifer fed,  
And there deluded *Argus* slept, and bled;  
Tho' there the brazen tow'r was storm'd of old,  
When *Jove* descended in almighty gold.  
Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,  
Those bashful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes;  
But *Thebes*, where shining in celestial charms  
Thou cam'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,  
When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,  
And blazing lightnings danc'd around her bed;  
Curs'd *Thebes* the vengeance it deserves, may prove,—  
Ah why should *Argos* feel the rage of *Jove*?  
Yet since thou wilt thy sister-Queen controul,  
Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,  
Go, rase my *Samos*, let *Mycenè* fall,  
And level with the dust the *Spartan* wall:  
No more let mortals *Juno*'s pow'r invoke,  
Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,  
Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke;  
But to your *Isis* all my rites transfer,  
Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her;  
For her, thro' *Ægypt*'s fruitful clime renown'd,  
Let weeping *Nilus* hear the timbrel sound.  
But if thou must reform the stubborn times,  
Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,

And

And from the long records of distant age  
 Derive incitements to renew thy rage;  
 Say, from what period then has *Jove* design'd  
 To date his vengeance; to what bounds confin'd?  
 Begin from thence, where first *Alphæus* hides  
 His wand'ring stream, and thro' the briny tides,  
 Unmix'd, to his *Sicilian* river glides.  
 Thy own *Arcadians* there the thunder claim,  
 Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name,  
 Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood  
 Of fierce *Oenömaus*, defil'd with Blood;  
 Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,  
 And human bones yet whiten all the ground.  
 Say, can those honours please? and canst thou love  
 Presumptuous *Crete*, that boasts the tomb of *Jove*?  
 And shall not *Tantalus* his kingdoms share  
 Thy wife and sister's tutelary care?  
 Reverse, O *Jove*, thy too severe decree,  
 Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;  
 On impious realms, and barb'rous Kings, impose  
 Thy plagues, and curse 'em with such \* sons as those.  
 Thus, in reproach and pray'r, the Queen express'd  
 The rage and grief contending in her breast;  
 Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the sky,  
 And from his throne return'd this stern reply.  
 'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear  
 The dire, tho' just, revenge which I prepare  
 Against a Nation thy peculiar care:  
 No less *Dione* might for *Thebes* contend,  
 Nor *Bacchus* less his native town defend,  
 Yet these in silence see the fates fulfill  
 Their work, and rev'rence our superior will.

---

\* *Tydeus and Polynices.*

For by the black infernal *Styx* I swear,  
 (That dreadful oath which binds the thunderer)  
 'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of *Jove*;  
 No force can bend me, no persuasion move.  
 Haste then, *Cyllenius*, thro' the liquid air;  
 Go mount the winds, and to the shades repair;  
 Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,  
 And give up *Laius* to the realms of day,  
 Whose ghost, yet shiv'ring on *Cocytus*' sand,  
 Expects its passage to the farther strand:  
 Let the pale fire revisit *Thebes*, and bear  
 These pleasing orders to the Tyrant's ear;  
 That, from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride  
 Of foreign forces, and his *Argive* bride,  
 Almighty *Jove* commands him to detain  
 The promis'd empire, and alternate reign:  
 Be this the cause of more than mortal hate;  
 The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into fate.

The god obeys, and to his feet applies  
 Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies;  
 His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,  
 And veil'd the starry glories of his head:  
 He seiz'd his wand that causes sleep to fly,  
 Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;  
 That drives the dead to dark *Tartarean* coasts,  
 Or back to life compels the wondring ghosts,  
 Thus, thro' the parting clouds, the son of *May*  
 Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way,  
 Now smoothly steers thro' air his equal flight,  
 Now springs aloft, and tow'rs th' etherial height,  
 Then wheeling down the steep of heav'n he flies,  
 And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.

Meantime the banish'd *Polynices* roves  
 (His *Thebes* abandon'd) thro' th' *Aonian* groves,

While

While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight,  
His daily vision, and his dream by night;  
Forbidden *Thebes* appears before his eye,  
From whence he sees his absent brother fly,  
With transport views the airy rule his own,  
And swells on an imaginary throne.  
Fain would he cast a tedious age away,  
And live out all in one triumphant day.  
He chides the lazy progress of the sun,  
And bids the year with swifter motion run.  
With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost,  
And all his joys in length of wishes lost.

The hero then resolves his course to bend  
Where ancient *Danaus*' fruitful fields extend,  
And fam'd *Mycene*'s lofty tow'rs ascend,  
(Where late the sun did *Atreus*' crimes detest  
And disappear'd, in horror of the feast.)  
And now by chance, by fate, or furies led,  
From *Bacchus*' consecrated caves he fled,  
Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,  
And *Pentheus*' blood enrich'd the rising ground.  
Then sees *Cytheron* tow'ring o'er the plain,  
And thence declining gently to the Main.  
Next to the bounds of *Nisus*' Realm repairs,  
Where treach'rous *Scylla* cut the purple hairs:  
The hanging cliffs of *Scyron*'s rock explores,  
And hears the murmurs of the diff'rent shores:  
Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,  
And stately *Corinth*'s pleasant site surveys.

'Twas now the time when *Phæbus* yields to night,  
And rising *Cynthia* sheds her silver light,  
Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew  
Her airy chariot, hung with pearly dew;



All birds and beasts lie hush'd; sleep steals away  
 The wild desires of men, and toils of day,  
 And brings, descending thro' the silent air,  
 A sweet forgetfulness of human care.  
 Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,  
 Promise the skies, the bright return of day;  
 No faint Reflections of the distant light  
 Streak with long gleams the scatt'ring shades of night;  
 From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,  
 Encrease the darkness, and involve the skies.  
 At once the rushing winds with roaring sound  
 Burst from th' *Æolian* caves, and rend the ground,  
 With equal rage their airy quarrel try,  
 And win by turn, the kingdom of the sky:  
 But with a thicker night black *Auster* shrouds  
 The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rowling clouds,  
 From whose dark womb a ratling tempest pours,  
 Which the cold north congeals to haily show'rs,  
 From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,  
 And broken lightnings flash from ev'ry cloud.  
 Now smoaks with show'rs the misty mountain-ground,  
 And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round:  
 Th' *Inachian* streams with headlong fury run,  
 And *Erasinus* rowls a deluge on:  
 The foaming *Lerna* swells above its bounds,  
 And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds:  
 Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,  
 Rush thro' the mounds, and bear the damms away:  
 Old limbs of trees from crackling forests torn  
 Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are born;  
 The storm the dark *Lycean* groves display'd,  
 And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.  
 Th' intrepid *Theban* hears the bursting sky,  
 Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,

And

And views astonish'd from the hills afar,  
The floods descending and the watry war,  
That driv'n by storms, and pouring o'er the plain,  
Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main.  
Thro' the brown horrors of the night he fled,  
Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread,  
His brother's image to his mind appears,  
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with  
fears.

So fairs a sailor on the stormy main,  
When clouds conceal *Bootes* golden wain,  
When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,  
Nor trembling *Cynthia* glimmers on the deeps;  
He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,  
While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.

Thus strove the chief on ev'ry side distress'd,  
Thus still his courage, with his toils, increas'd;  
With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way  
Thro' thickest woods, and rouz'd the beasts of prey.  
Till he beheld, where from *Larissa's* height  
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light;  
Thither with haste the *Theban* hero flies;  
On this side *Lerna's* pois'nous water lies,  
On that *Prosymna's* grove and temple rise:  
He pass'd the gates which then unguarded lay,  
And to the regal palace bent his way;  
On the cold marble spent with toil he lies,  
And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.

*Adrastus* here his happy people sways,  
Bless'd with calm peace in his declining days,  
By both his parents of descent divine,  
Great *Jove* and *Phœbus* grac'd his noble line;  
Heav'n had not crown'd his wishes with a son,  
But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.

To

To him *Apollo* (wond'rous to relate!  
 But who can pierce into the depths of fate?)  
 Had sung——“ Expect thy sons on *Argos'* shore,  
 “ A yellow lion and a bristly boar.  
 This, long revolv'd in his paternal breast,  
 Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his rest;  
 This, great *Amphiaraus*, lay hid from thee,  
 Tho' skill'd in fate and dark futurity.

The father's care and prophet's art were vain,  
 For thus did the predicting God ordain,

Lo hapless *Tydeus*, whose ill-fated hand  
 Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,  
 And seiz'd with horror, in the shades of night,  
 Thro' the thick desarts headlong urg'd his flight:  
 Now by the fury of the tempests driv'n  
 He seeks a shelter from th' inclement heav'n,  
 Till led by fate, the *Theban's* steps he treads,  
 And to fair *Argos'* open Court succeeds.

When thus the chiefs from diff'rent lands resort  
 T' *Adrastus* realms, and hospitable court,  
 The King surveys his guests with curious eyes,  
 And views their arms and habit with surprize.  
 A lion's yellow skin the *Theban* wears,  
 Horrid his inane, and rough with curling hairs;  
 Such once employ'd *Alcides'* youthful toils,  
 E're yet adorn'd with *Nemea's* dreadful spoils.  
 A boar's stiff hide, of *Calydonian* breed,  
*Oenides'* manly shoulders overspread,  
 Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,  
 Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.

Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze,  
 The King th' accomplish'd oracle surveys,  
 Reveres *Apollo's* vocal caves, and owns  
 The guiding Godhead, and his future sons.

O'er

O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,  
And a glad horror shoots thro' ev'ry vein:  
To heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his sight,  
And thus invokes the silent Queen of night.

Goddeſs of ſhades, beneath whoſe gloomy reign  
Yon' ſpangled arch glows with the ſtarry train,  
You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay,  
Till nature, quickned by th' inſpiring ray,  
Wakes to new vigour with the riſing day.  
Oh thou who freeſt me from my doubtful ſtate,  
Long loſt and wilder'd in the maze of fate!  
Be preſent ſtill, oh Goddeſs! in our aid;  
Proceed, and firm thoſe Omens thou haſt made!  
We to thy name our annual rites will pay,  
And on thy altars ſacrifices lay;  
The ſable flock ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,  
And fill thy temples with a grateful ſmoke:  
Hail, faithful *Tripos*! hail, ye dark abodes  
Of awful *Phœbus*: I confeſs the Gods!

Thus, ſeiz'd with ſacred fear, the Monarch pray'd;  
Then to his inner court the gueſts convey'd;  
Where yet thin fumes from dying ſparks ariſe;  
And duſt yet white upon each altar lies;  
The relicks of a former ſacrifice.

The King once more the ſolemn rites requires,  
And bids renew the feaſts, and wake the fires.  
His train obey, while all the courts around  
With noiſy care and various tumult ſound.  
Embroider'd purple cloaths the golden beds;  
This ſlave the floor, and that the table ſpreads;  
A third diſpels the darkneſs of the night,  
And fills depending lamps with beams of light;  
Here loaves in caniſters are pil'd on high,  
And there, in flames the ſlaughter'd victims fry.

Sublime



Sublime in regal state, *Adrastus* shone,  
 Stretch'd on rich carpets, on his iv'ry throne;  
 A lofty couch receives each princely guest;  
 Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.

And now the King his royal feast to grace,  
*Acestis* calls, the guardian of his race,  
 Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,  
 And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd.  
 Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,  
 And bade his daughters at the rites appear.  
 When from the close apartments of the night,  
 The royal nymphs approach'd divinely bright;  
 Such was *Diana's*, such *Minerva's* face;  
 Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,  
 But that in these a milder charm endears,  
 And less of terror in their looks appears.  
 As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,  
 O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise,  
 Their down-cast looks a decent shame confess,  
 Then, on their father's rev'rend features rest.

The banquet done, the Monarch gives the sign,  
 To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,  
 Which *Danaus* us'd in sacred rites of old.  
 With sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising gold.  
 Here to the clouds victorious *Persæus* flies;  
*Medusa* seems to move her languid eyes,  
 And ev'n in gold, turns paler as she dies.  
 There from the chace *Jove's* tow'ring eagle bears  
 On golden wings, the *Phrygian* to the stars;  
 Still as he rises in th' æthereal height,  
 His native mountains lessen to his sight;  
 While all his sad companions upward gaze,  
 Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze,

And

And the swift hounds, afrighted as he flies,  
Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.

This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd,  
The first libations sprinkled on the ground:  
By turns on each celestial pow'r they call;  
With *Phœbus*' name resounds the vaulted hall.  
The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,  
Crown'd with chaste lawrel, and with garlands drest,  
(While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze)  
Salute the God in num'rous hymns of praise.

Then thus the King: Perhaps, my noble guests,  
These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts,  
To bright *Apollo*'s awful name design'd,  
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.  
Great was the cause; our old solemnities  
From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise;  
But sav'd from death, our *Argives* yearly pay  
These grateful honours to the God of Day.

When by a thousand darts the *Python* slain  
With orbs unroll'd lay cov'ring all the plain,  
(Transfix'd as o'er *Castalia*'s streams he hung,  
And suck'd new poisons with his tripple tongue)  
To *Argos*' realms the victor God resorts,  
And enters old *Crotopus*' humble courts.  
This rural prince one only daughter blest,  
That all the charms of blooming youth possess;  
Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,  
Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd.  
Happy! and happy still she might have prov'd;  
Were she less beautiful, or less belov'd!  
But *Phœbus* lov'd, and on the flow'ry side  
Of *Nemea*'s stream, the yielding fair enjoy'd;  
And e're ten moons their orb with light adorn,  
Th' illustrious off-spring of the God was born.

The

The nymph, her father's anger to evade,  
Now flies from *Argos* to the sylvan shade,  
To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,  
And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.

How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine?  
Ah how unworthy those of race divine?  
On flow'ry herbs in some green covert laid,  
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,  
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries;  
While the rude swain his rural music tries,  
To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes.  
Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live,  
Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give!  
For on the grassy verdure as he lay,  
And breath'd the freshness of the rising day,  
Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,  
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.  
Th' astonish'd mother when the rumour came,  
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,  
With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,  
And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair;  
Then wild with anguish, to her Sire she flies;  
Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

But touch'd with sorrow for the dead, too late,  
The raging God prepares t'avenge her fate.  
He sends a monster, horrible and fell,  
Begot by furies in the depths of hell.  
The pest a virgin's face, and bosom bears;  
High on her crown a rising snake appears,  
Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs:  
About the realm she walks her dreadful round,  
When night with sable wings o'erspreads the ground,  
Devours young babes before their parent's eyes,  
And feeds and thrives on publick miseries.

But

But gen'rous rage the bold *Chorabus* warms,  
*Chorabus*, fam'd for virtue, as for arms;  
 Some few like him, inspir'd with martial flame,  
 Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.  
 These, where two ways in equal parts divide,  
 The direful monster from afar descry'd;  
 Two bleeding babes depending at her side;  
 Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,  
 And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.  
 The youth surround her with extended spears;  
 But brave *Chorabus* in the front appears,  
 Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining sword,  
 And hell's dire monster back to hell restor'd.  
 Th' *Inachians* view'd the slain with vast surprize;  
 Her twisting volumes, and her rowling eyes,  
 Her spotted breast, and gaping womb embru'd  
 With livid poison, and our infants blood.  
 The crowd in stupid wonder fix'd appear,  
 Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.  
 Some with vast beams the squallid corps engage,  
 And weary all the wild efforts of rage.  
 The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste,  
 With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;  
 And ravenous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,  
 And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood.

But fir'd with rage, from cleft *Parnassus'* brow  
 Avenging *Phæbus* bent his deadly bow,  
 And hissing flew the feather'd fates below;  
 A night of sultry clouds involv'd around  
 The tow'rs, the fields, and the devoted ground:  
 And now a thousand lives together fled,  
 Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread,  
 And a whole province in his triumph led.



But *Phœbus*, ask'd why noxious fires appear,  
And raging *Sirius* blasts the sickly year,  
Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,  
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell.

Bless'd be thy dust, and let eternal fame  
Attend thy *Manes*, and preserve thy name;  
Undaunted Hero! who, divinely brave,  
In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save;  
But view'd the shrine with a superior look,  
And its upbraided Godhead thus bespoke.

With piety, the soul's securest guard,  
And conscious virtue, still its own reward,  
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;  
Nor shalt thou, *Phœbus*, find a suppliant here,  
Thy monster's death to me was ow'd alone,  
And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.  
Behold him here, for whom, so many days,  
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy sullen rays;  
For whom, as Man no longer claim'd thy care,  
Such numbers fell by pestilential air!  
But if th' abandon'd race of human-kind  
From Gods above no more compassion find,  
If such inclemency in heav'n can dwell;  
Yet why must un-offending *Argos* feel  
The Vengeance due to this unlucky steel?  
On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,  
Nor err from me, since I deserve it all:  
Unless our desert cities please thy fight,  
And fun'ral flames reflect a grateful light.  
Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,  
And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;  
But for my Country let my fate atone,  
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.

Merit distress'd, impartial heav'n relieves;  
Unwelcome life relenting *Phæbus* gives;  
For not the vengeful Pow'r, that glow'd with rage,  
With such amazing virtue durst engage.  
The clouds dispers'd, *Apollo's* wrath expir'd,  
And from the wondring God th' unwilling youth retir'd;  
Thence we these altars in his temple raise  
And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise;  
These solemn feasts propitious *Phæbus* please,  
These honours, still renew'd, his antient wrath appease.

But say, illustrious guest (adjoin'd the King)  
What name you bear, from what high race you spring?  
The noble *Tydeus* stands confess'd, and known  
Our neighbour Prince, and heir of *Galydon*.  
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night  
And silent hours to various talk invite.

The *Theban* bends on earth his gloomy eyes,  
Confus'd, and sadly thus at length replies:  
Before these altars how shall I proclaim  
(Oh gen'rous prince ) my nation or my name,  
Or thro' what veins our antient blood has roll'd?  
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold!

Yet if propitious to a wretch unknown,  
You seek to share in sorrows not your own;  
Know then, from *Cadmus* I derive my race,  
*Jocasta's* son, and *Thebes* my native place.  
To whom the King, (who felt his gen'rous breast  
Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)  
Replies——Ah why forbears the son to name  
His wretched father, known too well by fame?  
Fame, that delights around the world to stray,  
Scorns not to take our *Argos* in her way.  
Ev'n those who dwell where suns at distance roll,  
In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;

And those who tread the burning *Lybian* lands,  
 The faithless *Syrtes* and the moving sands;  
 Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,  
 Or drink of *Ganges* in their eastern grounds;  
 All these the woes of *Oedipus* have known,  
 Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.  
 If on the sons the parents crimes descend,  
 What prince from those his lineage can defend?  
 Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t'efface  
 With virtuous acts thy ancestors disgrace,  
 And be thy self the honour of thy race.  
 But see! the stars begin to steal away,  
 And shine more faintly at approaching day;  
 Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays,  
 Once more resound the great *Apollo's* praise.

Oh father *Phæbus*! whether *Lycia's* coast  
 And snowy mountains, thy bright presence boast;  
 Whether to sweet *Castalia* thou repair,  
 And bathe in silver dew's thy yellow hair;  
 Or pleas'd to find fair *Delos* float no more,  
 Delight in *Cynthus*, and the shady shore;  
 Or chuse thy seat in *Ilion's* proud abodes,  
 The shining structures rais'd by lab'ring Gods!  
 By thee the bow and mortal shafts are born;  
 Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:  
 Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,  
 And the dark counsels of almighty *Jove*,  
 'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,  
 The change of scepters, and impending woe;  
 When direful meteors spread thro' glowing air  
 Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.  
 Thy rage the *Phrygian* felt, who durst aspire  
 T' excell the music of thy heav'nly lyre;

Thy

Thy shafts aveng'd lewd *Tityus*' guilty flame,  
Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame;  
Thy hand slew *Python*, and the dame who lost  
Her num'rous offspring for a fatal boast.  
In *Pblegias*' doom thy just revenge appears,  
Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears;  
He views his food, but dreads, with list'd eye,  
The mould'ring rock that trembles from on high.

Propitious hear our pray'r, O Pow'r divine!  
And on thy hospitable *Argos* shine.

Whether the style of *Titan* please thee more,  
Whole purple rays th' *Achamenes* adore;  
Or great *Osyris*, who first taught the swain  
In *Pharian* fields to sow the golden grain;  
Or *Mitra*, to whose beams the *Persian* bows,  
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows,  
*Mitra*, whose head the blaze of light adorns,  
Who grasps the struggling Heifer's lunar horns,



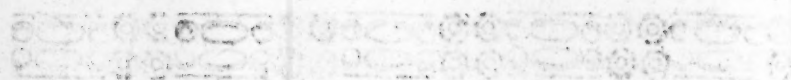






PART OF THE  
THIRTEENTH  
B O O K  
O F  
*Homer's Odyffes.*





PART OF THE

THIRTEENTH

BOOK

OF

Homers Odes.





PART OF THE  
THIRTEENTH BOOK  
O F

*Homer's Odysses.*

*The beginning of this book describes the parting of Ulysses from Phæacia; with the gifts of Alcinous to his guest; and his taking ship for his native country Ithaca.*



THE Sun descending, the *Phæacian* train  
Spread their broad sails, and launch into  
the main :

At once they bend, and strike their equal  
oars,

And leave the sinking hills, and less'ning shores.

While on the deck the Chief in silence lies,

And pleasing slumbers steal upon his eyes.

As fiery coursers in the rapid race,

Urg'd by fierce drivers thro' the dusty space,

Toss their high heads, and scour along the plain;

So mounts the bounding vessel o'er the main :

Back to the stern the parted billows flow,

And the black ocean foams and roars below.

Thus



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Thus with spread sails the winged gally flies;  
 Less swift, an eagle cuts the liquid skies:  
 Divine *Ulysses* was her sacred load,  
 A man, in wisdom equal to a God.  
 Much danger long, and mighty toils he bore,  
 In storms by sea, and combats on the shore:  
 All which soft sleep now banish'd from his breast;  
 Wrapt in a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.

But when the morning star with early ray  
 Flam'd in the front of heav'n, and promis'd day,  
 Like distant clouds the mariner describes  
 Fair *Ithaca's* emerging hills arise.  
 Far from the town, a spacious port appears,  
 Sacred to *Phorcys'* pow'r, whose name it bears;  
 Two craggy rocks, projecting to the main,  
 The roaring winds tempestuous rage restrain;  
 Within, the waves in softer murmurs glide,  
 And ships secure without their haulsers ride,  
 High at the head a branching olive grows,  
 And crowns the pointed cliffs with shady boughs.  
 Beneath, a gloomy Grotto's cool recess,  
 Delights the *Nereids* of the neighb'ring seas;  
 Where bowls and urns were form'd of living stone,  
 And massy beams in native marble shone,  
 On which the labours of the nymphs were roll'd,  
 Their webs divine of purple mix'd with gold.  
 Within the cave, the clustring bees attend  
 Their waxen works, or from the roof depend.  
 Perpetual waters o'er the pavement glide;  
 Two marble doors unfold on either side;  
 Sacred the south, by which the Gods descend,  
 But mortals enter at the northern end.

Thither they bent, and haul'd their ship to land,  
 (The crooked keel divides the yellow sand)

*Ulysses*

*Ulysses* sleeping, on his couch they bore,  
 And gently plac'd him on the rocky shore:  
 His treasures next, *Alcinous'* gifts, they laid  
 In the wild olive's unfrequented shade;  
 Secure from theft: then launch'd the bark again,  
 And tugg'd their oars, and measur'd back the main.

Mean while *Ulysses* in his country lay,  
 Releas'd from sleep; and round him might survey  
 The solitary shore, and rowling sea.

Yet had his mind, thro' tedious absence, lost  
 The dear remembrance of his native coast;  
 Besides *Minerva*, to secure her care,  
 Diffus'd around a veil of thicken'd air:  
 For so the Gods ordain'd, to keep unseen  
 His royal person from his friends and Queen,  
 Till the proud suitors, for their crimes, afford  
 An ample vengeance to her injur'd Lord.

Now all the land another prospect bore,  
 Another port appear'd, another shore;  
 And long-continu'd ways, and winding floods,  
 And, unknown mountains, crown'd with unknown  
 woods.

Pensive and slow, with sudden grief oppress'd,  
 The King arose, and beat his careful breast,  
 Cast a long look o'er all the coast and main,  
 And sought around his native realm in vain;  
 Then with erected eyes stood fix'd in woe,  
 And, as he spoke, the tears began to flow.

Ye Gods (he cry'd) upon what barren coast,  
 In what new region is *Ulysses* tost?  
 Possess'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms?  
 Or men, whose bosom tender pity warms?  
 Where shall this treasure now in safety lie?  
 And whither, whither its sad owner fly?

Ah

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Ah why did I *Alcinous*' grace implore?  
 Ah why forsake *Phæacia*'s happy shore?  
 Some juster prince perhaps had entertain'd,  
 And safe restor'd me to my native land.  
 Is this the promis'd, long expected coast?  
 And this the faith *Phæacia*'s rulers boast?  
 Oh righteous Gods! of all the great, how few  
 Are just to heav'n, and to their promise true!  
 But he the pow'r, to whose all-seeing eyes  
 The deeds of men appear without disguise,  
 'Tis his alone, t'avenge the wrongs I bear;  
 For still th' oppress'd are his peculiar care:  
 To count these presents, and from thence to prove  
 Their faith, is mine, the rest belongs to *Jove*.

Then on the sands he rang'd his wealthy store,  
 The gold, the vests, the tripods number'd o'er;  
 All these he found, but still, in error lost,  
 Disconsolate he wanders on the coast:  
 Sighs for his country; and laments again  
 To the deaf rocks, and hoarse-resounding main.  
 When lo! the guardian Goddess of the wise,  
 Celestial *Pallas*, stood before his eyes;  
 In show a youthful swain, of form divine,  
 Who seem'd descended from some princely line:  
 A graceful robe her slender body drest,  
 Around her shoulders flew the waving vest,  
 Her decent hand a shining javelin bore,  
 And painted sandals on her feet she wore:  
 To whom the King: Whoe'er of human race  
 Thou art, that wander'st in this desert place,  
 With joy to thee, as to some God, I bend,  
 To thee my treasures and my self commend.  
 Q tell a wretch, in exile doom'd to stray,  
 What air I breathe, what country I survey?

The

The fruitful continent's extremest bound,  
Or some fair isle which *Neptune's* arms surround?

From what far clime, (said she) remote from fame,  
Arriv'st thou here, a stranger to our name?

Thou seest an island, not to those unknown,

Whose hills are brighten'd by the rising sun;

Nor those that plac'd beneath his utmost reign,

Behold him sinking in the western main.

The rugged soil allows no level space

For flying chariots, or the rapid race;

Yet not ungrateful to the peasant's pain,

Suffices fulness to the swelling grain;

The loaded trees their various fruits produce,

And clust'ring grapes afford a gen'rous juice;

Woods crown our mountains, and in ev'ry grove

The bounding goats and frisking heifers rove;

Soft rains and kindly dews refresh the field,

And rising springs eternal verdure yield.

Ev'n to those shores is *Ithaca* renown'd,

Where *Troy's* majestic ruins strow the ground:

At this, the chief with transport was possess'd,

His panting heart exulted in his breast:

Yet well dissembling his untimely joys,

And veiling truth in plausible disguise;

Thus, with an air sincere, in fiction bold,

His ready tale th' inventive hero told.

Of't have I heard in *Crete* this island's name,

For 'twas from *Crete*, my native soil, I came;

Self-banish'd thence, I sail'd before the wind,

And left my children and my friends behind.

From fierce *Idomeneus'* revenge I flew,

Whose son, the swift *Orsilochnus*, I slew,

(With brutal force he seiz'd my *Trojan* prey,

Due to the toils of many a bloody day.)

Unseen



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Unseen I 'scap'd; and, favour'd by the night,  
 In a *Phœnician* vessel took my flight;  
 For *Pyle* or *Elis* bound; but tempests tost,  
 And raging billows drove us on your coast:  
 In dead of night an unknown port we gain'd,  
 Spent with fatigue, and slept secure on land;  
 But e're the rosy morn renew'd the day,  
 While in th' embrace of pleasing sleep I lay,  
 Sudden, invited by auspicious gales,  
 They land my goods, and hoist their flying sails;  
 Abandon'd here, my fortune I deplore,  
 A hapless exile on a foreign shore.

Thus while he spoke, the blue-eye'd maid began  
 With pleasing smiles to view the godlike man;  
 Then chang'd her form, and now divinely bright  
*Jove's* heav'nly daughter stood confess'd to sight,  
 Like a fair virgin in her beauty's bloom,  
 Skill'd in th' illustrious labours of the loom.

O still the same *Ulysses*! she rejoin'd,  
 In useful craft successfully refin'd;  
 Artful in speech, in action, and in mind!  
 Suffic'd it not, that thy long labours past  
 Secure thou leest thy native shore at last?  
 But this to me? who, like thy self excell  
 In arts of counsel, and dissembling well:  
 To me, whose wit exceeds the pow'rs divine,  
 No less, than mortals are surpass'd by thine:  
 Know'st thou not me, who made thy life my care,  
 Thro' ten years wandring, and thro' ten years war;  
 Who taught thee arts, *Alcinous* to persuade,  
 To raise his wonder, and engage his aid?  
 And now appear, thy treasures to protect,  
 Conceal thy person, thy designs direct,  
 And tell what more thou must from fate expect;

Domestic

Domestic woes, far heavier to be born,  
The pride of fools, and slaves insulting scorn.  
But thou be silent, nor reveal thy state,  
Yield to the force of unresisted fate,  
And bear unmov'd the wrongs of base mankind,  
The last and hardest conquest of the mind.

Goddeſs of wiſdom! (*Ithacus* replies) }  
He who diſcerns thee muſt be truly wiſe,  
So ſeldom view'd, and ever in diſguiſe.  
When the bold *Argives* led their warring pow'rs  
Againſt proud *Ilion's* well-defended tow'rs,  
*Ulyſſes* was thy care, ceſtial maid,  
Grac'd with thy fight, and favour'd with thy aid:  
But when the *Trojan* piles in aſhes lay,  
And, bound for *Greece*, we plow'd the watry way;  
Our fleet diſpers'd, and driven from coaſt to coaſt;  
Thy ſacred preſence from that hour I loſt;  
Till I beheld thy radiant form once more,  
And heard thy counſels on *Phæacia's* ſhore.  
But by th' almighty author of thy race,  
Tell me, oh tell, is this my native place?  
For much I fear, long tracts of land and ſea  
Divide this coaſt from diſtant *Ithaca*.  
The ſweet deluſion kindly you impoſe,  
To ſooth my hopes and mitigate my woes.

Thus he: The blue-ey'd Goddeſs thus replies:  
How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wiſe?  
Who vers'd in fortune, fear the flatt'ring ſhow,  
And taſte not half the bliſs the Gods beſtow.  
The more ſhall *Pallas* aid thy juſt deſires,  
And guard the wiſdom which her ſelf inſpires.  
Others, long abſent from their native place,  
Strait ſeek their home, and fly with eager pace,  
To their wives arms, and childrens dear embrace.

}  
Not

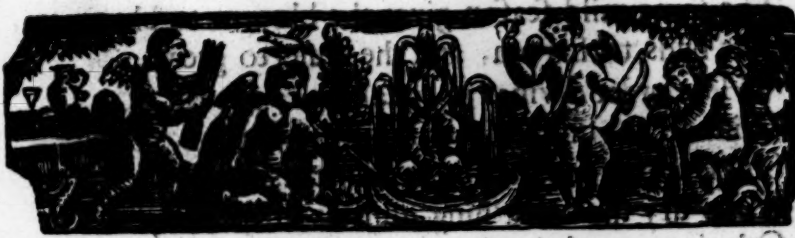
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Not thus *Ulysses*; he decrees to prove  
 His subjects faith, and Queen's suspected love,  
 Who mourn'd her Lord twice ten revolving years;  
 And wastes the days in grief, the nights in tears.  
 But *Pallas* knew (thy friends and navy lost)  
 Once more 'twas giv'n thee to behold thy coast:  
 Yet how could I with adverse fate engage,  
 And mighty *Neptune's* unrelenting rage? —  
 Now lift thy longing eyes, while I restore  
 The pleasing prospect of thy native shore!  
 Behold the port of *Phorcys*, fenc'd around  
 With rocky mountains, and with olives crown'd!  
 Behold the gloomy Grot, whose cool recess  
 Delights the *Nereids* of the neighb'ring seas;  
 Whose now neglected altars in thy reign  
 Blush'd with the blood of sheep and oxen slain.  
 Behold where *Neritus* the clouds divides,  
 And shakes the waving forests on his sides!

So spake the Goddess, and the prospect clear'd,  
 The mists dispers'd, and all the coast appear'd:  
 The King with joy confess'd his place of birth,  
 And, on his knees, salutes his mother earth;  
 Then, with his suppliant hands upheld in air,  
 Thus to the sea-green sisters sends his pray'r.

All hail! Ye virgin daughters of the main;  
 Ye streams, beyond my hopes beheld again!  
 To you once more your own *Ulysses* bows,  
 Attend his transports, and receive his vows.  
 If *Jove* prolong my days, and *Pallas* crown  
 The growing virtues of my youthful son,  
 To you shall rites divine be ever paid,  
 And grateful off'rings on your altars laid:

THE



THE  
GARDENS  
OF  
ALCINOUS.

From the SEVENTH BOOK of  
HOMER'S ODYSSES.



Lose to the gates a spacious garden lies,  
From storms defended, and inclement skies:  
Four acres was th' allotted space of ground,  
Fenc'd with a green enclosure all around.

Tall thriving trees confess'd the fruitful mold;  
The red'ning apple ripens here to gold,  
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,  
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows,  
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,  
And verdant olives flourish round the year.

The balmy spirit of the western gale  
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail:  
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,  
On apples apples, figs on figs arise:



234 *The GARDENS of ALCINOUS.*

The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,  
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.

Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear  
With all th' united labours of the year,  
Some to unload the fertile branches run,  
Some dry the black'ning clusters in the sun,  
Others to tread the liquid harvest join,  
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.  
Here are the vines in early flow'r descry'd,  
Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side;  
And there in autumn's richest purple dy'd.

Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,  
In beauteous order terminate the scene.

Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect crown'd;  
This thro' the gardens leads its streams around,  
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground:  
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,  
And thence its current on the town bestows;  
To various use their various streams they bring,  
The People one, and one supplies the King.



XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

# MISCELLANIES

O N SEVERAL

# OCCASIONS.

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O D E  
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M U S I C K  
O N

St. *CECILIA*'s DAY.

I

**D**escend ye nine! descend and sing;  
The breathing instruments inspire,  
Wake into voice each silent string,  
And sweep the sounding lyre!  
In a sadly-pleasing strain  
Let the warbling lute complain:  
Let the loud trumpet sound,  
Till the roofs all around  
The shrill echos rebound:  
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,  
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.  
Hark! the numbers, soft and clear,  
Gently steal upon the ear;  
Now louder, and yet louder rise,  
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;  
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,  
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;  
Till, by degrees, remote and small,  
To



The strains decay,  
And melt away,  
In a dying, dying fall.

## II.

By music, minds an equal temper know,  
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.  
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,  
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;  
Or when the soul is press'd with cares,  
Exalts her in enlivening airs.  
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;  
Pours balm into the bleeding Lover's wounds:  
Melancholy lifts her head;  
*Morpheus* rowzes from his bed;  
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,  
Lift'ning Envy drops her snakes;  
Intestine war no more our Passions wage,  
Ev'n giddy Factions hear away their rage.

## III.

But when our Country's cause provokes to arms,  
How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!  
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,  
High on the stern the *Thracian* rais'd his strain,  
While *Argo* saw her kindred trees  
Descend From *Pelion* to the main.  
Transported demi-gods stood round,  
And men grew heroes at the sound,  
Enflam'd with glory's charms:  
Each chief his sev'n-fold shield display'd,  
And half unsheath'd the shining blade;  
And Seas, and rocks, and skies rebound  
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds  
Which flaming *Phlegeton* surrounds,  
Sad *Orpheus* fought his consort lost;  
Th' inexorable gates were barr'd,  
And nought was seen, and nought was heard  
Around the dreary coast,  
But dreadful gleams,  
Dismal screams,  
Fires that glow,  
Shrieks of woe,  
Sullen moans,  
Hollow groans,  
And cries of tortur'd ghosts.  
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;  
And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire,  
See shady forms advance!  
Thy stone, O *Sisyphus*, stands still;  
*Ixion* rests upon his wheel,  
And the pale spectres dance!  
The furies sink upon their iron beds,  
And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,  
By the fragrant winds that blow  
O'er th' *Elysian* flow'rs,  
By those happy souls who dwell  
In yellow meads of *Asphodel*,  
Or *Amaranthine* bow'rs;  
By the heroes armed shades  
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades,  
By

By the youths that dy'd for love,  
 Wandering in the myrtle grove,  
 Restore, restore *Eurydice* to life;  
 Oh take the husband, or return the wife!

He sung, and hell consented  
 To hear the Poet's pray'r;  
 Stern *Proserpine* relented,  
 And gave him back the fair.  
 Thus song could prevail  
 O'er death and o'er hell,  
 A conquest how hard and how glorious?  
 Tho' fate had fast bound her  
 With *Styx* nine times round her,  
 Yet music and love were victorious.

## VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:  
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!  
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?  
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

Now under hanging mountains,  
 Beside the falls of fountains,  
 Or where *Hebrus* wanders,  
 Rolling in *Mæanders*,

All alone,  
 Unheard, unknown,  
 He makes his moan;  
 And calls her ghost,

For ever, ever, ever lost!  
 Now with furies surrounded,  
 Despairing, confounded,  
 He trembles, he glows,  
 Amidst *Rhodope's* snows:

See

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See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;  
Hark! *Hemus* resounds with the *Bacchanals* cries --

— Ah see, he dies!

Yet ev'n in death *Eurydice* he sung,  
*Eurydice* still trembled on his tongue,  
*Eurydice* the woods,  
*Eurydice* the floods,  
*Eurydice* the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

### VII.

Music the fiercest griefs can charm,  
And fate's severest rage disarm:  
Music can soften pain to ease,  
And make despair and madness please:  
Our joys below it can improve,  
And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine *Cecilia* found,  
And to her maker's praise confin'd the sound.  
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire.

Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;  
Born on the swelling notes our souls aspire,  
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;  
And Angels lean from heav'n to hear!  
Of *Orpheus* now no more let Poets tell,  
To bright *Cecilia* greater pow'r is giv'n;  
His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,  
Hers lift the soul to heav'n.





Two CHORUS's to the Tragedy of  
*Brutus*, not yet publick.

Chorus of ATHENIANS.

*Strophe I.*

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought;  
Groves, where immortal Sages taught;  
Where heav'nly Visions *Plato* fir'd,  
And godlike *Zeno* lay inspir'd!  
In vain your guiltless Laurels stood,  
Unspotted long with human blood.  
War, horrid War, your thoughtful Walks invades,  
And Steel now glitters in the Muses shades.

*Antistrophe I.*

Oh heav'n-born sisters! source of art!  
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart;  
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,  
Moral *Truth*, and mystic *Song*!  
To what new Clime, what distant Sky,  
Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?  
Say, will ye bless the bleak *Atlantic* Shore,  
Or bid the furious *Gaul* be rude no more?

*Strophe II.*

When *Athens* sinks by Fates unjust,  
When wild *Barbarians* spurn her dust;

Perhaps

Perhaps ev'n *Britain's* utmost shore  
 Shall cease to blush with Strangers Gore,  
 See Arts her savage Sons controul,  
 An *Athens* rising near the Pole!  
 Till some new Tyrant lifts his purple Hand,  
 And civil Madness tears them from the Land.

*Antistrophe II.*

Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball?  
 Freedom and Arts together fall;  
 Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,  
 And Men, once ignorant, are Slaves.  
 Oh curs'd Effects of civil Hate,  
 In ev'ry Age, in ev'ry State!  
 Still, when the lust of Tyrant Pow'r succeeds,  
 Some *Athens* perishes, some *Tully* bleeds.



## Chorus of YOUTHS and VIRGINS.

*Semichorus.*

O H Tyrant Love! hast thou possess't  
 The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous Breast?  
 Wisdom and Wit in vain reclaim,  
 And Arts but soften us to feel thy flame.  
 Love, soft Intruder, enters here,  
 But entering learns to be sincere.  
*Marcus* with blushes owns he loves,  
 And *Brutus* tenderly reproves.  
 Why, Virtue, dost thou blame Desire,  
 Which Nature has impress't?

Why,

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Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire  
The mild and gen'rous Breast?

*Chorus.*

Love's purer flames the Gods approve;  
The Gods, and *Brutus* bend to love:  
*Brutus* for absent *Portia* sighs,  
And sterner *Cassius* melts at *Junia*'s Eyes.  
What is loose Love? a transient Gust,  
Spent in a sudden Storm of Lust;  
A vapour fed from wild Desire,  
A wandring, self-consuming Fire.  
But *Hymen*'s Flames like Stars unite;  
And burn for ever one;  
Chaste as cold *Cynthia*'s Virgin Light,  
Productive as the Sun.

*Semichorus.*

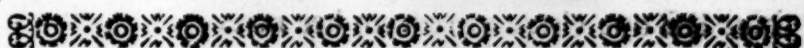
Oh Source of ev'ry social Tyé,  
United Wish, and mutual Joy!  
What various Joys on one attend,  
As Son, as Father, Brother, Husband, Friend?  
Whether his hoary Sire he spies,  
While thousand grateful thoughts arise;  
Or meets his Spouse's fonder Eye;  
Or views his smiling Progeny;  
What tender Passions take their turns,  
What home-felt Raptures move?  
His Heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,  
With Rev'rence, Hope, and Love.

*Chorus.*

Hence guilty Joys, Distastes, Surmizes,  
False Oaths, false Tears, Deceits, Disguises,  
Dangers,

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Dangers, Doubts, Delays, Surprizes;  
 Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine:  
 Purest Love's unwasting Treasure,  
 Constant Faith, fair Hope, long Leisure,  
 Days of Ease, and Nights of Pleasure;  
 Sacred *Hymen*! these are thine.



### Verses to the MEMORY of an *Unfortunate* L A D Y.

**W**HAT beck'ning Ghost, along the moon-light  
 shade  
 Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?  
 'Tis she! — but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,  
 Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?  
 Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,  
 Is it, in Heav'n, a crime to love too well?  
 To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,  
 To act a Lover's, or a *Roman's* part?  
 Is there no bright reversion in the sky,  
 For those who greatly think, or bravely die?  
 Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs! her soul aspire  
 Above the vulgar flight of low desire?  
 Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;  
 The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods:  
 Thence to their Images on earth it flows,  
 And in the breasts of Kings and Heroes glows!  
 Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,  
 Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:  
 Dim lights of life that burn a length of years,  
 Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;

Like



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Like Eastern Kings a lazy state they keep,  
And close confin'd in their own palace sleep.

From these perhaps (e're nature bade her die)  
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.  
As into air the purer spirits flow,  
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;  
So flew the soul to its congenial place,  
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,  
Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood!  
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,  
These cheeks, now fading at the blast of death:  
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,  
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.  
Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball,  
'Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:  
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,  
And frequent heres shall besiege your gates.  
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,  
(While the long fun'ral's blacken all the way)  
Lo these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,  
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.  
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,  
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!  
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow  
For others good, or melt at others woe.

What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade!)  
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpay'd?  
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear  
Pleas'd thy pale Ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier;  
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,  
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,  
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,  
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!

What

What tho' no friends in fable weeds appear,  
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,  
And bear about the mockery of woe  
To midnight dances, and the publick show?  
What tho' no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,  
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?

What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,  
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?  
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,  
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:  
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,  
There the first roses of the year shall blow;  
While Angels with their silver wings o'ershade  
The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a Name,  
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.  
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,  
To whom related, or by whom begot;  
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;  
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung;  
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.  
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,  
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;  
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,  
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart,  
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er.  
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!



To Mr. *Jervas*, with *Fresnoy's* Art o  
PAINTING,

*Translated by Mr. DRYDEN.*

**T**HIS Verse be thine, my Friend, nor thou refuse  
This, from no venal or ungrateful Muse.  
Whether thy Hand strike out some free Design,  
Where Life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry Line;  
Or blend in beauteous Tints the colour'd Mass,  
And from the Canvas call the mimic Face:  
Read these instructive Leaves, in which conspire  
*Fresnoy's* close Art, and *Dryden's* native Fire:  
And reading wish, like theirs, our Fate and Fame,  
So mix'd our Studies, and so join'd our Name,  
Like them to shine thro' long succeeding Age,  
So just thy Skill, so regular my Rage.

Smit with the Love of Sister-arts we came,  
And met congenial, mingling Flame with Flame;  
Like friendly Colours found our Arts unite,  
And each from each contract new Strength and Light.  
How oft' in pleasing tasks we wear the Day,  
While Summer Suns roll unperceiv'd away?  
How oft' our slowly-growing Works impart,  
While Images reflect from Art to Art?  
How oft' review; each finding like a Friend  
Something to blame, and something to commend?

What flatt'ring Scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,  
*Rome's* pompous Glories rising to our Thought!

Toge-

Together o'er the *Alps* methinks we fly,  
 Fir'd with Ideas of fair *Italy*.  
 With thee, on *Raphael's* Monument I mourn,  
 Or wait inspiring Dreams at *Maro's* Urn:  
 With thee repose, where *Tully* once was laid,  
 Or seek some Ruin's formidable shade;  
 While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,  
 And builds imaginary *Rome* a-new.  
 Here thy well-study'd Marbles fix our eye;  
 A fading Fresco here demands a sigh:  
 Each heav'nly piece unweary'd we compare,  
 Match *Raphael's* Grace, with thy lov'd *Guido's* Air,  
*Caracci's* Strength, *Correggio's* softer Line,  
*Paulo's* free Stroke, and *Titian's* Warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious Toil appears  
 This small, well-polish'd Gem, the \* work of Years!  
 Yet still how faint by Precept is exprest  
 The living Image in the Painter's Breast?  
 Thence endless Streams of fair Ideas flow,  
 Strike in the Sketch, or in the Picture glow;  
 Thence Beauty, waking all her Forms, supplies  
 An Angel's Sweetness, or *Bridgwater's* Eyes.

Muse! at that Name thy sacred Sorrows shed,  
 Those Tears eternal, that embalm the dead:  
 Call round her Tomb each Object of Desire,  
 Each purer Frame inform'd with purer Fire:  
 Bid her be all that cheers or softens Life,  
 The tender Sister, Daughter, Friend and Wife;  
 Bid her be all that makes Mankind adore;  
 Then view this Marble, and be vain no more!

Yet still her Charms in breathing Paint engage;  
 Her modest Cheek shall warm a future Age.

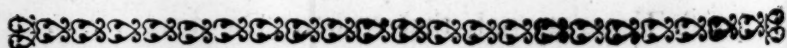
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\* Fresnoy employ'd above 20 Years in finishing this Poem.



Beauty, frail flow'r that ev'ry Season fears,  
 Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.  
 Thus *Churchill's* race shall other hearts surprize,  
 And other Beauties envy *Wortley's* Eyes,  
 Each pleasing *Blount* shall endless similes bestow,  
 And soft *Belinda's* blush for ever glow.

Oh lasting as those colours may they shine,  
 Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line!  
 New graces yearly, like thy works, display;  
 Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;  
 Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains;  
 And finish'd more thro' happiness than pains!  
 The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,  
 One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.  
 Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,  
 And breath an ear divine on ev'ry face;  
 Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll,  
 Strong as their charms, and gentle as their Soul;  
 With *Zeuxis' Helen* thy *Bridgwater* vie,  
 And these be sung till *Granville's Myra* die;  
 Alas! how little from the grave we claim?  
 Thou but preserv'st a Form, and I a Name.



To a Young Lady, with the Works of  
*VOITURE.*

IN these gay thoughts the Loves and Graces shine,  
 And all the writer lives in ev'ry line;  
 His easy art may happy nature seem,  
 Trifles themselves are elegant in him.

Sure

# MISCELLANIES. 251

Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,  
 Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair, and great;  
 Still with esteem no less convers'd than read;  
 With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred;  
 His heart, his mistress and his friend did share;  
 His time, the Muse, the witty, and the fair.  
 Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,  
 Cheerful, he play'd the trifle, life, away,  
 Till death scarce felt his gentle breath suppress.  
 As smiling Infants sport themselves to rest:  
 Ev'n rival wits did *Voiture's* fate deplore,  
 And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before,  
 The truest hearts for *Voiture* heav'd with sighs,  
*Voiture* was wept by all the brightest Eyes;  
 The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in *Voiture's* death,  
 But that for ever in his lines they breath.

Let the strict life of graver mortals be  
 A long, exact, and serious comedy,  
 In ev'ry scene some moral let it teach,  
 And, if it can, at once both please and preach:  
 Let mine, like *Voiture's*, a gay farce appear,  
 And more diverting still than regular,  
 Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace;  
 No matter for the rules of time and place.  
 Critics in wit, or life, are hard to please,  
 Few write to those, and none can live to these.

Too much your Sex is by their forms confin'd,  
 Severe to all, but most to womankind;  
 Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide;  
 Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;  
 By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame;  
 Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame.  
 Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,  
 But sets up one, a greater, in their place;

252 MISCELLANIES.

Well might you wish for change, by those accurst,  
But the last tyrant ever proves the worst.  
Still in constraint your suff'ring sex remains,  
Or bound in formal, or in real chains;  
Whole years neglected for some months ador'd,  
The fawning servant turns a haughty Lord;  
Ah quit not the free innocence of life,  
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife!  
Nor let false shows, or empty titles please;  
Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.

The Gods, to curse *Pamela* with her pray'rs,  
Gave the gilt coach and dappled *Flanders* mares,  
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,  
And, to compleat her bliss, a fool for mate.  
She glares in balls, front-boxes, and the ring,  
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched thing!  
Pride, pomp, and state but reach her outward part,  
She sighs, and is no Dutchess at her heart.

But, Madam, if the fates withstand, and you  
Are destin'd *Hymen's* willing victim too,  
Trust not too much your now resistless charms,  
Those, age or sickness, soon or late, disarms;  
Good humour only teaches charms to last,  
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past:  
Love, rais'd on beauty, will like that decay,  
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day,  
As flow'ry bands in wantonness are worn;  
A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn:  
This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,  
The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus \* *Voiture's* early care still shone the same,  
And *Montausier* was only chang'd in name;

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\* *Mademoiselle Paulet.*

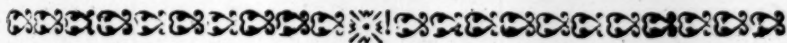
By

## MISCELLANIES. 253

By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,  
Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.

Now crown'd with myrtle, on th' *Elysian* coast,  
Amidst those lovers, joys his gentle ghost:  
Pleas'd, while with smiles his happy lines you view,  
And finds a fairer *Ramboillet* in you.

The brightest eyes of *France* inspir'd his Muse,  
The brightest eyes of *Britain* now peruse,  
And dead as living, 'tis our author's pride,  
Still to charm those who charm the world beside.



*To the same,*

On her leaving the Town after the  
Coronation.

**A**S some fond virgin, whom her mother's care  
Drags from the town to wholesom country air,  
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,  
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;  
From the dear man unwilling she must sever,  
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever.

Thus from the world fair *Zephalinda* flew,  
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;  
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,  
She sigh'd not that They stay'd, but that She went.

She went, to plain-work and to purling brooks,  
Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks,  
She went from op'ra, park, assembly, play,  
To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a day;

To



254 MISCELLANIES.

To part her time 'twixt reading and Bohea,  
To muse and spill her solitary Tea,  
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,  
Count the flow clock, and dine exact at noon;  
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,  
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire;  
Up to her godly garret after sev'n,  
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Some Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;  
Whose game is whisk, whose treat a toast in sack,  
Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,  
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries—No words!  
Or with his hound comes hollowing from the stable,  
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;  
Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,  
And loves you best of all things—but his horse.

In some fair evening, on your elbow laid,  
You dream of triumphs in the rural shade;  
In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,  
See Coronations rise on ev'ry green,  
Before you pass th' imaginary fights  
Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd Knights;  
While the spread Fan o'er shades your closing eyes;  
Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.  
Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,  
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls.

So when your slave, at some dear, idle time,  
(Not plagu'd with headaches, or the want of rhyme)  
Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,  
And while he seems to study, thinks of you:  
Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,  
Or sees the blush of *Parthenissa* rise,  
G——y pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite;  
Streets, chairs, and coxcombs, rush upon my sight,

Vext

Vext to be still in town, I knit my brow,  
Look fow'r, and hum a song—as you may now,



On a Fan of the Author's design, in which  
was painted the story of *Cephalus* and  
*Procris*, with the Motto, *Aura veni*.

COME, gentle Air! th' *Æolian* shepherd said,  
While *Procris* panted in the secret shade;  
Come, gentle Air, the fairer *Delia* cries,  
While at her feet her swain expiring lies.  
Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,  
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play!  
In *Delia's* hand this toy is fatal found,  
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound:  
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove;  
Alike both lovers fall by those they love.  
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,  
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives:  
She views the story with attentive eyes,  
And pities *Procris*, while her lover dies.



ON



O N

## S I L E N C E,

• In Imitation of the Style of the late  
E A R L of R O C H E S T E R,

I.

Silence! coeval with Eternity;  
Thou wert, e're nature first began to be,  
'Twas one vast nothing, all, and all slept fast in thee.

II.

Thine was the sway, e're heav'n was form'd or earth,  
E're fruitful Thought conceiv'd creation's birth,  
Or midwife Word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements against thee join'd,  
In one more various animal combin'd,  
And fram'd the clam'rous race of busy human-kind.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was low,  
Till wrangling Science taught it noise and show,  
And wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

V.

V.

But rebel Wit deserts thee oft' in vain;  
Lost in the maze of words, he turns again,  
And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentler reign.

VI.

Afflicted sense thou kindly dost set free,  
Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,  
And routed reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modest dulness lies,  
And in thy bosom lurks in thought's disguise;  
Thou varnisher of fools, and cheat of all the wise!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confest;  
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,  
And 'tis in thee at last that wisdom seeks for rest.

IX

Silence, the knave's repute, the whore's good name,  
The only honour of the wishing dame;  
Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of Fame.

X.

But cou'dst thou seize some tongues that now are free,  
How Church and State wou'd be oblig'd to thee?  
At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome wou'dst thou be?

XI.

Yet speech, ev'n there, submissively withdraws  
From rights of Subjects, and the poor man's cause;  
Then pompous silence reigns, and stills the noisy laws.

XII.



## XII.

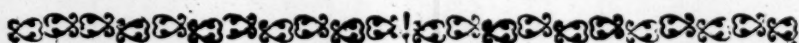
Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,  
 What Fav'rites gain, and what th' Exchequer owes,  
 Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

## XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,  
 The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,  
 Are best by thee express'd, and shine in thee alone,

## XIV.

The Parson's cant, the Lawyer's sophistry,  
 Lord's quibble, Critic's jest; all end in thee,  
 All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.



## E P I T A P H.

A pleasing form, a firm, yet cautious mind,  
 Sincere, tho' prudent, constant, yet resign'd;  
 Honour unchang'd, a principle profess'd,  
 Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest;  
 An honest Courtier, and a Patriot too,  
 Just to his Prince, and to his Country true;  
 Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth;  
 A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;  
 A gen'rous faith, from superstition free,  
 A love to peace, and hate of tyranny;  
 Such this man was; who now, from earth remov'd,  
 At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

PRO-



PROLOGUE TO Mr. ADDISON'S  
*Tragedy of CATO.*

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;  
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,  
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold;  
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,  
Commanding tears to stream thro' ev'ry age;  
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,  
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.  
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move,  
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;  
In pitying love we but our weakness show,  
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.  
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,  
Such tears, as Patriots shed for dying Laws:  
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,  
And calls forth *Roman* drops from *British* eyes.  
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,  
What *Plato* thought, and godlike *Cato* was:  
No common object to your sight displays,  
But what with pleasure heav'n it self surveys;  
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,  
And greatly falling with a falling state!  
While *Cato* gives his little senate laws,  
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?  
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?  
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?  
Ev'n

260 MISCELLANIES.

Ev'n when proud *Cæsar* 'midst triumphal cars,  
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,  
Ignobly vain and impotently great,  
Show'd *Rome* her *Cato*'s figure drawn in state;  
As her dead Father's rev'rend image past,  
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaſt;  
The triumph ceaſ'd — Tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;  
The World's great Victor paſ'd unheeded by;  
Her laſt good man dejected *Rome* ador'd,  
And honour'd *Cæſar*'s leſs than *Cato*'s ſword.

*Britains* attend: Be worth like this approv'd,  
And ſhow, you have the virtue to be mov'd.  
With honeſt ſcorn the firſt fam'd *Cato* view'd  
*Rome* learning arts from *Greece*, whom ſhe ſubdu'd;  
Our ſcene precariouſly ſubſiſts too long  
On *French* tranſlation, and *Italian* ſong.  
Dare to have ſenſe your ſelves; aſſert the ſtage,  
Be juſtly warm'd with your own native rage.  
Such Plays alone ſhould pleaſe a *Britiſh* ear,  
As *Cato*'s ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.



EPILOGUE To *JANE SHORE*,  
Deſign'd for Mrs. OLDFIELD.

**P** Rodigious this! the Frail one of our Play  
From her own ſex ſhould mercy find to day!  
You might have held the pretty head aſide,  
Peep'd in your fans, been ſerious, thus, and cry'd,  
The Play may paſs — but that ſtrange creature, *Shore*,  
I can't — indeed now — I ſo hate a whore —  
Juſt as a blockhead rubs his thoughtleſs ſkull,  
And thanks his ſtars he was not born a fool;

So

So from a sifter sinner you shall hear,  
 " How strangely you expose your self, my dear?  
 But let me die, all raillery apart,  
 Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;  
 And did not wicked custom so contrive,  
 We'd be the best, good-natur'd things alive

There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,  
 That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;  
 Such rage without betrays the fire within;  
 In some close corner of the soul, they sin:  
 Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,  
 Amidst their virtues, a reserve of vice.  
 The godly dame who fleshly failings damns,  
 Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams,  
 Wou'd you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners?  
 Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with sinners.

Well, if our author in the Wife offends,  
 He has a Husband that will make amends.  
 He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,  
 And sure such kind good creatures may be living.  
 In days of old they pardon'd breach of vows,  
 Stern *Cato's* self was no relentless spouse:

*Plu*——*Plutarch*, what's his name that writes his life?

Tells us, that *Cato* dearly lov'd his wife:  
 Yet if a friend a night, or so, should need her,  
 He'd recommend her, as a special breeder.  
 To lend a wife, few here would scruple make,  
 But pray which of you all would take her back?  
 Tho' with the Stoick chief our stage may ring,  
 The Stoick husband was the glorious thing.  
 The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,  
 And lov'd his country —— but what's that to you?  
 Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,  
 But the kind cuckold might instruct the City:

There,



262 MISCELLANIES.

There, many an honest man may copy *Cato*,  
Who ne'er saw naked Sword, or look'd in *Plato*.

If, after all, you think it a disgrace,  
That *Edward's* Miss thus perks it in your face,  
To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,  
In all the rest so impudently good;  
Faith, let the modest matrons of the town,  
Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet down.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Occasion'd by some *Verses* of his GRACE  
the *Duke* of *BUCKINGHAM*.

MUSE, 'tis enough: at length thy labour ends,  
And thou shalt live; for *Buckingham* commends.  
Let crowds of criticks now my verse assail,  
Let *D——s* write, and nameless numbers rail:  
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain;  
Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain.  
*Sheffield* approves, consenting *Phæbus* bends,  
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

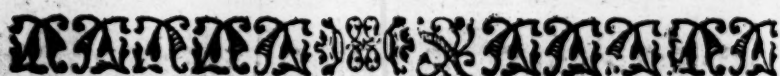
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ELOISA



ELOISA  
TO  
ABELARD.



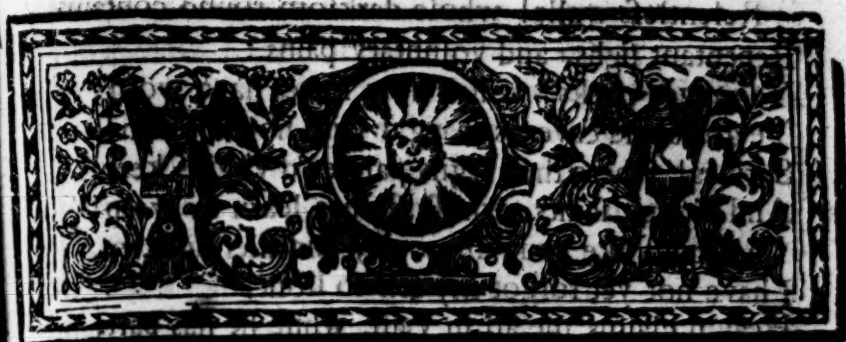


## The ARGUMENT.

**A** Belard and Eloisa flourish'd in the twelfth Century; they were two of the most distinguish'd persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of Calamities, they retired each to a several Convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a Friend, which contain'd the history of his misfortunes, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasion'd those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.



Wh  
Wh  
Yet,  
And  
D  
Nor  
Hide  
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Oh v  
Alre  
In va  
Her



## Eloisa to Abelard.



IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,  
Where heav'nly-pensive contemplation  
dwells,  
And ever-musing melancholy reigns;  
What means this tumult in a Vestal's  
veins?

Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?

Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?

Yet, yet I love! — From *Abelard* it came,

And *Eloisa* yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,

Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd.

Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,

Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd Idea lies.

Oh write it not, my hand — The name appears

Already written — wash it out, my tears!

In vain lost *Eloisa* weeps and prays,

Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

T

Relent.



Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains  
 Repellant sighs, and voluntary pains :  
 Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;  
 Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!  
 Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,  
 And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!  
 Tho' cold like you, unmov'd, and silent grown,  
 I have not yet forgot my self to stone.

Heav'n claims me all in vain, while he has part,  
 Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;  
 Nor pray'rs, nor fasts, its stubborn pulse restrain,  
 Nor tears, for ages, taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy Letters trembling I uncloze,  
 That well-known name awakens all my woes:  
 Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!

Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear!  
 I tremble too where-e'er my own I find,  
 Some dire misfortune follows close behind.  
 Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,  
 Led thro' a sad variety of woe:

Now warm in love, now with'ring in thy bloom,  
 Lost in a Convent's solitary gloom!

There stern religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,  
 There dy'd the best of passions, Love and Fame.

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join  
 Grievs to thy griefs, and eccho sighs to thine.  
 Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away.  
 And is my *Abelard* less kind than they?

Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,  
 Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r;  
 No happier task these faded eyes pursue,  
 To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;  
 Ah more than share it! give me all thy grief.

Heav'n

Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,  
 Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;  
 They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires;  
 Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;  
 The virgin's wish without her fears impart,  
 Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart;  
 Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,  
 And waft a sigh from *Indus* to the *Pole*.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,  
 When love approach'd me under friendship's name;  
 My fancy forin'd thee of angelic kind,  
 Some emanation of th' all-beauteous mind:  
 Those smiling eyes; attempt'ring ev'ry ray,  
 Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day:  
 Guiltless I gaz'd; heav'n listen'd while you sung;  
 And truths \* divine came mended from that tongue.  
 From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?  
 Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:  
 Back thro' the paths of pleasing sense I ran,  
 Nor wish'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man.  
 Dim and remote the joys of saints I see,  
 Nor envy them, that heav'n I lose for thee:

How oft', when press'd to marriage, have I said;  
 Curse on all laws but those which love has made?  
 Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,  
 Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.  
 Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame;  
 August her deed, and sacred be her fame;  
 Before true passion all those views remove,  
 Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?  
 The jealous God, when we prophane his fires,  
 Those restless passions in revenge inspires;

---

\* He was her Preceptor in Philosophy and Divinity.

And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,  
 Who seek in love for ought but love alone.  
 Should at my feet the world's great master fall,  
 Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all:  
 Not *Cæsar's* empress wou'd I deign to prove;  
 No, make me mistress to the man I love;  
 If there be yet another name more free,  
 More fond than Mistress, make me that to thee!  
 Oh happy state! when souls each other draw,  
 When love is liberty, and nature, law:  
 All then is full, possessing, and possest,  
 No craving Void left aking in the breast:  
 Ev'n thought meets thought e're from the lips it part,  
 And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.  
 This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)  
 And once the lot of *Abelard* and me.

Alas how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise?  
 A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies!  
 Where, where was *Eloise*? her voice, her hand,  
 Her ponyard, had oppos'd the dire command.  
 Barbarian stay! that bloody hand restrain;  
 The crime was common, common be the pain.  
 I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress,  
 Let tears, and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,  
 When victims at yon' altar's foot we lay?  
 Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,  
 When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?  
 As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,  
 The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:  
 Heav'n scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,  
 And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made.  
 Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,  
 Not on the Cross my eyes were fix'd, but you;

Not

Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,  
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.  
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;  
Those still, at least, are left thee to bestow.  
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,  
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,  
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be prest;  
Give all thou canst——and let me dream the rest.  
Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize,  
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,  
Full in my view set all the bright abode,  
And make my soul quit *Abelard* for God.

Ah think at least thy flock deserve thy care,  
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r,  
From the false world in early youth they fled,  
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.  
You rais'd these \* hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,  
And Paradise was open'd in the Wild.  
No weeping Orphan saw his Father's stores  
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;  
No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n,  
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited Heav'n:  
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,  
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.  
In these lone walls (their days eternal bound)  
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,  
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,  
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;  
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,  
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.  
But now no face divine contentment wears,  
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.

---

\* He founded the Monastery.



See how the force of others pray'rs I try,  
 (Oh pious fraud of am'rous charity!)  
 But why should I on others pray'rs depend?  
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!  
 Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,  
 And, all those tender names in one, thy love!  
 The darksome pines that o'er yon' rocks reclin'd  
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind;  
 The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,  
 The grotts that eccho to the tinkling rills;  
 The dying gales that pant upon the trees,  
 The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;  
 No more these scenes my meditation aid,  
 Or lull to rest the visionary maid:  
 But o'er the twilight groves, and dusky caves,  
 Long-sounding isles, and intermingled graves,  
 Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws  
 A death-like silence, and a dread repose:  
 Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,  
 Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,  
 Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,  
 And breathes a browner horror on the woods.  
 Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;  
 Sad proof how well a lover can obey!  
 Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;  
 And here ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain,  
 Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,  
 And wait, till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.  
 Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,  
 Confess'd within the slave of love and man.  
 Assist me, Heav'n! but whence arose that pray'r?  
 Sprung it from piety, or from despair?  
 Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,  
 Love finds an altar for forbidden fires,

I ought

I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;  
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;  
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,  
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new:  
Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence,  
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.  
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,  
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!  
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,  
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?  
How the dear object from the crime remove,  
Or how distinguish penitence from love?  
Unequal task! a passion to resign,  
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine!  
E're such a soul regains its peaceful state,  
How often must it love, how often hate!  
How often, hope, despair, resent, regret,  
Conceal, disdain——do all things but forget!  
But let heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd,  
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!  
Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,  
Renounce my love, my life, my self——and you,  
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for He  
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot?  
The world forgetting, by the world forgot.  
Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind!  
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd;  
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;  
"Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;  
Desires compos'd, affections ever even,  
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n.  
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,  
And whisp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams.

For

For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,  
 For her white virgins *Hymeneals* sing;  
 For her th' unfading rose of *Eden* blooms,  
 And wings of Seraphs shed divine perfumes;  
 To sounds of heav'nly harps, she dies away,  
 And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,  
 Far other raptures of unholy joy:  
 When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,  
 Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,  
 Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,  
 All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee,  
 O curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night!  
 How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!  
 Provoking Dæmons all restraint remove,  
 And stir within me ev'ry source of love.  
 I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,  
 And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.  
 I wake, no more I hear, no more I view,  
 The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.  
 I call aloud; it hears not what I say;  
 I stretch my empty arms; it glides away:  
 To dream once more I close my willing eyes;  
 Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!  
 Alas no more!——methinks we wandring go  
 Thro dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe;  
 Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,  
 And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.  
 Sudden you mount! you becken from the skies.  
 Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.  
 I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,  
 And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain  
 A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;

Thy

Thy life a long, dead calm of fix'd repose;  
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.  
Still as the sea, e're winds were taught to blow,  
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;  
Soft as the slumbers of a faint forgiv'n,  
And mild as opening gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come *Abelard*! for what hast thou to dread?  
The torch of *Venus* burns not for the dead;  
Cut from the root my perish'd joys I see,  
And love's warm tyde for ever stopt in thee.  
Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;  
Ev'n thou art cold — yet *Eloisa* loves.  
Ah hopeles', lasting flames! like those that burn  
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where-e'er I turn my view,  
The dear Ideas, where I fly, pursue,  
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,  
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes!  
I waste the *Matin* lamp in sighs for thee,  
Thy image steals between my God and me;  
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,  
With ev'ry bead I drop too soot a tear.  
When from the Censer clouds of fragrance roll,  
And swelling organs lift the rising soul;  
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,  
Priests, Tapers, Temples, swim before my sight:  
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,  
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie, 't  
Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,  
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,  
And dawning grace is opening on my soul:  
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!  
Oppose thy self to heav'n; dispute my heart;

Come,



274 MISCELLANIES.

Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes,  
Blot out each bright Idea of the skies.  
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears,  
Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs,  
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode,  
Assist the Fiends and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me! far as Pole from Pole;  
Rise *Alps* between us! and whole oceans roll!  
Ah come not, write not, think not once of me,  
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.  
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign,  
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.  
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)  
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas! all adieu!  
O grace serene! oh virtue heav'nly fair!  
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!  
Fresh blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky!  
And faith, our early immortality!  
Enter each mild, each amicable guest;  
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!

See in her Cell sad *Eloisa* spread,  
Propt in some tomb, a neighbour of the dead!  
In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls,  
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.  
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,  
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.  
Come, sister come! (it said, or seem'd to say)  
Thy place is here, sad sister come away!  
Once like thy self, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,  
Love's victim then, tho' now a fainted maid:  
But all is calm in this eternal sleep;  
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,  
Ev'n superstition loses ev'ry fear:  
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here,

I come,

# MISCELLANIES. 275

I come, ye ghosts! prepare your roseate bow'rs,  
 Celestial palms, and ever blooming flow'rs.  
 Thither, where sinners may have rest. I go,  
 Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow.  
 Thou, *Abelard*! the last sad office pay,  
 And smoothe my passage to the realms of day:  
 See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,  
 Suck my last breath, and catch the flying soul!  
 Ah no — in sacred vestments may't thou stand,  
 The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,  
 Present the Cross before my lifted eye,  
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.  
 Ah then, thy once-lov'd *Eloisa* see!  
 It will be then no crime to gaze on me.  
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly!  
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye!  
 Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath, be o'er;  
 And ev'n my *Abelard* belov'd no more.  
 O death all-eloquent! you only prove  
 What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,  
 (That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)  
 In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,  
 Bright clouds descend, and Angels watch thee round,  
 From opening skies may streaming glories shine,  
 And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May \* one kind grave unite each hapless name,  
 And graft my love immortal on thy fame.  
 Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,  
 When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;

---

\* *Abelard and Eloisa were interr'd in the same grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the Monastery of the Paraclete: He died in the year 1142. she in 1163.*

## 276 MISCELLANIES.

If ever chance two wandring lovers brings  
 To *Paraclete's* white walls, and silver springs,  
 O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,  
 And drink the falling tears each other sheds,  
 Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,  
 Oh may we never love as these have lov'd!  
 From the full quire when loud *Hosanna's* rise,  
 And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,  
 Amid that scene, if some relenting eye  
 Glance on the stone where our cold reliques lie,  
 Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,  
 One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.  
 And sure if fate some future Bard shall join  
 In sad similitude of griefs to mine,  
 Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,  
 And image charms he must behold no more,  
 Such if there be, who loves so long, so well;  
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell;  
 The well-sung woes shall sooth my pensive ghost;  
 He best can paint 'em, who shall feel 'em most.

---





TO THE  
 Author of a POEM,  
 ENTITLED,  
 SUCCESSIO.

☞ *These following POEMS by the AUTHOR,  
 are not in the Folio Edition.*

**B**E gone, ye critics, and restrain your spite;  
 Codrus writes on, and will for ever write;  
 The heaviest muse the swiftest course has gone,  
 As clocks run fastest when most lead is on.  
 What tho' no bees around your cradle flew,  
 Nor on your lips distill'd their golden dew,  
 Yet have we oft discover'd in their stead  
 A swarm of drones that buzz'd about your head.  
 When you, like *Orpheus*, strike the warbling lyre,  
 Attentive blocks stand round you, and admire.  
 Wit, pass'd thro' thee, no longer is the same,  
 As meat digested, takes a diff'rent name;

But



278 MISCELLANIES.

But sense must sure thy safest plunder be,  
 Since no reprizals can be made on thee.  
 Thus thou may'st rise, and in thy daring flight  
 (Tho' ne'er so weighty) reach a wond'rous height;  
 So, forc'd from engines, lead it self can fly,  
 And pondrous flugs move nimbly thro' the sky,  
 Sure *Bavins* copy'd *Mævius* to the full,  
 And *Cherilus* taught *Codrns* to be dull;  
 Therefore, dear friend, at my advice give o'er  
 This needless labour, and contend no more,  
 To prove a dull *Succession* to be true,  
 Since 'tis enough we find it so in you.

---




---

Epitaph



# EPITAPH

Design'd for

Mr. ROWE in *Westminster-Abbey*.

---

*To the Memory of Nicholas ROWE, Esq; his  
Wife erected this Monument.*

THY reliques, *Rowe*, to this fair shrine we trust,  
And sacred, place by *Dryden's* awful dust:  
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,  
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.  
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!  
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!  
One grateful woman to thy fame supply'd,  
What a whole thankless land to his deny'd.

VERSES



# VERSES

Occasion'd by

*Mr. ADDISON's Treatise of Medals.*

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years!  
 How *Rome* her own sad sepulchre appears:  
 With nodding arches, broken temples spread!  
 The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!  
 Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age;  
 Some, hostile fury; some, religious rage;  
 Barbarian blindness, christian zeal conspire,  
 And papal pisty, and *Gothic* fire.  
 Perhaps by its own ruin sav'd from flame,  
 Some bury'd marble half preserves a name;  
 That name, the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,  
 And give to *Titus*, old *Vespasian's* due.  
 Ambition sigh'd. She found it vain to trust  
 The faithless column, and the crumbling bust;  
 Huge moles, whose shadow stretch from shore to shore,  
 Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!  
 Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design;  
 And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.

A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps;  
 Beneath her palm here sad *Judea* weeps;  
 Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,  
 And scarce are seen the prostrate *Nile* and *Rhine*:  
 A small *Euphrates* thro' the piece is roll'd;  
 And little *Eagles* wave their wings in gold.  
 The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,  
 Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:  
 In one short view, subjected to our eye,  
 Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties lie.  
 With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore,  
 Th' inscription value; but the rust adore:  
 This, the blue varnish, that, the green endears,  
 The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years.  
 To gain *Percennius* one employs his schemes;  
 One grasps a *Cecrops* in ecstatic dreams:  
 Poor *Vadius*, long with learned spleen devour'd,  
 Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd;  
 And *Curio*, restless by the fair one's side,  
 Sighs for an *Otho*, and neglects his bride.

There's is the vanity, the learning thine,  
 Touch'd by thy hand, again *Rome's* glories shine:  
 Her gods, and godlike heroes rise to view,  
 And all her faded garlands bloom anew.  
 Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;  
 These pleas'd the fathers of poetick rage;  
 The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,  
 And art reflected images to art.

Oh when shall *Britain*, conscious of her claim,  
 Stand emulous of *Greek* and *Roman* fame?  
 In living medals see her wars enroll'd,  
 And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?  
 Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;  
 There warriors frowning in historic brass.

U

Then



282 MISCELLANIES.

Then future ages with delight shall see,  
 How *Plato's*, *Bacon's*, *Newton's* looks agree:  
 Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shown,  
 A *Virgil* there, and here an *Addison*.  
 Then shall thy *Craggs* (and let me call him mine)  
 On the east ore, another *Pollio*, shine;  
 With aspect open shall erect his head,  
 And round the orb in lasting notes be read.  
 " Statesman, yet friend to truth, in soul sincere,  
 " In action faithful, and in honour clear;  
 " Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,  
 " Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;  
 " Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,  
 " And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the muse he lov'd.




---

DEDI.



# DEDICATION

## TO

Dr. *PARNELL*'s POEMS.

---

*To the Right Honourable Robert, Earl  
of Oxford, and Earl Mortimer.*

SUCH were the notes, thy once-lov'd Poet sung,  
'Till death untimely stop'd his tuneful tongue.  
Oh just beheld, and lost! admir'd, and mourn'd  
With softest manners, gentlest arts, adorn'd!  
Blest in each science, blest in ev'ry strain!  
Dear to the Muse, to *Harley* dear in vain!  
For him thou oft' hast bid the world attend;  
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;  
For *swift* and him, despis'd the farce of state,  
The sober follies of the wise and great;  
Dext'rous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,  
And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.  
Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,  
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)

Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsom days,  
Still hear thy *Parnell* in his living lays:

Who careless, now, of int'rest, fame, or fate,  
Perhaps forgets that *Oxford* e'er was great;  
Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,  
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

And sure if ought below the seats divine  
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine:  
A soul supreme in each hard instance try'd,  
Above all pain, all anger, and all pride,  
The rage of pow'r, the blast of publick breath,  
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to desarts thy retreat is made;  
The muse attends thee to the silent shade:  
'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,  
Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.

When int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,  
When all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain;  
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,  
When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.  
Ev'n now, she shades thy ev'ning walk with bays,  
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise)  
Ev'n now observant of the parting ray,  
Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day,  
Thro' fortune's cloud one truly great can see,  
Nor fears to tell, that *Mortimer* is he.

Sept. 25.

1721.

---

Epitaph



E P I T A P H

O N

Mr. *H A R C O U R T*, Son

T O T H E

Lord *Harcourt*.

**T**O this sad shrine, who e'er thou art, draw near,  
If ever Friend, if ever Son was dear;  
Here lyes the youth, who ne'er his friend deny'd,  
Nor gave his father grief, but when he dy'd.  
How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!  
When *Pope* must tell what *Harcourt* cannot speak!  
Let then thy once lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,  
And with a father's sorrow mix his own.

SELECT



Tele

Selea

SELECT

# *Select* POEMS,

B Y

Some of the most celebra-  
ted WITS of the AGE.

Several of which, were never be-  
fore publish'd in any COLLECTION.

---

*Perpetuâ semper dignissima vitâ.*

---



---

D U B L I N:

Printed by and for George Grierson, at  
the *Two-Bibles* in *Essex-street*, 1727.

# SELECT POEMS

BY

SOME OF THE MOST CELEBRATED  
POETS OF THE 18TH CENTURY

SEVERAL OF WHICH WERE NEVER BEFORE  
PUBLISHED IN ANY COLLECTION

---

Translated from the original Latin.

---

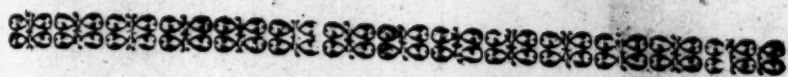


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TO BE HAD

OF THE BOOKSellers in Fleet Street, 1717.  
Printed by and for George Gutteridge, at

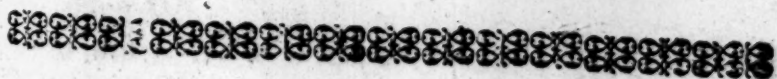
1490. R. 48.



*Cooper's-Hill,*

A

P O E M.





Geop. 2-Hill

P O E M

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## Cooper's-Hill.

SURE there are Poets which did never dream  
 Upon *Parnassus*, nor did taste the Stream  
 Of *Helicon*; we therefore may suppose  
 Those made not Poets, but the Poet those.  
 And as Courts make not Kings, but Kings the Court,  
 So where the Muses, and their Train resort,  
*Parnassus* stands; if I can be to thee  
 A Poet, thou *Parnassus* art to me.  
 Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight,  
 By taking Wing from thy auspicious height)  
 Thro' untrac'd ways, and æry paths I fly,  
 More boundless in my Fancy, than my eye:  
 My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space  
 That lyes between, and first salutes the place  
 Crown'd with that sacred Pile, so vast, so high,  
 That whether it's a part of Earth, or Sky,  
 Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud  
 Aspiring Mountain, or descending Cloud:

Paul's

*Paul's* the late Theme of such a Muse whose flight \*  
 Has bravely reach'd, and soar'd above thy height;  
 Now shalt thou stand, tho' Sword, or Time, or Fire,  
 Or Zeal, more fierce than they, thy fall conspire;  
 Secure, whilst thee the best of Poets sings,  
 Preserv'd from ruin by the best of Kings.  
 Under his proud survey the City lies,  
 And like a mist beneath a Hill doth rise;  
 Whose state, and wealth, the bus'ness, and the Crowd,  
 Seems at this distance but a darker Cloud:  
 And is to him, who rightly things esteems,  
 No other, in effect, than what it seems;  
 Where with like haste, tho' sev'ral ways they run,  
 Some to undo, and some to be undone;  
 While Luxury, and Wealth, like War, and Peace,  
 Are each the others ruin, and increase,  
 As Rivers Lost in Seas some secret Vein  
 Thence re-conveys, there to be lost again.  
 O happiness of sweet retir'd content,  
 To be at once secure, and innocent!  
*Wind* for the next (where *Mars*, with *Venus* dwells,  
 Beauty with Strength) above the Valley swells  
 Into my eye, and doth it self present  
 With such an easie, and unforc'd ascent,  
 That no stupendous precipice denies  
 Access, no horror turns away our eyes:  
 But such a Rise as doth at once invite  
 A pleasure, and a rev'rence from the sight;  
 Thy mighty Master's Emblem, in whose face  
 Sate Meekness, heightned with Majestic Grace;  
 Such seems the gentle Height, made only proud  
 To be the Basis of that pompous load,

---

\* *Mr. Waller.*

Than

Than which, a nobler weight no Mountain bears,  
 But *Atlas* only, that supports the Spheres.  
 When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,  
 'Twas guided by a wiser pow'r than Chance;  
 Mark'd out for such a use, as if 'twere meant  
 T' invite the Builder, and his chioce prevent.  
 Nor can we call it choice, when what we chuse,  
 Folly, or blindness, only could refuse.  
 A Crown of such Majestic Tow'rs doth grace  
 The God's great Mother, when her heav'nly race  
 Do homage to her, yet she cannot boast  
 Amongst that num'rous, and Celestial Host,  
 More *Heroes* than can *Windsor*, nor doth Fame's  
 Immortal Book record more noble Names.  
 Not to look back so far, to whom this isle  
 Owes the first Glory of so brave a Pile,  
 Whether to *Cæsar*, *Albanact*, or *Brute*,  
 The British *Arthur*, or the Danish *Knute*,  
 (Tho' this of old no less contest did move,  
 Than when for *Homer's* Birth sev'n Cities strove)  
 Like him in Birth, thou should'st be like in Fame,  
 (As thine his Fate, if mine had been his Flame)  
 But whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd  
 First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.  
 Not to recount those sev'ral Kings, to whom  
 It gave a Cradle, or to whom a Tomb,  
 But thee (great \* *Edward*) and thy greater Son,  
 (The Lillies, which his Father wore, he won)  
 And thy † *Bellona*, who the Consort came  
 Not only to thy Bed, but to thy Fame.

---

\* *Edward the Third*, and the *Black Prince* † *Queen Philippa*.

\* She



## 294 MISCELLANIES.

\* She to thy Triumph led one Captive King,  
 And brought that Son, which did the second bring;  
 Then didst thou found that order (whether Love,  
 Or Victory thy Royal thoughts did move)  
 Each was a Noble Cause, and nothing less  
 Than the design, has been the great success:  
 Which Foreign Kings, and Emperors esteem  
 The second honour to their Diadem.  
 Had thy great Destiny but giv'n the skill,  
 To know, as well as pow'r to act her will,  
 That from those Kings, who then thy Captives were,  
 In after-time should spring a Royal Pair,  
 Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r,  
 Or thy desires, more mighty, did devour;  
 To whom their better Fate reserves what-e'er  
 The Victor hopes for, or the Vanquish'd fear;  
 That Blood, which thou, and thy Great Grandfire shed,  
 And all that since these Sister Nations bled,  
 Had been unpilt, had happy *Edward* known  
 That all the Blood he spilt, had been his own.  
 When he that Patron chose, in whom are joyn'd  
 Soldier, and Martyr, and his Arms confin'd  
 Within the azure Circle, he did seem  
 But to foretel, and prophesie of him,  
 Who to his Realms that Azure round hath joyn'd,  
 Which Nature for their Bound at first design'd;  
 That Bound, which to the World's extreamest ends,  
 Endless it self, its liquid arms extends;  
 Nor doth he need those Emblems which we paint,  
 But is himself the Soldier, and the Saint.  
 Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,  
 But my fixt thoughts my wandring eye betrays,

---

\* The Kings of *France* and *Scotland*.

View-

Viewing a Neighb'ring Hill, whose top of late  
 A Chappel crown'd, till in the common Fate,  
 Th' adjoining Abbey fell; (may no such storm  
 Fall on our times, where ruin must reform.)  
 Tell me (my Muse) what monstrous, dire offence,  
 What crime could any Christian King incense  
 To such a rage? Was't Luxury, or Lust?  
 Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just?  
 Were these their crimes? they were his own much more;  
 But Wealth is crime enough to him that's poor,  
 Who having spent the Treasures of his Crown,  
 Condemns their Luxury to feed his own.  
 And yet this Act, to varnish o'er the shame  
 Of Sacrilege, must bear Devotion's Name.  
 No crime so bold, but would be understood  
 A real, or at least a seeming good,  
 Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the Name,  
 And, free from Conscience, is a Slave to Fame.  
 Thus he the Church at once protects, and spoils:  
 But Princes Swords are sharper than their stiles.  
 And thus to th' Ages past he makes amends,  
 Their Charity destroys, their Faith defends.  
 Then did Religion in a lazy Cell,  
 In empty, aëry Contemplations dwell;  
 And like the block, unmoved lay: but ours,  
 As much too active, like the Stork devours.  
 Is there no temp'rate Region can be known,  
 Betwixt their Frigid, and our Torrid Zone?  
 Could we not wake from that Lethargick Dream,  
 But to be restless in a worse Extream?  
 And for that Lethargy was there no Cure,  
 But to be cast into a Calenture?  
 Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance  
 So far, to make us wish for ignorance?

And

## 296 MISCELLANIES.

And rather in the dark to grope our way,  
 Than, led by a false Guide, to err by day?  
 Who sees these dismal Heaps, but would demand,  
 What barbarous Invader sack'd the Land?  
 But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring  
 This desolation, but a Christian King;  
 When nothing, but the Name of Zeal, appears  
 'Twixt our best actions, and the worst of their's,  
 What does he think our Sacrilege would spare,  
 When such th' effects of our Devotion are?  
 Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,  
 Those for what's past, and this for what's too near;  
 My eye descending from the Hill, surveys  
 Where *Thames* amongst the wanton Vallies strays:  
*Thames*, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's Sons,  
 By his old Sire, to his embraces runs,  
 Hastening to pay his tribute to the Sea,  
 Like mortal life to meet Eternity.  
 Tho' with those streams he no resemblance hold,  
 Whose foam is Amber, and their Gravel Gold;  
 His genuine, and less guilty wealth t'explore,  
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore;  
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,  
 And hatches plenty for th' ensuing Spring.  
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,  
 Like Mothers, which their infants over-lay:  
 Nor with a sudden, and impetuous wave,  
 Like profuse Kings, resumes the wealth he gave;  
 No unexpected inundations spoil  
 The Mower's hopes, nor mock the plowman's toil:  
 But Godlike his unwearied bounty flows;  
 First loves to do, then loves the Good he does:  
 Nor are his Blessings to his banks confin'd,  
 But free, and common, as the Sea, or Wind;

When

When he to boast, or to disperse his stores,  
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,  
Visits the World, and in his flying tow'rs  
Brings home to us, and makes both *Indies* ours;  
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,  
Cities in deserts, Woods in Cities plants.  
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,  
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.  
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream  
My great example, as it is my theme!  
Tho' deep, yet clear, tho' gentle, yet not dull,  
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full!  
Heav'n her *Eridanus* no more shall boast,  
Whose Fame's in thine, like lesser Currents, lost;  
Thy Nobler streams shall visit *Jove's* abodes,  
To shine amongst the Stars, and bathe the Gods.  
\* Here Nature, whether more intent to please  
Us, or her self, with strange varieties,  
(For things of wonder give no less delight  
To the wise Maker's, than Beholder's sight:  
Tho' these delights from sev'ral causes move;  
For so our Children, thus our Friends we love)  
Wisely she knew the harmony of things,  
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.  
Such was the discord, which did first disperse  
Form, Order, Beauty, thro' the Universe;  
While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,  
All that we have, and that we are, subsists;  
While the steep, horrid roughness of the Wood  
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood.  
Such huge extreams when Nature doth unite,  
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight,

---

\* *The Forest.*

X

The



The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,  
 That had the self-enamour'd \* Youth gaz'd here,  
 So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,  
 While he the bottom, not his face, had seen;  
 But his proud head the aëry Mountain hides  
 Among the Clouds; his shoulders, and his sides  
 A shady Mantle clothes; his curled Brows  
 Frown on the gentle Stream, which calmly flows,  
 While Winds, and Storms his lofty Forehead beat,  
 The common Fate of all that's High, or Great.  
 Low at his Foot a spacious Plain is plac'd,  
 Between the Mountain, and the Stream embrac'd;  
 Which Shade and Shelter from the Hill derives,  
 While the kind River Wealth, and Beauty gives!  
 And in the mixture of all these appears  
 Variety, which all the rest indears.

This Scene, had some bold Greek, or British bard  
 Beheld of old, what Stories had we heard,  
 Of Fairies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs, their Dames,  
 Their Feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames?  
 'Tis still the same, altho' their aëry shape,  
 All but a quick Poetick sight escape.  
 There *Faunus*, and *Sylvanus* keep their Courts,  
 And thither all the horned Host resorts,  
 To graze the ranker Mead, that noble Herd  
 On whose sublime, and shady front is rear'd  
 Nature's great master-piece; to shew how soon  
 Great things are made, but sooner are undone,  
 Here have I seen the King, when great Affairs  
 Gave leave to slacken, and unbend his cares,  
 Attended to the Chase by all the flow'r  
 Of Youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour:

---

\* *Narcissus*.

Pleasure

Pleasure with praise, and danger they would buy,  
 And with a Foe that would not only fly.  
 The Stag now conscious of his fatal Growth,  
 At once indulgent to his Fear, and Sloth,  
 To some dark Covert his retreat had made,  
 Where nor Man's Eye, nor Heav'n's should invade  
 His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound  
 Of Dogs, and Men, his wakeful ear doth wound :  
 Rouz'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear:  
 Willing to think th' illusions of his fear  
 Had giv'n this false Alarm, but strait his view  
 Confirms, that more than all he fears is true:  
 Betray'd in all his Strength, the Wood beset,  
 All Instruments, all Arts of Ruin met,  
 He calls to mind his Strength, and then his Speed,  
 His winged Heels, and then his armed Head;  
 With these t'avoid, with that his Fate to meet:  
 But fear prevails, and bids him trust his Feet.  
 So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye  
 Has lost the Chasers, and his ear the Cry:  
 Exulting, till he finds, their Nobler Sense;  
 Their disproportion'd Speed does recompense.  
 Then curses his conspiring Feet, whose scent  
 Betrays that safety, which their swiftness lent.  
 Then tries his Friends; among the baser herd,  
 Where he so lately was obey'd, and fear'd,  
 His safety seeks: the Herd, unkindly wise,  
 Or chases him from thence, or from him flies:  
 Like a declining Statesman, left forlorn  
 To his Friends pity, and Pursuers scorn;  
 With shame remembers, while himself was one  
 Of the same Herd, himself the same had done.  
 Thence to the Coverts, and the conscious Groves,  
 The Scenes of his past Triumphs, and his Loves;

Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone  
 Prince of the Soil, and all the Herd his own;  
 And like a bold Knight-Errant did proclaim  
 Combate to all, and bore away the Dame;  
 And taught the Woods to echo to the Stream  
 His dreadful Challenge, and his clashing Beam;  
 Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife;  
 So much his Love was dearer than his Life.  
 Now ev'ry Leaf, and ev'ry moving Breath  
 Presents a Foe, and ev'ry Foe a Death.  
 Weary'd, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last  
 All safety in despair of safety plac'd,  
 Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear  
 All their Assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.  
 And now too late he wishes for the fight  
 That strength, he wasted in ignoble flight;  
 But when he sees the eager Chase renew'd,  
 Himself by Dogs, the Dogs by Men pursu'd:  
 He strait revokes his bold resolve, and more  
 Repents his courage, than his fear before;  
 Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,  
 And Doubt a greater mischief than Despair.  
 Then to the Stream, when neither Friends, nor Force,  
 Nor speed, nor Art avail, he shapes his course;  
 Thinks not their rage so desp'rate to assay  
 An Element more merciless than they.  
 But fearless they pursue, nor can the Flood  
 Quench their dire Thirst; alas, they thirst for Blood!  
 So tow'rd a Ship the oarfin'd Gallies ply,  
 Which wanting Sea to ride, or Wind to fly,  
 Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare  
 Tempt the last fury of extream Despair.  
 So fares the Stag among th'enraged Hounds,  
 Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds.

And

And as an Hero, whom his baser Foes  
 In Troops surround, now these assails, now those,  
 Tho' Prodigal of Life, disdains to dye  
 By common hands; but if he can descry  
 Some nobler Foe's approach, to him he calls,  
 And begs his Fate, and then contented falls.  
 So when the King a mortal Shaft lets flye  
 From his unerring hand, then glad to dye,  
 Proud of the wound, to it resigns his Blood,  
 And stains the Crystal with a purple Flood.  
 This a more innocent and happy Chase,  
 Than when of old but in the self-same place,  
 \* Fair Liberty pursu'd, and meant a Prey  
 To lawless power, here turn'd, and stood at Bay.  
 When in that remedy all hope was plac'd,  
 Which was, or should have been at least, the last.  
 Here was that Charter seal'd, wherein the Crown †  
 All marks of Arbitrary Power lays down:  
 Tyrant, and Slave, those Names, of hate and fear,  
 The happier Style of King, and subject bear:  
 Happy when both to the same Center move,  
 When Kings give Liberty, and subjects Love.  
 Therefore not long in force this Charter stood;  
 Wanting that Seal, it must be seal'd in Blood.  
 The Subjects arm'd, the more their Princes gave,  
 Th' advantage only took the more to crave.  
 Till Kings by giving, give themselves away,  
 And ev'n that power that should deny, betray.  
 "Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reveals,  
 "Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts, but spoils.  
 Thus Kings, by grasping more than they could hold,  
 First made their subjects by oppression bold:

---

*Runny Mead, where the Great Charter was first  
 sealed. † Magna Charta.*

And



And pop'lar sway, by forcing kings to give  
More than was fit for Subjects to receive,  
Ran to the same extreams; and one excess  
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.  
When a calm River rais'd with sudden rains,  
Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining Plains;  
The Husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure  
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure,  
But if with Bays, and Dams, they strive to force  
His Channel to a new, or narrow course;  
No longer then within his banks he dwells.  
First to a Torrent, then a Deluge swells:  
Stronger, and fiercer! by restraint he roars,  
And knows no bound, but makes his pow'r his shores.

---





A N  
E S S A Y  
O N

TRANSLATED *VERSE*.

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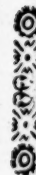
— *Fangar vice Cotis, acutum*  
*Reddere quæ ferrum valet exsors ipsa secandi.*

*Cape dona extrema tuorum.*

Hôr. de Art. Poet.  
Virg. *Æn.* III.

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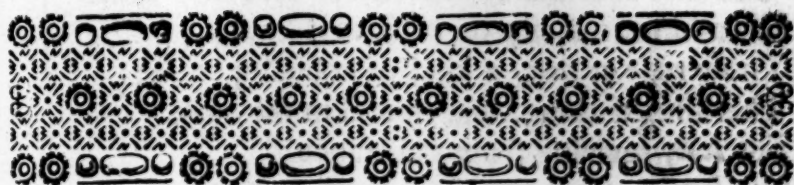




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Enric  
Than



TO THE  
EARL OF ROSCOMMON,

On his Excellent

ESSAY

ON

TRANSLATED VERSE.

WHETHER the fruitful *Nile*, or *Tyrian* shore,  
The seeds of arts, and infant science bore,  
'Tis sure the noble plant translated first,  
Advanc'd its head in *Grecian* gardens nurst.  
The *Grecians* added verse, their tuneful tongue  
Made Nature first, and Nature's God their song.  
Nor stopt translation here; for conquering *Rome*  
With *Grecian* spoils, brought *Grecian* numbers home;  
Enrich'd by those *Athenian* Muses more,  
Than all the vanquish'd world could yield before.

'Till



'Till barb'rous nations and more barb'rous times  
 Debas'd the majesty of verse to rhimes;  
 Those rude at first, a kind of hobbling prose;  
 That limp'd along, and tinc'd in the close:  
 But *Italy* reviving from the trance  
 Of *Vandal*, *Goth*, and *Monkish* ignorance,  
 With pauses, cadence, and well-vowel'd words,  
 And all the graces a good ear affords,  
 Made rhyme an art, and *Dante's* polish'd page  
 Restor'd a silver, not a golden age:  
 Then *Petrarch* follow'd, and in him we see,  
 What rhyme improv'd in all its height can be,  
 At best a pleasing sound, and fair barbarity:  
 The *French* pursu'd their steps; and *Britain*, last  
 In manly sweetness all the rest surpass'd.  
 The wit of *Greece*, the gravity of *Rome*  
 Appear exalted in the *British* loome;  
 The Muses empire is restor'd agen,  
 In *Charles* his reign, and by *Roscommon's* pen.  
 Yet modestly he does his work survey,  
 And calls a finish'd Poem an ESSAY;  
 For all the needful rules are scatter'd here;  
 Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe;  
 (So well his art disguis'd, for nature to appear)  
 Nor need those rules to give translation light;  
 His own example is a flame so bright;  
 That he, who but arrives to copy well,  
 Unguided will advance; unknowing will excell.  
 Scarce his own *Horace* cou'd such rules ordain;  
 Or his own *Virgil* sing a nobler strain.  
 How much in him may rising *Ireland* boast,  
 How much in gaining him has *Britain* lost!

Their

Their island in revenge has ours reclaim'd;  
 The more instructed we, the more we still are sham'd.  
 'Tis well for us his gen'rous blood did flow  
 Deriv'd from *British* channels long ago,  
 That here his conquering ancestors were nurst;  
 And *Ireland* but translated *England* first:  
 By this reprisal we regain our right,  
 Else must the two contending nations fight,  
 A nobler quarrel for his native earth,  
 Than what divided *Greece* for *Homer's* birth.  
 To what perfection will our tongue arrive,  
 How will invention and translation thrive  
 When Authors nobly born will bear their part,  
 And not disdain th' inglorious praise of Art!  
 Great Generals thus descending from command,  
 With their own toil provoke the Soldier's hand.  
 How will sweet *Ovid's* Ghost be pleas'd to hear  
 His fame augmented by an *English* Peer, \*  
 How he embellishes his *Helen's* loves,  
 Out-does his softness, and his sense improves?  
 When these translate, and teach Translators too,  
 Nor firstling kid, nor any vulgar vow  
 Shou'd at *Apollo's* grateful altar stand;  
*Roscommon* writes, to that auspicious hand,  
 Muse feed the bull that spurns the yellow sand.  
*Roscommon*, whom both court and camps commend,  
 True to his Prince, and faithful to his friend;  
*Roscommon* first in fields of honour known,  
 First in the peaceful triumphs of the Gown;  
 Who both *Minerva's* justly makes his own.

---

\* *The Earl of Mulgrave.*

308 MISCELLANIES.

Now let the few belov'd by *Jove*, and they,  
Whom infus'd *Titan* form'd of better clay,  
On equal terms of ancient wit ingage,  
Nor mighty *Homer* fear, nor sacred *Virgil's* page:  
Our *Engliff* palace opens wide in state;  
And without stooping they may pass the gate.

*John Dryden.*





A N  
E S S A Y  
O N TRANSLATED  
V E R S E.

---

By the Earl of Roscommon.

---

 Appy the *Author*, whose correct *Essay*,  
 Repairs so well our old *Horatian* way;  
 And happy you, who by propitious Fate  
 On great *Apollo's* Sacred *Standard* wait.  
 And with *strict Discipline* instructed right,  
 Have learnt to use your *Arms* before you *fight*.  
 But since the *Press*, the *Pulpit*, and the *Stage*  
 Conspire to *censure*, and *expose* the *Age*;  
 Provok'd too far we resolutely must  
 To the few *Virtues* that we have be just.  
 For who have *long'd*, or who have labour'd more  
 To search the *Treasures* of the *Roman Store*,  
 Or dig in *Gracian Mines* for purer *Ore*?  
 The noblest *Fruits* transplanted in our *Isle*,  
 With early *Hope*, and *Fragrant Blossoms* smile.

Familiar



Familiar *Ovid* tender *Thoughts* inspires,  
 And *Nature* seconds all his soft *Desires*;  
 The *ocristus* does now to us belong;  
 And *Albion's* Rocks repeat his rural Song.

Who hath not heard how *Italy* was blest,  
 Above the *Mede*, above the wealthy East?  
 Or *Gallus* Song, so tender and so true,  
 As ev'n *Lycoris* might with *Pity* view.

When mourning *Nymphs* attend their *Daphnis'* Herse,  
 Who doth not weep, that reads the moving Verse.

But hear, O hear, in what exalted Strains  
*Sicilian* *Muses* thro' these happy Plains,

Proclaim *Saturnian* Times, our own *Apollo* reigns? }

When *France* had breath'd after intestine Broils,  
 And *Peace* and *Conquest* crown'd her Foreign Toils,  
 There (cultivated by a Royal Hand)

*Learning* grew fast, and spread, and blest the Land;  
 The choicest Books that *Rome* and *Greece* have known,  
 Her excellent *Translators* made her own,

And *Europe* still considerably gains,  
 Both by their good *Example* and their *Pains*.

From hence our gen'rous *Emulation* came,  
 We undertook, and we perform'd the same:  
 But now we shew the World another way,  
 And in *Translated Verse* do more than they.

*Serene* and clear harmonious *Horace* flows,  
 With *Sweetness* not to be exprest in *Prose*.

*Degrading Prose* explains his meaning ill,  
 And shews the *Stuff* but not the *Workman's Skill*.

I who have serv'd him more than Twenty years,  
 Scarce know my *Master* as he there appears,  
 Vain are our *Neighbours* hopes, and vain their *Cares*,  
 The fault is more the *Language's* than theirs.

'Tis courtly florid, and abounds in Words,  
 Of softer sound than ours perhaps affords;

But

# MISCELLANIES. 311

But who did ever in *French Authors* see  
 The comprehensive *English Energy*?  
 The *weighty Bullion* of one *Sterling Line*,  
 Drawn in *French Wire* would thro' whole *Pages* shine:  
 I speak my *private* but *impartial* Sense,  
 With *Freedom*, and I hope without *Offence*;  
 For I'll recant, when *France* can shew me *Wit*,  
 As *strong* as ours, and as *succinctly* writ.  
 'Tis true *Composing* is the *Nobler Part*,  
 But good *Translating* is no *easy Art*:  
 For tho' *Materials* have long since been found,  
 Yet both your *Fancy* and your *Hands* are bound;  
 And by *improving* what was writ before,  
 Invention labours less, but *Judgment* more.  
 The Soil intended for *Pierian Seeds*,  
 Must be well purg'd from rank *Pedantick Weeds*.  
*Apollo* starts, and all *Parnassus* shakes,  
 At the *rude rumbling Barabaption* makes.  
 For none have been with *Admiration* read,  
 But who beside their *Learning* were well bred;  
 The first *great work* (a task perform'd by few)  
 Is that your *self* may to your *self* be true;  
 No *Masque*, no *Tricks*, no *Favour*, no *Reserve*;  
 Dissect your *Mind*, examine ev'ry *Nerve*.  
 Whoever vainly on his *Strength* depends,  
 Begins like *Virgil*, but like *Mævius* ends.  
 That *Wretch* (in spite of his forgotten *Rhymes*)  
 Condemn'd to live in all *succeeding times*;  
 With *pompous Nonsense*, and a *bellowing Sound*,  
*Sung lofty Ilium*, tumbling to the *Ground*.  
 And (if my *Muse* can thro' *past Ages* see)  
 That *nauseous*, *noisy*, *gaping Fool* was he;  
 Exploded when with *universal Scorn*,  
 The *Mountains* labour'd, and a *Mouse* was born.

Learn,

## 212 MISCELLANIES.

Learn, learn, *Crotona's* brawny wrestler cries  
*Audacious Mortals*, and be timely wise!  
'Twas I that call, remember *Milo's* end,  
Wedg'd in that *Timber*, which he strove to rend.  
Each *Poet* with a different *Talent* writes,  
One *Praises*, one *Instructs*, another bites.  
*Horace* did ne'er aspire to *Epick Bays*,  
Nor lofty *Maro* stoop to *Lyrick Lays*.  
Examine how your *Humour* is inclin'd,  
And which the *Ruling Passion* of your Mind;  
Then, seek a *Poet* who your way do's bend,  
And chuse an *Author*, as you chuse a *Friend*.  
United by this *Sympathetick Bond*,  
You grow *Familiar*, *Intimate*, and *Fond*;  
Your *thoughts*, your *Words*, your *Styles*, your *Souls* agree,  
No longer his *Interpreter*, but *He*.

With how much ease is a young *Muse* betray'd,  
How nice the *Reputation* of the *Maid*!  
Your early, kind, paternal care appears,  
By chaste *Instruction* of her *Tender Years*.  
The first *Impression* in her *Infant Breast*  
Will be the deepest, and should be the best.  
Let no *Austerity* breed servile *Fear*,  
No wanton *Sound* offend her *Virgin-Ear*.  
Secure from foolish *Pride's* affected state,  
And specious *Flatt'ry's* most pernicious *Bait*,  
*Habitual Innocence* adorns her *Thoughts*,  
But your neglect must answer for her *Faults*.

*Immodest words* admit of no defence;  
For want of *Decency*, is want of *Sense*.  
What mod'rate *Fop* wou'd rake the *Park*, or *Stews*,  
Who among *Troops* of faultless *Nymphs* may chuse?  
*Variety* of such is to be found;  
Take then a *Subject* proper to expound:

But

# MISCELLANIES. 313

But *Moral*, *Great*, and worth a *Poet's Voice*,  
For Men of *sense* despise a *trivial Choice*:  
And such *Applause* it must expect to meet,  
As would some *Painter*, busy in the *Street*,  
To Copy *Bulls* and *Bears*, and ev'ry *Sign*  
That calls the *staring Sots* to *nasty wine*.

Yet 'tis not all to have a *Subject Good*,  
It must *delight* us when 'tis *understood*.

He that brings *fulsome Objects* to my view,  
(As many *Old* have done, and many *New*)

With *nauseous Images* my *Fancy* fills,  
And all goes down like *Oxymel* of *Squills*.

Instruct the list'ning *World* how *Maro* sings  
Of *useful Subjects*, and of *lofty Things*.

These will such true, such bright *Ideas* raise,  
As merit *Gratitude*, as well as *Praise*.

But *foul Descriptions* are *offensive* still,  
Either for being *Like*, or being *Ill*;

For who, without a *Qualm*, hath ever lookt,  
On *Holy Garbage*, tho' by *Homer Cookt*?

Whose *Railing Heroes*, and whose *wounded Gods*  
Make some suspect, he *snores*, as well as *nods*.

But I offend — — *Virgil* begins to *frown*,  
And *Horace* looks with *indignation* down.

My *blushing Muse* with *conscious fear* retires,  
And whom *they like*, *implicitly* admires.

On *sure foundations* let your *fabrick* rise,  
And with *attractive majesty* surprise,

Not by affected, *meretricious Arts*,  
But strict *harmonious Symmetry* of *parts*,

Which thro' the whole, *insensibly* must pass,  
With *vital Heat* to animate the *Mass*.

A *pure*, an *active*, an *auspicious flame*,  
And *bright as Heav'n*, from whence the *Blessing* came;



But few, oh few, Souls præordain'd by Fate,  
 The Race of Gods, have reacht that envy'd Height,  
 No Rebel *Titans* sacrilegious crime,  
 By heaping Hills on Hills can thither climb.  
 The grisly Ferry-man of Hell deny'd  
*Aeneas* entrance till he knew his guide;  
 How justly then will impious mortals fall,  
 Whose pride would soar to Heav'n without a call?  
 Pride (of all others the most dang'rous fault;)  
 Proceeds from want of sense, or want of Thought;  
 The Men who labour and digest things most,  
 Will be much apter to despond than boast.  
 For if your Author be profoundly good,  
 'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.  
 How many Ages since has *Virgil* writ?  
 How few are they who understand him yet?  
 Approach his Altars with Religious fear,  
 No vulgar Deity inhabits there;  
*Heav'n* shakes not more at *Jove's* imperial nod,  
 Than Poets should before their *Mantuan* God.  
 Hail Mighty *Maro*! may thy sacred Name  
 Kindle my breast, with thy celestial flame!  
 Sublime ideas, and apt words infuse,  
 The Muse instruct my voice, and thou inspire my Muse!  
 What I have instanc'd only in the best,  
 Is in proportion true of all the rest.  
 Take pains the genuine meaning to explore,  
 There sweat, there strain, there tug the laborious Oar.  
 Search ev'ry comment that your Care can find,  
 Some here, some there, may hit the Poet's Mind;  
 Yet be not blindly guided by the throng;  
 The Multitude is always in the wrong.  
 When things appear unnatural, and hard,  
 Consult your Author with himself compar'd;

Who

Who knows what *bleſſing Phœbus* may beſtow,  
 And *future ages* to thy labour owe?  
 Such *ſecrets* are not eaſily found out,  
 But once diſcover'd leave no room for doubt.  
 Truth ſtamps conviction in the raviſht breaſt,  
 And peace and joy attend the glorious gueſt;  
 Truth ſtill is one; truth is divinely bright,  
 No cloudy doubts obſcure her native light;  
 While in your thoughts you find the leaſt debate,  
 You may confound, but never can tranſlate.  
 Your ſtile will this thro' all Diſguiſes ſhew,  
 For none explain more clearly than they know.  
 He only proves he underſtands a text,  
 Whoſe expoſition leaves it unperplext;  
 They who too faithfully on names inſiſt,  
 Rather create, than diſſipate the miſt;  
 And grow unjuſt by being over-nice,  
 (For ſuperſtitious virtue turns to vice)  
 Let *Craſſus*'s ghhoſt, and *Labienus* tell,  
 How twice in *Parthian* plains their legions fell,  
 Since *Rome* hath been ſo jealous of her fame,  
 Few know *Pacorus* or *Monceſes*' name.  
 Words in one language elegantly us'd,  
 Will hardly in another be excus'd;  
 And ſome that *Rome* admir'd in *Cæſar*'s time,  
 May neither ſuit our genius, nor our clime.  
 The genuine ſenſe intelligibly told,  
 Shews a tranſlator both diſcreet and bold.  
 Excursions are inexpiably bad,  
 And 'tis much ſafer to leave out, than add.  
 Abſtruſe and myſtic thoughts you muſt expreſs,  
 With painful care, and ſeeming eaſineſs;  
 For truth ſhines brighteſt thro' the plaineſt dreſs.

316 MISCELLANIES.

Th' *Ænean muse*, when she prepares in state,  
Makes all *Jove's thunder* on her verses wait :  
Yet writes sometimes as soft, and moving Things,  
As *Venus* speaks, or *Philomela* sings.  
Your *Author* always will the best advise,  
Fall when he falls, and when he rises rise.

*Affected noise*, is the most wretched Thing,  
That to contempt, can empty scriblers bring,  
*Vowels* and *Accents* regularly plac'd,  
On even syllables, (and still the last)  
Tho' gross innumerable faults abound,  
In spite of *nonsense*, never fail of sound.  
But this is meant of even verse alone,  
As being most harmonious and most known;  
For if you will *unequal numbers* try,  
Their accents on odd syllables must lie.  
Whatever sister of the sacred nine,  
Does to your suit a willing ear incline,  
Urge your success, deserve a lasting name,  
She'll crown a grateful, and a constant flame.  
But if a wild uncertainty prevail,  
And turn your veering heart with ev'ry gale,  
You lose the fruit of all your former care,  
For the sad prospect of a sad despair.

A Quack (too scandalously mean to name)  
Had by man-midwifry got wealth and fame,  
As if *Lucina* had forgot the Trade,  
The lab'ring wife invokes his surer aid.  
Well season'd bowls, the gossips spirits raise,  
Who while she guzzels, chats the doctor's Praise;  
And largely what she wants in words, supplies  
With maudling eloquence of trickling eyes,  
But what a thoughtless animal is Man!  
How very active in his own Trepan!

For

# MISCELLANIES.

317

For greedy of *physicians* frequent feet,  
 From *female mellow praise* he takes degrees?  
 Struts in a new *unlicens'd gown*, and then,  
 From *saving women* falls to *killing men*.  
*Another such* had left the *nation thin*,  
 In spite of all the *children* he brought in.  
 His *Pills*, as thick as *band-granadoes* flew,  
 And where they fell, as certainly they *slew*:  
 His *name* struck ev'ry where as great a damp  
 As *Archimedes* through the *Roman camp*.  
 With this, the *Doctor's* pride began to cool;  
 For *smarting soundly* may convince a fool.  
 But now *repentance* came too late for *grace*;  
 And meager *famine* star'd him in the face.  
 Fain would he to the *wives* be reconcil'd,  
 But found no *husband* left to own a *child*.  
 The *friends* that got the *Brats*, were poison'd too;  
 In this sad case what could our *vermin* do?  
*Worry'd* with *debts*, and past all *hope of bail*,  
 Th' unpity'd wretch lies rotting in a *jail*.  
 And there with *Basket alms*, scarce kept alive,  
 Shews how *mistaken talents* ought to thrive.

I pity, from my Soul, unhappy Men,  
 Compell'd by want to *Prostitute* their pen;  
 Who must, like *Lawyers*, either *starve* or *plead*,  
 And follow, right or wrong, where *guineas* lead;  
 But you, *Pompilian*, *wealthy*, pamper'd heirs,  
 Who to your *country* owe your *swords* and *cares*,  
 Let no vain hope your easie mind seduce;  
 For *rich, ill poets* are without *excuse*.

'Tis very dang'rous, *tampring* with a *muse*  
 The *profit's* small, and you have *much* to *lose*;  
 For, tho' true *wit* adorns your *birth* or *place*,  
*Degenerate lines* degrade th' *attainted race*,

No



No Poet any *passion* can excite;  
 But what they feel transport them when they write.  
 Have you been led through the *Cumæan cave*,  
 And heard th' Impatient Maid *divinely rave*?  
 I hear her now; I see her Rowling Eyes;  
 And panting; *Lo!* the *God*, the *God* she cries;  
 With words, not *hers* and more than *human sound*,  
 She makes th' obedient *ghosts* peep trembling thro' the  
 But tho' we *must obey* when *Heav'n commands*, (Ground:  
 And Man in vain the *sacred call withstands*,  
 Beware, *what spirit* rages in your breast,  
 For *ten inspir'd ten thousand* are possess'd.  
 Thus make the *proper use* of each *extreme*,  
 And *write with fury*, but *correct with phle'me*.  
 As when the Chearful hours too freely pass,  
 And sparkling Wine smiles in the tempting glass,  
 Your *pulse* advises, and begins to beat  
 Through every swelling Vein a *loud retreat*.  
 So when a *Muse propitiously invites*,  
 Improve her favours, and *indulge her flights*,  
 But when you find that vigorous heat *abate*,  
 Leave off, and for *another summons* wait.  
 Before the *radiant sun*, a *glimm'ring lamp*,  
*Adultrate metals* to the *sterling stamp*,  
 Appear not *meaner*, than *mere human tines*,  
 Compar'd with those, whose *inspiration shines*;  
*These, nervous, bold*; *those languid and remiss*;  
*There, cold salutes*, But, *here, a lover's kiss*:  
 Thus have I seen a Rapid, headlong tide,  
 With foaming waves the passive *Soan* divide,  
 Whose lazy Waters without motion lay,  
 While he, with eager force, urg'd his Impetuous way:

The

The *privilege* that ancient Poets claim,  
Now turn'd to *license* but too *just* a name,  
*Belongs* to none but an *establisht* fame,  
Which *scorns* to take it——  
*Absurd expressions, crude, abortive thoughts,*  
All the lewd *legion* of *exploded* faults,  
*Base fugitives* to that *asylum* fly,  
And *sacred laws* with *insolence* defy.  
Not thus our *Heroes* of the former days,  
*Deserv'd* and *gain'd* their never-fading bays;  
For I *mistake*, or far the greatest part,  
Of what some call *neglect*, was *study'd* art.  
When *Virgil* seems to *trifle* in a line,  
'Tis like a *warning-piece*, which gives the *sign*  
To *wake* your *fancy*, and prepare your *sight*,  
To reach the noble height of some *unusual* flight.  
I lose my *patience*, when, with *saucy* pride,  
By *untun'd* ears I hear his *numbers* try'd.  
*Reverse* of *nature*! shall *such* copies, then  
Arraign th' *originals* of *Maro's* pen?  
And the *rude notions* of *pedantic* schools,  
*BlaspHEME* the *sacred* founder of our *rules*?

The delicacy of the nicest ear  
Finds nothing *harsh*, or out of order there.  
*Sublime* or *low*, *unbended* or *intense*,  
The *sound* is still a *comment* to the *sense*.

A skilful ear, in *numbers* shou'd preside,  
And all *disputes* without *appeal* decide.  
This *ancient Rome*, and *elder Athens* found,  
Before *mistaken* stops *debauch'd* the *sound*.

When, by impulse from Heav'n, *Tyrtæus* sung,  
In drooping Soldiers a new courage sprung:  
*Reviving* *Sparta* now the fight maintain'd,  
And that two *Gen'als* lost, a *Poet* gain'd.

By

By secret influence of indulgent skies,  
*Empire, and Poesy together rise.*

*True Poets* are the *guardians* of a *State*,  
 And when *they fail*, portend approaching *fate*;  
 For that which *Rome* to conquest did inspire,  
 Was not the *Vestal*, but the *Muse's fire*;  
*Heaven* joys the  *blessings*, no *declining age*,  
 E'er felt the *raptures* of *poetic rage*.

Of many faults, *rhyme* is (perhaps) the *cause*,  
 Too strict to *rhyme* we slight more *useful laws*.  
 For that, in *Greece* or *Rome*, was never known,  
 Till by *Barbarian deluges* o'erflown,  
*Subdu'd, undone*, they did at last, *obey*,  
 And change their *own* for their *invaders way*.

I grant, that from some *mossie iaol oak*  
 In *double rhymes* our *Thor* and *Woden* spoke;  
 And by succession of *unlearned times*,  
 As *Bards* began, so *Monks* rung on the *chimes*.

But now that *Phæbus* and the *sacred Nine*,  
 With all their beams on our blest island shine,  
 Why should not *we* their *ancient rites* restore,  
 And *be*, what *Rome* or *Athens* were before?

[ Have we forgot how *Raphael's num'rous prose*  
 Led our *exalted souls* through *heavenly camps*,  
 \* And mark'd the ground where proud *apostate Thrones*  
 Defy'd *Jehovah!* Here, 'twixt *host* and *host*,  
 (A narrow but a dreadful interval)  
 Portentous *fight!* before the *cloudy van*,  
*Satan* with *vast* and *haughty strides* *advanc'd*,  
 Came tow'ring *arm'd* in *adamant* and *gold*.  
 There *bellowing engines* with their *fiery tubes*

---

\* An Essay on blank Verse, out of the sixth Book of Paradise Lost.

# MISCELLANIES. 321

Dispers'd *ætherial forms*, and down they fall,  
 By thousands, *Angels* on *Arch-angels* rowl'd;  
 Recover'd, to the hills they ran, they flew,  
 Which (with their *pond'rous load*, rocks, waters, woods)  
 From their firm seals torn by their *shaggy tops*  
 They bore, like shields before them thro' the air,  
 'Till more *incens'd*, they hurl'd them on their *foes*.  
 All was *confusion*, Heav'n's *foundations* shook,  
 Threatning no less than *universal wrack*;  
 For *Michael's arm* main *promontories* flung,  
 And overprest their *legions* weak with sin;  
 Yet they *blasphem'd*, and *struggled* as they lay,  
 'Till the great *ensign* of *Messiah* *blaz'd*,  
 And (arm'd with *vengeance*) *God's victorious Son*,  
 (Effulgence of *paternal Deity*)  
 Grasping ten *thousand thunders* in his hand,  
 Drove th' old *original rebels* headlong down,  
 And sent them *flaming* to the *vast abyss*.

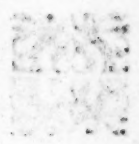
O may I live to hail the *glorious day*,  
 And sing loud *Pæans* thro' the crowded way,  
 When in *triumphant state*, the *British Muse*,  
 True to herself all *barb'rous aid* refuse;  
 And in the *Roman majesty* appear,  
 Which none *know better*, and none *come so near*.





MISCELLANIES

appeared a universal sorrow, and down they fell  
thousands, down on their faces, they lay  
recover'd, to the hills they ran, they flew  
in (with their faces to the rocks, where woods)  
and their firm leads torn by their heavy feet  
they bore, like shields before them, the air  
all more and more, they built them on their feet  
it was confusion, heavy's, tempestuous, deep,  
whatever no less than wonderful work;  
the thickets were main ornaments, though  
and overgrowth that began with this  
they disappear'd, and it was as they lay  
the great edges of the forest were  
and (arriv'd with amazement) that's where they  
the silence of a universal storm;  
they then stood round, in his hand,  
and the old, aged, and long down  
the forest then, many to the east and  
may I say, as I had the forest  
and they found I came into the crowded way  
and in a moment, that the forest  
to be so perfect all that was left;  
and in the forest, and in the forest,  
which none could enter, and in the forest



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HORACE's  
ART  
Of POETRY.

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**I** Have seldom known a Trick succeed,  
and will put none upon the Reader;  
But tell him plainly, that I think it could  
never be more seasonable than now, to lay  
down such Rules, as if they be observ'd,  
will make Men write more correctly, and  
judge more discreetly; But Horace must  
be read seriously, or not at all, for else the  
Reader wont be the better for him, and  
I shall have lost my labour; I have kept  
as close as I could, both to the Meaning,  
and the Words of the Author, and done  
nothing but what I believe he would for-  
give, if he were alive; And I have often  
ask'd my self that Question, I know this  
is a Field.

Per quem Magnus Equos Arunci Flexit Alumnus.

*But*



## THE PREFACE

*But with all the respect due to the Name of Ben. Johnson, to which no Man pays more veneration than I, it cannot be deny'd, that the constraint of Rhyme, and a literal Translation, (to which Horace in this Book declares himself an Enemy) has made him want a Comment in many Places.*

*My chief Care has been to write intelligibly, and where the Latin was obscure, I have added a line or two to explain it.*

*I am below the envy of the Criticks, but if I durst, I would beg them to remember, That Horace ow'd his Favour and his Fortune to the Character given of him by Virgil and Varius; that Fundanius and Pollio are still valued by what Horace says of them; and that in their Golden Age, there was a good Understanding among the Ingenious, and those who were the most esteem'd, were the best natur'd.*

ROSCOMMON.

---

OF



OF THIS  
TRANSLATION,  
And of the  
Use of Poetry.

---

By EDM. WALLER, Esq;

---

R O M E was not better by her *Horace* taught,  
Than we are here, to comprehend his thought.  
The Poet writ to noble *Piso* there,  
A Noble *Piso* do's instruct us here,  
Gives us a Pattern in his flowing Stile,  
And with rich Precepts does oblige our Isle,  
*Britain*, whose Genius is in Verse exprest,  
Bold and sublime, but negligently drest.

*Horace* will our superfluous Branches prune,  
Give us new Rules, and set our Harp in Tune;  
Direct us how, to back the winged Horse,  
Favour his flight, and moderate his Force;

Tho'

328 MISCELLANIES.

Tho' Poets may of Inspiration boast,  
Their Rage ill-govern'd in the Clouds is lost;  
He that proportion'd wonders can disclose,  
At once his Fancy, and his Judgment shows.

Chaste, moral Writing, we may learn from hence,  
Neglect of which, no wit can recompence;  
The Fountain which from *Helicon* proceeds,  
That sacred stream should never water weeds,  
Nor make the Crop of Thorns and Thistles grow  
Which Envy, or perverted Nature sow.

Well-sounding Verses are the Charm we use,  
Heroick thoughts, and vertue to infuse;  
Things of deep Sence, we may in Prose unfold,  
But they move more, in lofty numbers told:  
By the loud Trumpet, which our Courage aids,  
We learn that sound, as well as sence, persuades.

The Muse's friend, unto himself severe,  
With silent pity looks on all that err;  
But where a brave, a publick Action shines,  
That he rewards with his immortal Lines;  
Whether it be in Council, or in Fight,  
His Country's Honour is his Chief delight;  
Praise of great Acts, he scatters as a seed,  
Which may the like, in coming Ages breed:

Here taught the fate of Verses, always priz'd  
With admiration, or as much despis'd,  
Men will be less indulgent to their faults,  
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts;  
Poets lose half the praise they should have got,  
Could it be known, what they discreetly blot,  
Finding new Words, that to the ravish'd Ear  
May like the Language of the Gods appear,  
Such as of Old, wise Bards employ'd to make  
Unpolish'd Men their wild retreats forsake;

Law-giving Heroes, fam'd for taming brutes,  
And raising cities with their charming lutes;  
For rudest minds, with harmony were caught,  
And civil life was by the Muses taught:

So wand'ring bees would perish in the air,  
Did not a sound, proportion'd to their ear,  
Appease their rage, invite them to the hive,  
Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive,  
To rob the flow'rs, and to forbear the spoil,  
Preserv'd in winter by their summer's toil,  
They give us food, which may with *Nectar* vie,  
And wax, that does the absent Sun supply.





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# HORACE,

OF THE

## Art of Poetry.

---

Made ENGLISH by the Right Honourable  
 THE  
 EARL of ROSCOMMON.

**I**F in a picture (*Piso*) you should see,  
 A handsome woman with a fish's tail,  
 Or a man's head upon a horse's neck,  
 Or limbs of beasts of the most different kinds,  
 Cover'd with feathers of all sorts of birds;  
 Wou'd you not laugh, and think the Painter mad?  
 Trust me, that book is as ridiculous,  
 Whose incoherent style (like sick men's dreams)  
 Varies all shapes, and mixes all extreams.

2 Z

Painters

Painters and Poets have been still allow'd  
 Their pencils, and their fancies unconfin'd.  
 This privilege we freely give and take:  
 But nature, and the common laws of sence,  
 Forbid to reconcile *Antipathies*,  
 Or make a snake ingender with a dove,  
 And hungry tigers court the tender lambs.  
 Some that at first have promis'd mighty things,  
 Applaud themselves, when a few florid lines  
 Shine through th' insipid dulness of the rest;  
 Here they describe a temple, or a wood,  
 Or streams that through delightful meadows run,  
 And there the rainbow, or the rapid *Rhine*.  
 But they misplace them all, and crowd them in,  
 And are as much to seek in other things,  
 As he that only can design a tree,  
 Would be to draw a shipwrack or a storm.  
 When you begin with so much pomp and show,  
 Why is the end so little and so low?  
 Be what you will, so you be still the same.  
 Most Poets fall into the grossest faults,  
 Deluded by a seeming excellence:  
 By striving to be short, they grow obscure;  
 And when they would write smoothly, they want strength,  
 Their spirits sink; while others that affect  
 A lofty stile, swell to a tympany;  
 Some timorous wretches start at every blast,  
 And fearing tempests, dare not leave the shore:  
 Others in love with wild variety,  
 Draw boars in waves, and dolphins in a wood.  
 Thus fear of erring, join'd with want of skill,  
 Is a most certain way of erring still.  
 The meanest workman in th' *Æmilian* square,  
 May grave the nails, or imitate the hair;

But

But cannot finish what he hath begun;  
What is there more ridiculous than he?  
For one or two good features in a face  
Where all the rest are scandalously ill,  
Make it but more remarkably deform'd.  
Let Poets match their subject to their strength;  
And often try what weight they can support,  
And what their shoulders are too weak to bear.  
After a serious and judicious choice,  
Method and eloquence will never fail.  
As well the force as ornament of verse,  
Consists in choosing a fit time for things,  
And knowing when a Muse should be indulg'd  
In her full flight, and when she should be curb'd;  
Words must be chosen, and be plac'd with skill.  
You gain your point, if your industrious art  
Can make unusual words easy and plain.  
But (if you write of things abstruse or new)  
Some of your own inventing may be us'd,  
(So it be seldom and discreetly done:)  
But he that hopes to have new words allow'd,  
Must so derive them from the *Grecian* spring,  
As they may seem to flow without constraint;  
Can an impartial reader discommend  
In *Varius*, or in *Virgil*, what he likes  
In *Plautus*, or *Cæcilius*? Why should I  
Be envy'd for the little I invent,  
When *Ennius*' and *Cato*'s copious stile  
Have so enrich'd, and so adorn'd our tongue?  
Men ever had, and ever will have leave,  
To coin new words well suited to the age.  
Words are like leaves, some wither every year,  
And every year a younger race succeeds.  
Death is a tribute all things owe to Fate;

The



## 334 MISCELLANIES.

The *Lucrine* mole (*Cæsar's* stupendous work)  
 Protects our navies from the raging north;  
 And (since *Cetbegus* drain'd the *Pontian* lake)  
 We plow and reap where former ages row'd.  
 See how the *Tyber* whose licentious waves  
 So often overflow'd the neighb'ring fields,  
 Now runs a smooth and inoffensive course,  
 Confin'd by our great Emperor's command;  
 Yet this, and they, and all will be forgot:  
 Why then should words challenge eternity,  
 When greatest men, and greatest actions dye?  
 Use may revive the obsoletest words,  
 And banish those that now are most in vogue;  
 Use is the judge, the law, and rule of speech.  
*Homer* first taught the world in Epic Verse  
 To write of great Commanders, and of Kings,  
 Elegies were at first design'd for grief,  
 Though now we use them to express our joy.  
 But to whose Muse we owe that sort of Verse,  
 Is undecided by the men of skill.  
 Rage, with Iambics, arm'd *Archilachus*;  
 Numbers for dialogue and action fit,  
 And favourites of the dramatic Muse:  
 Fierce, lofty, rapid, whose commanding sound  
 Awes the tumultuous noises of the Pit,  
 And whose peculiar province is the stage.  
 Gods, Heroes, Conquerors, Olympic Crowns,  
 Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine,  
 Are proper subjects for the Lyric song.  
 Why is he honour'd with a Poet's name,  
 Who neither knows, nor would observe a Rule?  
 And chuses to be ignorant and proud,  
 Rather than own his ignorance, and learn?  
 Let every thing have its due place and time,

A Comic

A Comic subject loves an humble Verse:  
*Thyestes* scorns a low and Comic stile.  
 Yet Comedy sometimes may raise her voice,  
 And *Chremes* be allow'd to foam and rail:  
 Tragedians, too, lay by their state to grieve;  
*Peleus* and *Telephus* exil'd and poor,  
 Forget their swellings, and gigantic words.  
 He that would have spectators share his grief,  
 Must write not only well, but movingly,  
 And raise men's passions to what height he will.  
 We weep and laugh as we see others do,  
 He only makes me sad who shews the way,  
 And first is sad himself; then (*Telephus*)  
 I feel the weight of your calamities,  
 And fancy all your miseries my own;  
 But if you act them ill, I sleep or laugh.  
 Your looks must needs alter, as your subject does,  
 From kind to fierce, from wanton to severe;  
 For nature forms, and softens us within,  
 And writes our fortune's changes in our face.  
 Pleasure enchants, impetuous rage transports,  
 And grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd soul,  
 And these are all interpreted by speech;  
 But he whose words and fortunes disagree,  
 Absurd, unpitied, grows a publick jest.  
 Observe the characters of those that speak,  
 Whether an honest servant, or a cheat;  
 Or one whose blood boils in his youthful veins,  
 Or a grave-matron, or a busie nurse;  
 Extorting merchants, careful husbandmen,  
*Argives*, or *Thebans*, *Asians* or *Greeks*.  
 Follow report, or feign coherent things,  
 Describe *Achilles*, as *Achilles* was,  
 Impatient, rash, inexorable, proud,

Scorn-

336 MISCELLANIES.

Scorning all judges, and all law but arms:  
*Medea* must be all revenge and blood,  
*Ino* all tears, *Ixion* all deceit,  
*Io* must wander, and *Orestes* mourn.  
 If your bold *Muse* dare tread unbeaten paths,  
 And bring new characters upon the stage,  
 Be sure you keep them up to their first height.  
 New subjects are not easily explain'd,  
 And you had better chase a well-known theme,  
 Than trust to an invention of your own;  
 For what originally others write,  
 May be so well disguis'd, and so improv'd,  
 That with some justice it may pass for yours;  
 But then you must not copy trivial things;  
 Nor word for word too faithfully translate;  
 Nor (as some servile imitators do)  
 Prescribe at first such strict uneasy rules,  
 As they must ever slavishly observe,  
 Or all the laws of decency renounce.  
 Begin not as th' old Poetaster did,  
 (*Troy's famous war, and Priam's fate, I sing*)  
 In what will all this ostentation end?  
 The lab'ring mountain scarce brings forth a mouse.  
 How far is this from the *Mæonian* stile?  
*Muse, speak the man, who since the siege of Troy,*  
*So many towns, such change of manners saw.*  
 One with a flash begins, and ends in smoak,  
 The other out of smoak brings glorious light,  
 And (without raising expectation high)  
 Surprizes us with daring miracles,  
 The bloody *Læstrygon's* inhuman feasts,  
 With all the monsters of the land and sea;  
 How *Scylla* bark'd, and *Polyphemus* roar'd.  
 He doth not trouble us with *Læda's* eggs,

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When he begins to write the *Trojan* war;  
 Nor writing the return of *Diomed*,  
 Goes back as far as *Meleager's* death:  
 Nothing is idle, each judicious line  
 Insensibly acquaints us with the plot:  
 He chooses only what he can improve:  
 And truth and fiction are so aptly mix'd  
 That all seems uniform, and of a piece.  
 Now hear what every auditor expects;  
 If you intend that he should stay to hear  
 The Epilogue, and see the curtain fall;  
 Mind how our tempers alter with our years,  
 And by those rules form all your characters:  
 One that hath newly learn'd to speak and go,  
 Loves childish plays, is soon provok'd and pleas'd,  
 And changes every hour his wavering mind.  
 A youth that first casts off his tutor's yoke,  
 Loves horses, hounds, and sports, and exercise;  
 Prone to all vice, impatient of reproof,  
 Proud, careless, fond, inconstant, and profuse.  
 Gain and ambition rule our riper years,  
 And make us slaves to interest and power.  
 Old men are only walking hospitals,  
 Where all defects, and all diseases crowd  
 With restless pain, and more tormenting fear,  
 Lazy, morose, full of delays and hopes,  
 Opprest with riches which they dare not use;  
 Ill-natur'd censors of the present age,  
 And fond of all the follies of the past.  
 Thus all the treasure of our flowing years,  
 Our ebb of life for ever takes away.  
 Boys must not have th' ambitious cares of men,  
 Nor men the weak anxieties of age.  
 Some things are acted, others only told.

But



But what we hear moves less than what we see;  
 Spectators only have their eyes to trust,  
 But Auditors must trust their Ears and you:  
 Yet there are things improper for a Scene,  
 Which Men of Judgment only will relate.  
*Medea* must not draw her murdering knife,  
 And spill her childrens blood upon the Stage;  
 Nor *Atræus* there his horrid Feast prepare;  
*Cadmus's* and *Progne's Metamorphosis*,  
 (She to a Swallow turn'd, he to a Snake)  
 And whatsoever contradicts my Sense,  
 I hate to see, and never can believe.  
 Five Acts are the just measure of a play.  
 Never presume to make a God appear,  
 But for a business worthy of a God;  
 And in one Scene no more than three should speak.  
 A *Chorus* should supply what Action wants,  
 And hath a generous and manly part;  
 Bridles wild rage, loves rigid honesty,  
 And strict Obedience of impartial Laws,  
 Sobriety, security and peace,  
 And begs the Gods to turn blind fortune's Wheel,  
 To raise the Wretched, and pull down the Proud:  
 (But nothing must be Sung between the Acts  
 But what some way conduces to the Plot.)  
 First the shrill sound of a small rural Pipe  
 (Not loud like Trumpets, nor adorn'd as now)  
 Was entertainment for the Infant Stage;  
 And pleas'd the thin and bashful Audience,  
 Of our well meaning, frugal Ancestors.  
 But when our Walls and limits were enlarg'd,  
 And Men (grown wanton by prosperity)  
 Studied new Arts of Luxury and Ease,  
 The Verse, the Musick, and the Scene's improv'd.

For

For how should ignorance be judge of Wit,  
 Or Men of Sence applaud the Jest of Fools?  
 Then came rich Cloaths and graceful Action in,  
 Then instruments were taught more moving-notes:  
 And Eloquence with all her pomp and charms,  
 Foretold as useful and sententious Truths,  
 As those deliver'd by the *Delphick* God.  
 The first Tragedians found that serious Stile  
 Too grave for their Uncultivated age,  
 And so brought wild and naked Satyrs in,  
 (Whose motion, words, and shape were all a Farce)  
 (As oft as decency would give them leave)  
 Because the mad ungovernable Rout,  
 Full of confusion, and the fumes of Wine,  
 Lov'd such Variety and Antick Tricks;  
 But then they did not wrong themselves so much,  
 To make a God, a Hero, or a King,  
 (Stripp'd of his Golden Crown, and Purple Robe)  
 Descend to a Mechanick Dialect,  
 Nor (to avoid such meanness) soaring high  
 With empty sound, and airy Notions fly.  
 For, Tragedy should blush as much to stoop  
 To the low Mimick follies of a Farce,  
 As a Grave Matron would to dance with Girls:  
 You must not think that a Satyrick Stile  
 Allows of scandalous and brutish Words,  
 Or the confounding of your Characters.  
 Begin with Truth, then give invention scope,  
 And if your Stile be natural and smooth,  
 All Men will try, and hope to write as well;  
 And (not without much pains) be undeceiv'd.  
 So much good Method, and Connexion may  
 Improve the common, and the plainest things.  
 A Satyr that comes staring from the Woods,

Must

Must not at first speak like an Orator;  
But, though his language should not be refin'd,  
It must not be obscene, and impudent;  
The better Sort abhors scurrility,  
And often censures, what the Rabble likes.  
Unpolish'd Verses pass with many Men,  
And *Rome* is too Indulgent in that Point:  
But then, to write at a loose rambling rate,  
In hope the World will wink at all our faults,  
Is such a rash, ill-grounded confidence,  
As Men may pardon, but will never praise.  
Consider well the *Greek* Originals,  
Read them by day, and think of them by night.  
But *Plantus* was admir'd in former time,  
With too much patience, (not to call it worse)  
His harsh, unequal Verse, was Musick then,  
And Rudeness had the Privilege of Wit.  
When *Thespis* first expos'd the Tragick Muse,  
Rude were the Actors, and a Cart the Scene,  
Where ghastly faces stain'd with lees of Wine,  
Frighted the Children, and amus'd the Crowd;  
This *Æschilus* (with indignation) saw,  
And built a Stage, found out a decent dress,  
Brought Vizards in (a Civiler disguise)  
And taught Men how to speak, and how to act.  
Next Comedy appear'd with great applause,  
Till her licentious, and abusive Tongue,  
Wakened the Magistrates Coercive power,  
And forc'd it to suppress her Insolence.  
Our Writers have attempted every way,  
And they deserve our praise, whose daring Muse,  
Disdain'd to be beholden to the *Greeks*,  
And found fit Subjects for her Verse at home.  
Nor should we be less famous for our Wit,

Than

Than for the force of our Victorious Arms;  
 But that the time and care, that are requir'd  
 To over-look, and file, and polish well,  
 Fright Poets from that necessary Toyl.

*Democritus* was so in love with wit,  
 And some Mens Natural impulse to write,  
 That he despis'd the help of Art and Rules,  
 And thought none Poets till their Brains were crack'd;  
 And this hath so intoxicated some,  
 That (to appear incorrigibly mad)  
 They cleanliness and Company renounce;  
 For Lunacy beyond the Cure of art,  
 With a long beard, and ten long dirty nails,  
 Past currant for *Apollo's* Livery.

O my unhappy Stars! If in the Spring,  
 Some Phylick had not cur'd me of the spleen,  
 None would have writ with more success than I,  
 But I am satisfied to keep my sense,  
 And only serve to whet that Wit in you,  
 To which I willingly resign my claim.  
 Yet without writing I may teach to write,  
 Tell what the duty of a Poet is;  
 Wherein his Wealth and Ornament consist,  
 And how he may be form'd and how improv'd;  
 What's fit, what not, what excellent or ill.  
 Sound judgment is the ground of Writing well:  
 And when Philosophy directs your choice  
 To proper Subjects rightly understood,  
 Words from your Pen will naturally flow.  
 He only gives the proper Characters,  
 Who knows the duty of all Ranks of Men,  
 And what we owe to Country, Parents, Friends,  
 How Judges, and how Senators should act,  
 And what becomes a General to do;

Those



Those are the likeſt Copies which are drawn,  
By the Original of human life.  
Sometimes in rough and undigeſted Plays,  
We meet with ſuch a lucky Character,  
As being humour'd right and well purſu'd,  
Succeeds much better, than the ſhallow Verſe,  
And chiming Trifles of more ſtudious Pens.  
*Greece* had a Genius, *Greece* had Eloquence,  
For her ambition and her end was Fame.  
Our *Roman* Youth is bred another way,  
And taught no Arts but thoſe of Uſury;  
And the glad Father glories in his Child,  
When he can ſubdivide a Fraction:  
Can Souls, who by their Parents from their birth  
Have been devoted thus to ruſt and gain,  
Be capable of high and generous thoughts?  
Can Verſes writ by ſuch an Author live?  
But you (brave Youth) wiſe *Numa's* worthy Heir,  
Remember of what weight your judgment is,  
And never venture to commend a Book,  
That has not paſt all Judges and all Teſts.  
A Poet ſhould inſtruct, or pleaſe, or both.  
Let all your precepts be ſuccinct and clear,  
That ready wits may comprehend them ſoon,  
And faithful memories retain them long;  
For ſuperfluities are ſoon forgot.  
Never be ſo conceited of your Parts,  
To think you may perſuade us what you pleaſe,  
Or venture to bring in a Child alive,  
That Canibals have murder'd and devour'd;  
Old age explodes all but Morality;  
Aſterity offends aſpiring Youths;  
But he that joyns inſtructions with delight,  
Proſit with pleaſure, carries all the Votes.

Theſe

These are the Volumes that enrich the Shops,  
 These pass with admiration through the World,  
 And bring their Author an eternal Fame.  
 Be not too rigidly Censorious,  
 A string may jarr in the best Master's Hand,  
 And the most skilful archer miss his aim;  
 But in a Poem Elegantly writ,  
 I will not quarrel with a slight mistake,  
 Such as our Nature's frailty may excuse.  
 But he that often hath been told his fault,  
 And still persists, is as impertinent,  
 As a Musician that will always play,  
 And yet is always out at the same Note;  
 When such a positive abandon'd Fop,  
 (Amongst his numerous absurdities)  
 Stumbles upon some tolerable Lines,  
 I fret to see them in such Company,  
 And wonder by what Magick they came there.  
 But in long Works, sleep will sometimes surprize,  
*Homer* himself hath been observ'd to nod.  
*Poems* (like Pictures) are of different Sorts:  
 Some better at a distance, others near,  
 Some love the dark, some chuse the clearest light,  
 And boldly challenge the most piercing Eye,  
 Some please for once, some will for ever please;  
 But *Piso* (tho' your own Experience,  
 Join'd with your Father's Precepts, make you wise)  
 Remember this is an important truth;  
 Some things admit of Mediocrity,  
 A Counsellor, or Pleader at the Bar,  
 May want *Messalas'* powerful Eloquence,  
 Or be less read than deep *Cassellius*;  
 Yet this indifferent Lawyer is esteem'd;  
 But no Authority of Gods, nor Men,

Allow

## 344 MISCELLANIES.

Allow of any mean in Poesie,  
 As an ill comfort, and a course perfume  
 Disgrace the Delicacy of a Feast,  
 And might with more discretion have been spar'd,  
 So Poesie, whose end is to delight,  
 Admits of no Degrees, but must be still,  
 Sublimely good, or despicably ill.  
 In other things, Men have some reason left;  
 And one that cannot dance, or fence, or run,  
 Despairing of success, forbears to try;  
 But all (without consideration) write :  
 Some thinking that th' omnipotence of Wealth  
 Can turn them into Poets when they please.  
 But *Piso*, you are of too quick a sight,  
 Not to discern which way your Talent lies,  
 Or vainly struggle with your Genius;  
 Yet if ever it be your fate to write,  
 Let your Productions pass the strictest Hands,  
 Mine and your Father's, and not see the light,  
 Till time and care have ripen'd every Line.  
 What you keep by you, you may change, and mend,  
 But words once spoke can never be recall'd.  
*Orpheus* inspir'd by more than human power,  
 Did not (as Poets feign) tame savage Beasts,  
 But Men as lawless, and as wild as they,  
 And first dissuaded them from rage and blood:  
 Thus when *Amphion* built the *Theban* Wall,  
 They feign'd the Stones obey'd his Magick Lute.  
 Poets the first instructors of Mankind,  
 Brought all things to their proper, native Use,  
 Some they appropriated to the Gods;  
 And some to publick, some to private ends;  
 Promiscuous love by marriage was restrain'd;  
 Cities were built, and useful Laws were made;  
 So ancient is the pedigree of Verse,

And

And so divine a Poet's function.

Then *Homer's* and *Tyrtæus* martial Muse,  
Waken'd the World, and sounded loud Alarms.  
To Verse we owe the Sacred Oracles,  
And our best Precepts of Morality ;  
Some have by Verse obtain'd the love of Kings,  
(Who, with the Muses, ease their wearied minds.)  
Then blush not Noble *Piso* to protect,  
What Gods inspire, and Kings' delight to hear.  
Some think that Poets may be form'd by art,  
Others maintain, that nature made them so ;  
I neither see what Art without a vein,  
Nor wit without the help of Art can do,  
But mutually they need each other's aid.  
He that intends to gain th' *Olympic* Prize,  
Must use himself to hunger, heat, and cold,  
Take leave of Wine, and the soft joys of Love,  
And no Musician dares pretend to skill,  
Without a great Expence of Time and Pains.  
But every little busie Scribler now,  
Swells with the praises which he gives himself ;  
And taking Sanctuary in the Crowd,  
Braggs of his Impudence, and scorns to mend.  
A wealthy Poet, takes more pains to hire  
A flatt'ring Audience, than poor tradesmen do,  
To persuade Customers to buy their goods.  
'Tis hard to find a Man of great Estate,  
That can distinguish flatterers from Friends.  
Never delude your self, nor read your Book,  
Before a brib'd and fawning Auditor ;  
For he'll commend and feign an Extasie,  
Grow Pale, or weep, do any thing to please ;  
True Friends appear, less mov'd than Counterfeit ;  
As Men that truly grieve at Funerals,

A a

Are



Are not so loud, as those that cry for Hire.  
 Wife were the Kings, who never chose a Friend,  
 Till with full Cups they had unmask'd his Soul,  
 And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts.  
 You cannot Arm your self with too much Care  
 Against the smiles of a designing Knave.  
*Quintilius* (if his Advice were ask'd)  
 Would freely tell you what you should correct,  
 Or (if you could not) bid you blot it out,  
 And with more care supply the vacancy :  
 But if he found you fond, and obstinate  
 (And apter to defend, than mend your faults)  
 With silence leave you to admire your self,  
 And without Rival hugg your darling Book.  
 The Prudent care of an Impartial Friend,  
 Will give you Notice of each idle Line,  
 Shew what sounds harsh, and what wants Ornament,  
 Or where it is too lavishly bestow'd ;  
 Make you explain all that he finds Obscure,  
 And with a strict Enquiry mark your faults :  
 Nor for these trifles fear to lose your love ;  
 Those things, which now seem frivolous, and slight,  
 Will be of serious consequence to you,  
 When they have made you once Ridiculous.  
 A Mad Dog's foam, the infection of the Plague,  
 And all the Judgments of the angry Gods,  
 We are not all more heedfully to shun,  
 Than Poetasters in their raging fits,  
 Follow'd and pointed at by Fools and Boys ;  
 But dreaded and proscrib'd by Men of Sense.  
 If in the Raving of a Frantick Muse  
 And minding more his Verses than his Way,  
 Any of these should drop into a Well,  
 Tho' he might burst his lungs to call for help ;

No

No Creature would assist, or pity him,  
 But seem to think he fell on purpose in.  
 Hear how an Old *Sicilian* Poet died ;  
*Empedocles*, mad to be thought a God,  
 In a cold fit leap'd into *Ætna's* flames.  
 Give Poets leave to make themselves away,  
 Why should it be a greater sin to kill,  
 Than to keep Men alive against their will ?  
 Nor was this chance, but a deliberate choice ;  
 For if *Empedocles* were now reviv'd,  
 He would be at his Frolick once again,  
 And his pretensions to Divinity.  
 'Tis hard to say, whether for Sacrilege,  
 Or Incest, or some more unheard of Crime  
 The Rhyming Fiend is sent into these Men,  
 But they are all most visibly possess'd,  
 And like a baited Bear, when he breaks loose,  
 Without distinction, seize on all they meet.  
 None ever escap'd that came within their reach,  
 Sticking like Leaches, till they burst with blood,  
 Without remorse insatiably they read,  
 And never leave till they have read Men dead:



10-12-1972



AN  
ESSAY  
ON  
POETRY.





THE HISTORY OF THE

AN

ESSAY

ON

POETRY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.



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By the Right Honourable  
The EARL of MULGRAVE.

O F things in which Mankind does most excell,  
Nature's chief Master-piece is writing well;  
And of all sorts of Writing none there are  
That can the least with Poetry compare:  
No kind of work requires so nice a touch,  
And if well finish'd, nothing shines so much;  
But Heav'n forbid we should be so profane,  
To grace the Vulgar with that sacred name;

'Tis

## 352 MISCELLANIES.

'Tis not a flash of fancy which sometimes  
 Dazling our minds, sets off the slightest Rhimes;  
 Bright as a Blaze, but in a moment done; ★  
 True wit is everlasting, like the Sun;  
 Which tho' sometimes behind a Cloud retir'd,  
 Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.  
 Number, and Rhime, and that harmonious Sound,  
 Which never does the Ear with harshness wound,  
 Are necessary, yet but vulgar Arts,  
 For all in vain these superficial parts  
 Contribute to the Structure of the whole,  
 Without a Genius too, for that's the Soul; 2  
 A Spirit which inspires the work throughout,  
 As that of Nature moves the world about;  
 A heat, which glows in ev'ry word that's writ,  
 'Tis something of Divine, and more than Wit;  
 It self unseen, yet all things by it shown,  
 Describing all men, but describ'd by none.  
 Where dost thou dwell? what Caverns of the Brain  
 Can such a vast, and mighty thing contain?  
 When I, at idle hours, in vain thy absence mourn,  
 O where dost thou retire? and why dost thou return;  
 Sometimes with pow'rful charms to hurry me away  
 From Pleasures of the Night, and Bus'ness of the Day?  
 Ev'n now too far transported, I am fain  
 To check thy Course, and use the needful Rein.  
 As all is dulness, when the fancy's bad,  
 So without judgment fancy is but mad;  
 And judgment has a boundless Influence,  
 Not only in the choice of words, or sense,  
 But on the World, on Manners, and on Men;  
 Fancy is but the feather of the Pen:  
 Reason is that substantial useful part,  
 Which gains the head, while t'other wins the heart.

Here

Here I should all the various sorts of Verse,  
And the whole Art of Poetry rehearse,  
But who that Task can after *Horace* do?  
The best of Masters, and Examples too!  
Ecchoes at best, all we can say is vain,  
Dull the design, and fruitless were the pain;  
'Tis true, the Ancients we may rob with ease,  
But who with that sad shift himself can please,  
Without an Actor's pride? a Player's Art  
Is above his, who writes a borrow'd part.  
Yet modern Laws are made for later Faults,  
And new absurdities inspire new thoughts;  
What need has Satyr then to live on theft,  
When so much fresh occasion still is left?  
Fertile our soil, and full of rankest weeds,  
And Monsters worse than ever *Nilus* breeds:  
But hold, the Fools shall have no cause to fear,  
'Tis Wit, and Sense that is the subject here;  
Defects of witty Men deserve a cure,  
And those who are so, will ev'n this endure.

First then of Songs, which now so much abound,  
Without his SONG no Fop is to be found,  
A most offensive weapon which he draws  
On all he meets against *Apollo's* Laws:  
Tho' nothing seems more easie, yet no part  
Of Poetry requires a nicer Art;  
For as in rows of richest Pearl there lyes  
Many a blemish that escapes our Eyes,  
The least of which defects is plainly shewn  
In some small Ring, and brings the value down;  
So Songs should be to just Perfection wrought;  
Yet where can we see one without a fault;  
Exact Propriety of Words and Thought?

Express-



Expression easie, and the fancy high,  
 Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly;  
 No Words transpos'd, but in such order all,  
 As, tho' hard wrought, may seem by chance to fall.  
 Here, as in all things else, is most unfit  
 Bare Ribaldry, that poor pretence to wit;  
 Such nauseous Songs by a late Author made  
 Call an unwilling Censure on his Shade.  
 Not that warm thoughts of the transporting Joy,  
 Can shock the chastest, or the nicest cloy;  
 But obscene words, too gross to move desire,  
 Like heaps of fuel do but choak the fire.  
 On other Themes he well deserves our Praise,  
 But palls that appetite he meant to raise.  
 Next ELEGY, of sweet, but solemn voice,  
 And of a Subject grave exacts the Choice,  
 The praise of Beauty, Valour, Wit contains,  
 And there too oft despairing Love complains:  
 In vain alas, for who by Wit is mov'd?  
 That *Phoenix* she deserves to be belov'd;  
 But noisy nonsense, and such Fops as vex  
 Mankind, take most with that fantastick Sex.  
 This to the praise of those who better knew;  
 The Many raise the value of the Few.  
 But here, as all our Sex too oft have try'd,  
 Women have drawn my wandering thoughts aside.  
 Their greatest fault who in this kind have writ,  
 Is not defect in words, nor want of wit;  
 But should this Muse harmonious Numbers yield,  
 And ev'ry Couplet be with fancy fill'd,  
 If yet a just Coherence be not made  
 Between each thought, and the whole Model laid  
 So right, that ev'ry step may higher rise,  
 Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies;

Trifles

Trifles like such perhaps of late have past,  
And may be lik'd awhile, but never last;  
'Tis Epigram, 'tis Point, 'tis what you will,  
But not an Elegy, nor writ with skill,  
No \* Panegyrick, nor a † *Cooper's Hill*.

3

A higher flight, and of a happier Force  
Are ‡ ODES, the Muses most unruly Horse,  
That bounds so fierce, the Rider has no rest,  
But foams at mouth, and moves like one possess'd.  
The Poet here must be indeed inspir'd,  
With fury too, as well as fancy fir'd.  
*Cowley* might boast to have perform'd this part,  
Had he with Nature joyn'd the rules of Art;  
But ill expression gives sometimes allay  
To that rich fancy, which can ne'er decay;  
Tho' all appear in heat and fury done,  
The language still must soft, and easie run.  
These Laws may seem a little too severe,  
But judgment yields, and fancy governs there;  
Which, tho' extravagant, this Muse allows,  
And makes the work much easier than it shows.

Of all the Ways that wisest Men could find  
To mend the Age, and mortify Mankind,  
SATYR well writ has most successful prov'd,  
And cures, because the remedy is lov'd.  
'Tis hard to write on such a subject more,  
Without repeating things said oft before.  
Some vulgar errors only we remove,  
That stain a Beauty, which so much we love.  
Of well chose words some take not care enough,  
And think they should be as the subject rough;

---

\* *Waller's* † *Denham's*. ‡ Pindaric Odes.

356 MISCELLANIES.

This great work must be more exactly made,  
 And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words convey'd:  
 Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,  
 As if their only bus'ness was to rail;  
 But human frailty nicely to unfold,  
 Distinguishes a Satyr from a Scold.  
 Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down,  
 A Satyr's smile is sharper than his frown;  
 So, while you seem to slight some rival youth,  
 Malice it self may pass sometimes for truth.  
 The \* Laureat here may justly claim our praise,  
 Crown'd by † *Mac-Fleckno* with immortal Bays;  
 Tho' prais'd, and punish'd for another's ‡ Rhimes,  
 His own deserve as great applause sometimes;  
 But once his *Pegasus* has born dead weight,  
 Rid by some lumpish Minister of State.

Here rest, my Muse, suspend my cares a while,  
 A greater Enterprize attends thy toil;  
 And as some Eagle, that designs to fly  
 A long unwonted journey through the Sky,  
 Considers all the dang'rous way before,  
 Over what lands and seas she is to soar,  
 Doubts her own strength so far, and justly fears  
 That lofty road of airy Travellers;  
 But yet incited by some fair design,  
 That does her hopes beyond her fears incline,  
 Prunes ev'ry feather, views her self with care,  
 At last resolv'd, she cleaves the yielding Air;

---

\* Mr. Dryden.

† A famous Satyrical Poem of his.

‡ A libel, for which he was both applauded, and wound  
 ed, tho' intirely innocent of the whole matter.

Away

Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,  
She lessens to us, and is lost at last.

So (but too weak for such a weighty thing)  
The Muse inspires a sharper note to sing;  
And why should truth offend, when only told  
To guide the ignorant, and warn the bold?  
On then, my Muse, advent'rously engage,  
To give Instructions that concern the Stage.

The unities of action, time and place,  
Which, if observ'd, give PLAYS so great a grace,  
Are, tho' but little practis'd, too well known  
To be taught here, where we pretend alone  
From nicer faults to purge the present Age,  
Less obvious errors of the *English* Stage.

First then, SOLILOQUIES had need befew,  
Extremely short, and spoke in passion too;  
Our Lovers talking to themselves, for want  
Of others, make the Pit their Confidant;  
Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus  
They trust a friend, only to tell it us;  
Th' occasion should as naturally fall,  
As when \* *Bellarion* confesses all.

FIGURES of Speech, which Poets think so fine,  
Art's needless varnish to make Nature shine,  
Are all but paint upon a beauteous face,  
And in Descriptions only claim a Place.  
But to make Rage declaim, and Grief discourse,  
From Lovers in despair fine things to force,  
Must needs succeed, for who can chuse but pity  
A dying Hero miserably witty?  
But oh, the Dialogues, where jest, and mock  
Is held up like a Rest at Shittle-cock!

---

\* *Philaster*, a Play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Or



Or else like bells, eternally they chime,  
 They sigh in Simile, and die in Rhime.  
 What things are these, who would be Poets thought,  
 By nature not inspir'd, nor learning taught?  
 Some wit they have, and therefore may deserve  
 A better Course than this by which they starve:  
 But to write Plays! why 'tis a bold pretence  
 To Judgment, Breeding, Wit, and Eloquence;  
 Nay more; for they must look within to find  
 Those secret turns of Nature in the mind;  
 Without this part in vain would be the whole,  
 And but a Body all without a Soul.

All this together yet is but part  
 Of Dialogue, that great, and pow'rful Art,  
 Now almost lost, which the old *Grecians* knew,  
 From whence the *Romans* fainter copies drew,

Scarce comprehended since but by a few:  
*Plato*, and *Lucian* are the best remains  
 Of all the wonders which this art contains;  
 Yet to our selves, we justice must allow,  
*Shakespear*, and *Fletcher* are the wonders now:  
 Consider them, and read them o'er and o'er;  
 Go see them play'd, then read them as before.

For tho' in many things they grossly fail,  
 Over our passions still they so prevail,  
 That our own grief by their's is rock'd asleep,  
 The dull are forc'd to feel, the wise to weep.  
 Their beauties imitate, avoid their faults;  
 First on a Plot employ thy careful thoughts;  
 Turn it with time a thousand several ways,  
 This oft alone has giv'n success to Plays:  
 Reject that vulgar error which appears  
 So fair, of making perfect characters;

There's

There's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw  
A faultless Monster, which the world ne'er saw;  
Some faults must be, that his misfortunes drew,  
But such as may deserve compassion too.

Besides the main design compos'd with art,  
Each moving Scene must be a Plot apart;  
Contrive each little turn, mark ev'ry place,  
As Painters first chalk out the future face;  
Yet be not fondly your own Slave for this,  
But change hereafter what appears amiss.

Think not so much where shining thoughts to place,  
As what a man would say in such a Case.  
Neither in Comedy will this suffice,  
The Player too must be before your eyes,  
And tho' 'tis drudgery to stoop so low,  
To him you must your utmost meaning show.

Expose no single Fop, but lay the load  
More equally, and spread the folly broad;  
The other way is vulgar, oft we see  
A Fool derided by as bad as he;  
*Hawks* fly at nobler game; in this low way,  
A very *Owl* may prove a bird of prey;  
Ill Poets so will one poor Fop devour;  
But to collect, like *Bees* from ev'ry flower,  
Ingredients to compose that precious juice,  
Which serves the world for pleasure and for use;  
In spite of faction this would favour get:

But \* *Falstaff* seems unimitable yet.

Another fault which often does befall,  
Is when the wit of some great Poet shall  
So overflow, that is, be none at all,

---

\* An admirable Character in a Play of *Shakespeare's*

That all his Fools speak sense, as if possesst,  
 And each by inspiration breaks his jest.  
 If once the justness of each part be lost,  
 Well may we laugh, but at the Poet's cost.  
 That silly thing, Men call Sheer-Wit, avoid,  
 With which our Age so nauseously is cloy'd;  
 Humour is all, Wit should be only brought  
 To turn agreeably some proper Thought.  
 But since the Poets we of late have known,  
 Shine in no *Dress* so much as in their own,  
 The better by example to convince,  
 Cast but a view on this wrong-side of sence.

First a Soliloquy is calmly made,  
 Where every Reason is exactly weigh'd;  
 Which once perform'd, most opportunely comes  
 A Hero frighted at the Noise of Drums,  
 For her sweet sake, whom at first sight he loves,  
 And all in Metaphor his passion proves;  
 But some sad accident, tho' yet unknown,  
 Parting this Pair, to leave the Swain alone.

He streight grows jealous, yet we know not why,  
 And to oblige his Rival, needs will dye;  
 But first he makes a Speech, wherein he tells  
 The absent Nymph how much his Flame excels;  
 And yet bequeaths her generously now  
 To that dear Rival, whom he does not know,  
 Who streight appears, (but who can Fate withstand?)  
 Too late alas to hold his hasty Hand,  
 That just has given himself the cruel Stroke,  
 At which this very Stranger's Heart is broke;  
 He, more to his new Friend than Mistress kind,  
 Most sadly mourns at being left behind;  
 Of such a Death prefers the pleasing Charms  
 To Love, and living in a Lady's Arms.

How

How shameful, and what monstrous things are these?  
And then they rail at those they cannot please;  
Conclude us only partial for the Dead,  
And grudge the Sign of old *Ben. Johnson's* Head:  
When the intrinsick Value of the Stage  
Can scarce be judg'd but by a following Age;  
For Dances, Flutes, *Italian* Songs, and Rhime  
May keep up sinking Nonsense for a time;  
But that may fail, which now so much o'er-rules,  
And Sence no longer will submit to Fools.

By painful Steps we are at last got up  
*Parnassus* Hill, on whose bright Airy top  
The \* *Epick* Poets so divinely show,  
And with just Pride behold the rest below.  
Heroick Poems have a just pretence  
To be the utmost reach of human Sence;  
A Work of such inestimable Worth,  
There are but two the World has yet brought forth,  
*Homer* and *Virgil*: with what awful sound  
Do those meer Words the Ears of Poets wound!  
Just as a changeling seems below the rest  
Of Men, or rather is a two-legg'd Beast,  
So these Gigantick Souls amaz'd we find  
As much above the rest of human kind.  
Nature's whole strength united! endless Fame,  
And universal Shouts attend their Name.  
Read *Homer* once, and you can read no more,  
For all things else appear so dull and poor.  
Verse will seem Prose, yet *often* on him look,  
And you will hardly need another Book.  
Had \* *Bossu* never writ, the World had still,  
Like *Indians*, view'd this wondrous piece of skill,

---

\* *Epick Poetry.*

\* late Author.



As something of Divine the Work admired,  
 Not hoped to be Instructed, but Inspired;  
 But he disclosing sacred Mysteries,  
 Has shewn where all the mighty Magick lies;  
 Describ'd the Seeds, and in what order sown,  
 That have to such a vast proportion grown.  
 Sure from some Angel he the Secret knew,  
 Who through this Labyrinth has given the Clue!  
 But what, alas, avails it poor Mankind  
 To see this promised Land, yet stay behind?  
 The Way is shewn, but who has strength to go?  
 Who can all Sciences exactly know?  
 Whose Fancy flies beyond weak Reason's Sight,  
 And yet has Judgment to direct it right?  
 Whose just Discernment, *Virgil-like*, is such,  
 Never to say too little, or too much?  
 Let such a Man begin without delay;  
 But he must do much more than I can say,  
 Must above *Cowley*, nay, and *Milton* too prevail,  
 Succeed where great *Torquato*, and our greater *Spencer*  
 fail.





A N

# O D E

T O T H E

Creator *of the* WORLD.

Occasion'd by the

FRAGMENTS of ORPHEUS.

---

*Quid prius dicam solitis Parentis  
Laudibus? —————*

*Qui mare & terras variisque mundum  
Temperat horis?*

*Unde nil majus generatur ipso,  
Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum.* Horat.

---



THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD

# OLD

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# INTRODUCTION

## TO THE

## Following ODE.

**T**HAT the Praises of the Author of Nature, which is the fittest Subject for the Sublime way of Writing, was the most antient Use of Poetry, cannot be learn'd from a more proper Instance (next to Examples of Holy Writ,) than from the *Greek Fragments of Orpheus*; a Relique of great Antiquity: They contain Several Verses concerning God, and his making and governing the Universe; which, tho' imperfect, have many noble Hints and lofty Expressions. Yet whether these Verses were indeed written by that celebrated Father of Poetry and Musick, who preceded *Homer*, or by *Onomacritus*, who lived about the Time of *Pisistratus*, and only contain some of the Doctrines of *Orpheus*,



*pheus*, is a Question of little Use or Importance.

A large Paraphrase of These in *French* Verse has been prefix'd to the Translation of *Phocylides*, but in a flat Stile, much inferior to the Design. The following Ode, with many Alterations and Additions proper to a Modern Poem, is attempted upon the same Model, in a Language which having stronger Sinews than the *French*, is, by the Confession of their best Critick *Rapin*, more capable of sustaining great Subjects.





A N  
O D E  
TO THE  
Creator of the WORLD.

*Occasion'd by the Fragments of ORPHEUS.*

I.

O Muse unfeign'd! O true celestial Fire,  
Brighter than that which rules the Day,  
Descend! a Mortal Tongue inspire  
To sing some great Immortal Lay:  
Begin, and strike aloud the consecrated Lyre!  
Hence ye Prophane! be far away!  
Hence all Ye impious Slaves that bow  
To Idol Lusts, or Altars raise,  
And to false Heroes give fantastick Praise!  
And hence ye Gods, who to a Crime your spurious  
Beings owe!  
But hear O Heav'n and Earth and Seas profound!  
Hear ye unfathom'd Deeps below,  
And let your ecchoing Vaults repeat the sound;  
Let nature, trembling all around,  
Attend her Master's awful Name,  
From whom Heav'n, Earth, and Seas, and all the wide  
Creation came.

II.

## II.

He spoke the great command, and light,  
 Heav'n's eldest born and fairest child,  
 Flash'd in the low'ring face of ancient night,  
 And, pleas'd with its own birth, serenely smil'd.  
 The sons of morning, on the wing,  
 Hov'ring in choirs his praises sing;  
 When, from th' unbounded vacuous space,  
 A beauteous, rising world they saw;  
 When nature shew'd her yet unfinish'd face,  
 And motion took th' establish'd law  
 To roll the various globes on high;  
 When time was taught his infant wings to try,  
 And from the barrier sprung to his appointed race.

## III.

Supreme, Almighty, still the same!  
 'Tis He, the great, inspiring Mind,  
 That animates and moves this universal frame;  
 Present at once in all, and by no place confin'd.  
 Not Heav'n itself can bound his sway;  
 Beyond th' untravell'd limits of the sky,  
 Invisible to mortal eye,  
 He dwells in uncreated day.  
 Without beginning, without end; 'tis He  
 That fills th' unmeasur'd, growing orb of vast immensity.

## IV.

What pow'r but His can rule the changeful main,  
 And wake the sleeping storm, or its loud rage restrain?  
 When winds their gather'd forces try,  
 And the chaf'd ocean proudly swells in vain,  
 His voice reclaims th' impetuous roar;

In

# MISCELLANIES. 369

In murm'ring tides th' abated billows fly,  
 And the spent tempest dies upon the shore.  
 The meteor world is his, heav'n's wintry store,  
 The moulded hail, the feather'd snow;  
 The summer breeze, the soft refreshing show'r,  
 The loose, divided cloud, and many-colour'd bow;  
 The crooked lightning darts around,  
 His sov'reign orders to fulfill;  
 The shooting flame obeys th' Eternal Will,  
 Launch'd from his hand, instructed where to kill,  
 Or rive the mountain oak, or blast th' unshelter'd ground.

## V.

Yet pleas'd to bless, indulgent to supply,  
 He, with a father's tender care,  
 Supports the num'rous family  
 That peoples earth, and sea, and air.  
 From Nature's giant race, th' enormous elephant,  
 Down to the insect worm, and creeping ant;  
 From th' eagle, Sov'reign of the sky,  
 To each inferior feather'd brood;  
 From Crowns, and purple Majesty,  
 To humble Shepherds on the plains,  
 His hand unseen divides to All their food,  
 And the whole world of life sustains.

## VI.

At one wide view His eye surveys  
 His works, in every distant clime;  
 He shifts the seasons, months, and days,  
 The short liv'd offspring of revolving time;  
 By turns they die, by turns are born;  
 Now chearful *Spring* the circle leads,  
 And strows with flow'rs the smiling meads;

Gay



Gay *Summer* next, whom ruffet robes adorn,  
 And waving fields of yellow corn;  
 Then *Autumn*, who with lavish stores the lap of Nature  
 Decrepit *Winter*, laggard in the dance, [spreads;  
 (Like feeble age oppress'd with pain)  
 A heavy season does maintain,  
 With driving snows, and winds, and rain;  
 Till *Spring* recruited to advance,  
 The various year rolls round again.

## VII.

But who, Thou great Ador'd! who can withstand  
 The terrors of Thy lifted hand?  
 When long provok'd, Thy wrath awakes,  
 And conscious Nature to her center shakes?  
 Rais'd by Thy voice, the thunder flies,  
 Hurling pale fear, and wild confusion round;  
 How dreadful is th' inimitable sound,  
 The shock of earth, and seas, and labour of the skies!  
 Then where's ambition's haughty crest?  
 Where the gay head of wanton pride?  
 See! Tyrants fall, and with the opening ground  
 Wou'd take them quick to shades of rest,  
 And in their common parent's breast,  
 From Thee their bury'd forms for ever hide!  
 In vain —— for all the elements conspire,  
 The shatter'd earth, the rushing sea,  
 Tempestuous air, and raging fire,  
 To punish vile mankind, and fight for Thee;  
 Nor death itself can intercept the blow,  
 Eternal is the guilt, and without end the woe.

## VIII.

O *Cyrus*! *Alexander*! *Julius*! all  
 Ye mighty Lords that ever rul'd this Ball!

Once

Once Gods of earth, the *living* Destinies,  
 That made a hundred nations bow!  
 Where's your extent of Empire now?  
 Say where preserv'd your phantom Glory lies?  
 Can brass the fleeting thing secure?  
 Enshrin'd in temples does it stay?  
 Or in huge Amphitheatres endure  
 The rage of rowling time, and scorn decay?  
 Ah no! the mould'ring monuments of Fame  
 Your vain, deluded hopes betray,  
 Nor shew th' ambitious founder's name,  
 Mix'd with your selves in the same mass of clay.

## IX.

Proceed my Muse! time's wasting thread pursue,  
 And see at last th' unravell'd clue;  
 When cities sink, and kingdoms are no more,  
 And weary Nature shall her work give o'er.  
 Behold th' Almighty Judge on high!  
 See in His hand the Book of Fate!  
 Myriads of Spirits fill the sky,  
 T' attend, with dread solemnity,  
 The world's last scene, and time's concluding date!  
 The feeble race of short-liv'd vanity  
 And sickly pomp at once shall die;  
 Foul guilt to midnight caves will shrink away,  
 Look back, and tremble in her flight,  
 And curse at Heav'ns pursuing light,  
 Surrounded with the vengeance of that day.  
 How will you then, ye impious, 'scape your doom,  
 Self-judg'd, abandon'd, overcome?  
 Your clouds of painted bliss shall melt before your sight,  
 Yet shall you not the giddy chace refrain,  
 Nor hope more solid bliss t' obtain,

Nor

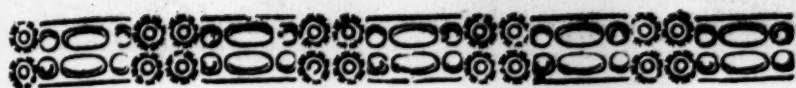
Nor once repeat the joys you knew before;  
 But sigh a long eternity of pain,  
 Tost in an ocean of desire, yet never find a shore.

## X.

But see where the mild Sov'reign sits prepar'd  
 His better subjects to reward!  
 Where am I now! what Pow'r Divine  
 Transports me! what immortal splendors shine!  
 Torrents of glory that oppress the sight!  
 What joys, celestial King! Thy throne surround!  
 The sun, who, with Thy borrow'd beams so bright,  
 Sees not his peer in all the starry round,  
 Wou'd here diminish'd fade away;  
 Like his pale sister of the night,  
 When she resigns her delegated light,  
 Lost in the blaze of day.  
 Here wonder only can take place;——  
 Then Muse, th' advent'rous flight forbear!  
 These mystic scenes thou canst no farther trace;  
 Hope may some boundless future bliss embrace,  
 But *what*, or *when*, or *how*, or *where*,  
 Are mazes all, which fancy runs in vain;  
 Nor can the narrow cells of human brain  
 The vast, immeasurable thought contain.



Alexan-



*ALEXANDER's* Feast;  
OR THE  
Power of Musick.

A N  
O D E,

In Honour Of  
St. *CECILIA's* DAY.





THE  
LONDON  
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ALEXANDER'S FORT

OR THE

Power of Music.

A N

O D E

In Honour of

ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

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ALEXANDER's FEAST;  
OR THE  
*Power of Musick.*

---

A N  
O D E,

In Honour Of  
St. CECILIA's DAY.

I.

'T WAS at the royal feast, for *Persia* won,  
By *Philip's* warlike son:

Aloft, in awful state,

The god-like Heroe sate

On his imperial throne:

His valiant Peers were plac'd around;

Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.

(So shou'd desert in arms be crown'd:)

The

376 MISCELLANIES.

The lovely *Thais* by his side,  
Sate like a blooming *eastern* Bride,  
In Flow'r of youth and Beauty's Pride.

Happy, happy, happy Pair!  
None but the Brave  
None but the Brave  
None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

CHORUS.

*Happy, happy, happy Pair!*  
*None but the Brave*  
*None but the Brave*  
*None but the Brave deserves the Fair.*

II.

*Timotheus* plac'd on high,  
Amid the tuneful Quire,  
With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre;  
The trembling Notes ascend the Sky,  
And Heav'nly Joys inspire.

The Song began from *Jove*,  
Who left his blissful Seats above,  
(Such is the Pow'r of mighty Love.)  
A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God:  
Sublime on Radiant Spires he rode,  
When he to fair *Olympia* press'd;  
And while he sought her snowy Breast:  
Then, round her slender Waist he curl'd,  
And stamp'd an Image of himself, a sov'reign of the world:  
The list'ning Crowd admire the lofty Sound,  
A present Deity! they shout around:  
A present Deity the vaulted Roofs rebound!

With ravish'd Ears  
The Monarch hears,  
Assumes the God,  
Affects to nod,

And

# MISCELLANIES. 3377

And seems to shake the Spheres.

## CHORUS.

*With ravish'd Ears  
The Monarch hears,  
Assumes the God,  
Affects to nod,  
And seems to shake the spheres.*

## III.

The Praise of *Bacchus* then, the sweet Musician sung;  
Of *Bacchus* ever Fair, and ever Young:  
The jolly God in Triumph comes;  
Sound the Trumpets; beat the Drums;  
Flush'd with a purple Grace  
He shews his honest Face,  
Now gives the Hautboys breath; he comes, he comes,  
*Bacchus* ever Fair and Young,  
Drinking Joys did first ordain:  
*Bacchus'* Blessings are a Treasure;  
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure;  
Rich the Treasure;  
Sweet the Pleasure;  
Sweet is pleasure after Pain.

## CHORUS.

*Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;  
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure;  
Rich the Treasure;  
Sweet the Pleasure;  
Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.*



## IV.

Sooth'd with the Sound the King grew vain;  
 Fought all his Battles o'er again; (slain.  
 And thrice he routed all his Foes; and thrice he slew the  
 The Master saw the madness rise;  
 His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes;  
 And while he heav'n and Earth defy'd,  
 Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride.  
 He chose a mournful Muse  
 Soft pity to infuse:  
 He sung *Darius* great and Good,  
 By too severe a Fate,  
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
 Fallen from his high Estate,  
 And weltring in his Blood:  
 Deserted at his utmost Need,  
 By those his former bounty fed;  
 On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,  
 With not a Friend to close his Eyes.  
 With down-cast Looks the joyless Victor fate,  
 Revolving, in his alter'd Soul,  
 The various Turns of Chance below;  
 And, now and then, a Sigh he stole;  
 And Tears began to flow.

## CHORUS.

*Revolving, in his alter'd Soul,  
 The various Turns of Chance below;  
 And, now and then, a Sigh he stole;  
 And Tears began to flow.*

## V.

The mighty Master smil'd to see  
 That Love was in the next Degree:

'Twas

# MISCELLANIES. 379

'Twas but a Kindred-Sound to move  
For pity melts the Mind to Love.

Softly sweet, in *Lydian* Measures,  
Soon he sooth'd his Soul to Pleasures.

War, he sung, is Toil and Trouble;

Honour but an empty bubble;

Never ending, still beginning,  
Fighting still, and still destroying;

If the World be worth thy winning,  
Think, O think, it worth Enjoying.

Lovely *Thais* sits besides thee,

Take the Good the Gods provide thee.

The many rend the Skies, with loud Applause,  
So Love was crown'd, but Musick won the Cause.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,

Gaz'd on the Fair

Who caus'd his Care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :

At length, with Love and Wine at once oppress'd,

The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.

## CHORUS.

*The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,*

*Gaz'd on the Fair*

*Who caus'd his Care,*

*And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,*

*Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :*

*At length, with Love and Wine at once oppress'd,*

*The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.*

## VI.

Now strike the Golden Lyre again :

A louder yet, and yet a louder strain,

C c 2

Break

380 MISCELLANIES.

Break his bands of Sleep afunder,  
And rouse him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid Sound  
Has rais'd up his Head,  
As awak'd from the Dead,  
And amaz'd, he stares around.

Revenge, revenge, *Timotheus* cries,  
See the Furies arise!  
See the Snakes that they rear,  
How they hiss in their Hair,  
And the sparkles that flash from their Eyes!  
Behold a ghastly Band,  
Each a Torch in his Hand!

Those are *Grecian* Ghosts, that in Battle were slain;  
And unbury'd remain,  
Inglorious on the Plain.

Give the Vengeance due  
To the valiant Crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
How they point to the *Persian* abodes,  
And glitt'ring Temples of their Hostile Gods!  
The Princes applaud, with a furious Joy;  
And the King seiz'd a Flambeau, with zeal to destroy;  
*Thais* led the way,  
To light him to his Prey,  
And, like another *Hellen*, fir'd another *Troy*.

CHORUS.

*And the King seiz'd a Flambeau, with zeal to destroy;  
Thais led the Way,  
To light him to his Prey,  
And, like another Hellen, fir'd another Troy.*

VII.

Thus, long ago  
 E're heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,  
 While Organs yet were mute;  
*Timotheus*, to his breathing Flute,  
 And sounding Lyre,  
 Cou'd swell the Soul to rage, or kindle soft Desire.  
 At last Divine *Cecilia* came,  
 Inventress of the Vocal Frame;  
 The sweet Enthusiast, from her Sacred Store,  
 Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,  
 And added length to solemn Sounds,  
 With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before.  
 Let old *Timotheus* yield the Prize,  
 Or both divide the Crown;  
 He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies;  
 She drew an Angel down.

Grand CHORUS.

*At last, Divine Cecilia came,  
 Inventress of the Vocal Frame;  
 The sweet Enthusiast, from her sacred Store,  
 Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,  
 And added Length to solemn Sounds,  
 With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before.  
 Let old Timotheus yield the Prize,  
 Or both divide the Crown;  
 He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies;  
 She drew an Angel down.*



word of bytes

1910

1900-1901

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A  
P O E M

To his EXCELLENCY the  
LORD PRIVY-SEAL,  
ON THE  
*PROSPECT* of *PEACE*.

---

— *Sacerdos*  
*Fronde super MITRAM, & felici comptus Oliva.*  
VIRG.

---



M E O

Lord Privy Seal

ON THE

PROSPECT OF PEACE

MARTIN

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T O T H E  
L O R D P R I V Y - S E A L .

C Ontending Kings, and fields of death, too long  
Have been the subject of the *British* song.  
Who hath not read of fam'd *Ramillia's* plain,  
*Bavaria's* fall, and *Danube* choak'd with slain!  
Exhausted Themes! A gentler note I raise,  
And sing returning Peace in softer lays.  
Their fury quell'd, and martial rage allay'd,  
I wait our heroes in the Sylvan shade;  
Disbanding hosts are imag'd to my mind,  
And warring pow'rs in friendly leagues combin'd,  
While ease and pleasure make the Nations smile,  
And Heav'n and ANNA blefs *Britannia's* Isle.

Well sends our *Queen* her mitred *Bristol* forth,  
For early Counsels fam'd, and long try'd worth,  
Who, thirty rolling years, had oft with-held  
The *Swede* and *Saxon* from the dusty field;  
Compleatly form'd to heal the Christian wounds,  
To name the Kings, and give each kingdom bounds,  
The face of ravag'd Nature to repair,  
By leagues to soften Earth, and Heav'n by Pray'r,  
To gain by love where rage and slaughter fail,  
And make the Crozier o'er the Sword prevail.

So



So when great *Moses*, with *JEHOVAH*'s wand,  
 Had scatter'd plagues o'er stubborn *Pharaoh*'s land,  
 Now spread an Host of locusts round the shore,  
 Now turn'd *Nile*'s fatt'ning streams to putrid gore;  
 Plenty and gladness mark'd the Priest of God,  
 And sudden Almonds shot from *Aaron*'s Rod.

O Thou, from whom these bounteous blessings flow,  
 To whom, as chief, the hopes of peace we owe,  
 (For next to Thee, the Man whom Kings contend  
 To stile Companion, and to make their friend,  
 Great *Strafford*, rich in ev'ry courtly grace,  
 With joyful pride accepts the second place)  
 From *Britain*'s Isle, and *Isis*' sacred spring,  
 One hour, oh! listen while the *Muses* sing.  
 Though Ministers of mighty Monarchs wait,  
 With beating hearts, to learn their Masters' fate,  
 One hour forbear to speak thy *Queen*'s commands,  
 Nor think the world, thy charge, neglected stands;  
 The blissful Prospects, in my verse display'd,  
 May lure the stubborn, the deceiv'd persuade;  
 Ev'n thou to peace shall speedier urge the Way,  
 And more be hasten'd by this short delay.





A

## P O E M

ON THE

*PROSPECT of PEACE.*


---

 By Mr. TICKELL.
 

---

**T**HE haughty *Gaul*, in ten Campaigns o'erthrown,  
 Now ceas'd to think the western World his own.  
 Oft had he mourn'd his boasting Leaders bound,  
 And his proud bulwarks smoaking on the ground :  
 In vain with pow'rs renew'd he fill'd the plain,  
 Made tim'rous vows, and brib'd the Saints in vain ;  
 As oft his Legions did the fight decline,  
 Lurk'd in the Trench, and skulk'd behind the Line.  
 Before his eyes the fancy'd Javelin gleams,  
 At feasts he starts, and seems dethron'd in dreams ;  
 On glory past reflects, with secret Pain,  
 On mines exhausted, and on millions slain.

To

To *Britain's* Queen the scepter'd Suppliant bends,  
To her his crowns and infant race commends,  
Who grieves her fame with Christian blood to buy,  
Nor asks for glory at a price so high.

At her decree the war suspended stands,  
And *Britain's* heroes hold their lifted hands,  
Their open brows no threat'ning frowns disguise,  
But gentler passions sparkle in their eyes.  
The *Gauls*, who never in their courts could find  
Such temper'd fire with manly beauty join'd,  
Doubt if they're those, whom dreadful to the view,  
In forms so fierce their fearful fancies drew ;  
At whose dire names ten thousand widows prest,  
Their helpless orphans clinging to the breast.  
In silent rapture each his foe surveys,  
They vow firm friendship, and give mutual praise.  
Brave minds, howe'er at war, are secret Friends,  
Their gen'rous discord with the battle ends ;  
In peace they wonder whence dissention rose,  
And ask how souls so like could e'er be foes.

Methinks I hear more friendly shouts rebound,  
And social clarions mix their sprightly sound :  
The *British* flags are furl'd, her Troops disband,  
And scatter'd Armies seek their native land.  
The hardy Vet'ran, proud of many a scar,  
The manly charms and honours of the War,  
Who hoped to share his friends illustrious doom,  
And in the battle find a Soldier's tomb,  
Leans on his spear to take his farewell view,  
And sighing bids the glorious camp adieu.

Ye gen'rous fair, receive the brave with smiles,  
O'er-pay their sleepless nights, and crown their toils ;  
Soft beauty is the gallant Soldier's due,  
For you they conquer, and they bleed for you.

In

# MISCELLANIES. 389

In vain proud *Gaul* with boastful *Spain* conspires,  
When *English* valour *English* beauty fires;  
The Nations dread your eyes, and Kings despair  
Of Chiefs so brave, till they have Nymphs so fair.

See the fond wife, in tears of transport drown'd,  
Hugs her rough lord, and weeps o'er ev'ry wound,  
Hangs on the lips that fields of blood relate,  
And smiles, or trembles at his various fate.  
Near the full bowl he draws the fancy'd line,  
And marks feign'd trenches in the flowing wine,  
Then sets th'invested fort before her eyes,  
And mines, that whirl'd battalions to the skies;  
His little list'ning progeny turn pale,  
And beg again to hear the dreadful tale.

Such dire achievements sings the Bard, that tells,  
Of palfrey'd Dames, bold Knights, and magic Spells,  
Where whole Brigades one champion's arms o'erthrow,  
And cleave a Giant at a random blow,  
Slay Paynims vile, that force the fair, and tame  
The Goblin's fury, and the Dragon's flame.

Our eager Youth to distant Nations run,  
To visit fields, their valiant fathers won;  
From *Flandria*'s shore their country's fame they trace,  
Till far *Germania* shews her blasted face.  
Th'exulting *Briton* asks his mournful guide,  
Where his hard fate the lost *Bavaria* try'd:  
Where *Stepney* grav'd the stone to ANNA's Fame,  
He points to *Blenheim*, once a vulgar Name;  
Here fled the Household, there did *Tallard* yield,  
Here *Marlborough* turn'd the fortune of the field,  
On those steep banks, near *Danube*'s raging flood  
The *Gauls* thrice started back, and trembling stood:  
When *Churchill*'s arm perceiv'd, they stood not long,  
But plung'd amidst the waves, a desp'rate throng,

Crowds



Crowds whelm'd on crowds, dash'd wide the watry bed,  
And drove the current to its distant head.

As when by *Raphael's*, or by *Kneller's* Hands  
A warlike courser on the Canvas stands,  
Such as on *Landen* bleeding *Ormond* bore,  
Or set young *Ammon* on the *Granic* shore;  
If chance a gen'rous steed the work behold,  
He snorts, he neighs, he champs the foamy Gold:  
So, *Hocstet* seen, tumultuous passions rowl,  
And hints of Glory fire the *Briton's* Soul,  
In fancy'd fights he sees the troops engage,  
And all the tempest of the battle rage.

Charm me, ye Pow'rs, with scenes less nobly bright,  
Far humbler thoughts th'inglorious Muse delight;  
Content to see the horrors of the field  
By Plow-shares level'd, or in Flow'rs conceal'd.  
O'er shatter'd walls may creeping Ivy twine,  
And grass luxuriant cloath the harmless mine;  
Tame flocks ascend the breach without a wound,  
Or Crop the Bastion, now a fruitful ground;  
While Shepherds sleep, along the Rampart laid,  
Or pipe beneath the formidable shade.

Who was the man? Oblivion blast his name,  
Torn out, and blotted from the list of Fame!  
Who fond of lawless rule, and proudly brave,  
First sunk the filial subject to a slave;  
His neighbour's Realms by frauds unkindly gain'd,  
In guiltless blood the sacred Ermine stain'd;  
Laid schemes for Death, to slaughter turn'd his heart,  
And fitted murder to the rules of art.

Ah! curst ambition, to thy lures we owe  
All the great Ills, that Mortals bear below.

Curst

Curst by the Hind, when to the Spoil he yields  
His Year's whole Sweat, and vainly ripen'd Fields.  
Curst by the Maid, torn from her lover's side,  
When left a Widow, though not yet a Bride:  
By Mothers curst, when Floods of tears they shed,  
And scatter useleſs Roſes on the Dead.

Oh ſacred *Briſtal*! then what Dangers prove  
The Arts, thou ſmil'ſt on with paternal Love?  
Then, mix'd with Rubbiſh by the brutal Foes,  
In vain the Marble breaths, the Canvas glows;  
To Shades obſcure the glitt'ring Sword purſues  
The gentle Poet, and defenceleſs Muſe.  
A Voice, like thine alone, might then aſſuage  
The Warrior's Fury, and controul his Rage;  
To hear thee ſpeak might the fierce *Vandal* ſtand,  
And fling the brandiſh'd Sabre from his Hand.

Far hence be driv'n to *Scythia*'s ſtormy Shore  
The Drum's harſh Muſick, and the Cannon's Roar;  
Let grim *Bellona* haunt the lawleſs Plain,  
Where *Tartar* Clans, and grizly *Coffacks* reign;  
Let the ſteel'd *Turk* be deaf to Matrons Cries,  
See Virgins raviſh'd with relentleſs Eyes;  
To Death grey Heads and ſmiling Infants doom,  
Nor ſpare the Promise of the pregnant Womb;  
O'er waſted Kingdoms ſpread his wide Command;  
The Savage Lord of an unpeopled Land.

Her guiltleſs Glory juſt *Britannia* draws  
From pure Religion, and impartial Laws;  
To *Europe*'s Wounds a Mother's Aid ſhe brings,  
And holds in equal Scales the Rival Kings:  
Her gen'rous Sons in choiceſt Gifts abound,  
Alike in Arms, alike in Arts renown'd.

As when ſweet *Venus* (ſo the Fable ſings.)  
Awak'd by *Nereids*, from the Ocean ſprings,

With

392 MISCELLANIES.

With Smiles she sees the threat'ning Billows rise,  
Spreads smooth the Surge, and clears the louring Skies,  
Light, o'er the Deep, with flutt'ring *Cupids* crown'd,  
The pearly Conch and Silver Turtles bound;  
Her Tresses shed Ambrosial Odours round.

Amidst the World of Waves so stands serene  
*Britannia's* Isle, the Ocean's stately Queen;  
In vain the Nations have conspir'd her Fall,  
Her Trench the Sea, and Fleets her floating Wall:  
Defenceless Barks, her pow'rful Navy near,  
Have only Waves and Hurricanes to fear.  
What bold Invader, or what Land oppress,  
Hath not her Anger quell'd, her Aid redrest!  
Say, where have e'er her Union Crosses fail'd,  
But much her Arms, her Justice more prevail'd!  
Her Labours are to plead th' Almighty's Cause,  
Her Pride to teach th'untam'd Barbarian Laws:  
Who conquers, wins by Brutal Strength the Prize;  
But 'tis a Godlike Work to civilize.

Have we forgot, how from great *Russia's* Throne  
The King, whose Pow'r half *Europe's* Regions own,  
Whose Sceptre waving, with one Shout rush forth  
In Swarms the harness'd Millions of the North,  
Through Realms of Ice pursu'd his tedious Way  
To court our Friendship, and our fame survey!  
Hence the rich Prize of useful Arts he bore,  
And round his Empire spread the learned Store:  
(T'adorn old Realms is more than new to raise,  
His Country's Parent is a Monarch's Praise.)  
His Bands now march in just Array to War,  
And *Caspian* Gulphs unusual Navies bear;  
With *Runick* Láys *Smolensko's* Forests ring,  
And wond'ring *Volga* hears the Muses sing.

Did

Did not the Painted Kings of *India* greet  
 Our *Queen*, and lay their Sceptres at her Feet!  
 Chiefs, who full Bowls of hostile Blood had quaff'd,  
 Fam'd for the Javelin, and invenom'd Shaft,  
 Whose haughty Brows made Savages adore,  
 Nor bow'd to less than Stars, or Sun before.  
 Her pitying Smile accepts their suppliant Claim,  
 And adds four Monarchs to the Christian name.

Blest Use of Pow'r! O virtuous Pride in Kings!  
 And like his Bounty, whence Dominion springs!  
 Which o'er new Worlds makes Heav'n's indulgence  
 shine,

And ranges Myriads under Laws divine!  
 Well bought with all that those sweet Regions hold,  
 With Groves of Spices, and with Mines of Gold,

Fearless our Merchant now pursues his Gain.  
 And roams securely o'er the boundless Main.  
 Now o'er his head the polar Bear he spies,  
 And freezing spangles of the *Lapland* skies;  
 Now swells his canvas to the sultry line,  
 With glitt'ring spoils where *Indian* grottoes shine,  
 Where fumes of incense glad the Southern seas,  
 And wafted citron scents the balmy Breeze.  
 Here nearer Suns prepare the rip'ning gemm,  
 To grace great *Anne's* imperial Diadem;  
 And here the ore, whose melted mass shall yield  
 On faithful coins each memorable Field,  
 Which, mixt with medals of Immortal *Rome*,  
 May clear Disputes, and teach the Times to come.

In circling Beams shall Godlike *Anna* glow,  
 And *Churchill's* sword hang o'er the prostrate foe;  
 In comely wounds shall bleeding worthies stand,  
*Webb's* firm platoon, and *Lumley's* faithful band,



Bold *Mordaunt* in *Iberian* trophies drest,  
 And *Campbell's* dragon on his dauntless Breast,  
 Great *Ormond's* deeds on *Vigo's* spoils enroll'd,  
 And *Guiscard's* knife on *Harley's Chili* Gold.  
 And if the muse, O *Bristol*, might decree,  
 Here *Granville* noted by the lyre should be,  
 The lyre for *Granville*, and the cross for Thee.

Such are the honours grateful *Britain* pays,  
 So Patriots merit, and so Monarchs praise.  
 O'er distant times such records shall prevail,  
 When *English* numbers, antiquated, fail:  
 A trifling song the muse can only yield,  
 And sooth her soldiers panting from the field,  
 To sweet retirements see them safe convey'd,  
 And raise their battles in the rural shade.  
 From fields of death, to *Woodstock's* peaceful gloom,  
 (The Poet's haunt) *Britannia's* Hero comes ——  
 Begin, my muse, and softly touch the string:  
 Here *Henry* lov'd; and *Chaucer* learn'd to sing.

Hail fabled grotto! hail *Elysian* soil!  
 Thou fairest spot of fair *Britannia's* isle!  
 Where Kings of old conceal'd forgot the throne,  
 And beauty was content to shine unknown;  
 Where love and war by turns pavilions rear,  
 And *Henry's* bow'rs near *Blenheim's* dome appear;  
 The weary'd champion lull in soft alcoves,  
 The noblest boast of thy romantick groves.  
 Oft, if the muse presage, shall he be seen  
 By *Rosamonda* fleeting o'er the green;  
 In Dreams be hail'd by heroes mighty shades,  
 And hear old *Chaucer* warble through the glades;  
 O'er the fam'd echoing vaults his name shall bound,  
 And hill to hill reflect the fav'rite sound.

Here,

Here, here at least thy love for arms give o'er,  
 Nor, one world conquer'd, fondly wish for more.  
 Vice of great souls alone! O thirst of fame!  
 The muse admires it, while she strives to blame.  
 Thy toils be now to chase the bounding deer,  
 Or view the courser's stretch in wild career:  
 This lovely scene shall sooth thy soul to rest,  
 And wear each dreadful image from thy breast;  
 With pleasure, by thy conquests shalt thou see  
 Thy Queen triumphant, and all *Europe* free;  
 No cares henceforth shall thy repose destroy,  
 But what thou giv'st the world, thy self enjoy.

Sweet solitude! when life's gay hours are past,  
 Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at last,  
 Toft through tempestuous seas (the voyage o'er)  
 Pale we look back, and bless thy friendly shore.  
 Our own strict judges our past life we scan,  
 And ask if glory hath enlarg'd the span;  
 If bright the prospect, we the grave desire,  
 Trust future ages, and contented die.

When strangers from far distant climes shall come,  
 To view the pomp of this triumphant dome,  
 Where rear'd aloft dissembled trophies stand,  
 And breathing labours of the sculptor's hand,  
 Where *Kneller's* art shall paint the flying *Gaul*,  
 And *Bourbon's* woes shall fill the story'd wall;  
 Heirs of thy blood shall o'er their bounteous board  
 Fix *Europe's* guard, thy monumental sword,  
 Banners that oft have wav'd on conquer'd walls,  
 And trumps, that drown'd the groans of gasping *Gauls*.  
 Fair dames shall oft, with curious eye, explore  
 The costly robes that slaughter'd gen'erals wore,  
 Rich trappings from the *Danube's* whirlpools brought,  
 (*Hesperian* nuns the gorgeous broid'ry wrought)

396 MISCELLANIES.

Belts stiff with gold, the *Boian* horse-man's pride,  
And *Gaul's* fair flow'rs, in humane crimson dy'd,  
Of *Churchill's* race perhaps some lovely boy  
Shall mark the burnish'd steel that hangs on high,  
Shall gaze transported on its glitt'ring charms,  
And reach it struggling with unequal arms,  
By signs the drum's tumultuous sound request,  
Then seek, in starts, the hushing mother's breast.

So, in the painter's animated frame,  
Where *Mars* embraces the soft *Paphian* dame,  
The little loves in sport his faulchion wield,  
Or join their strength to heave his pond'rous shield;  
One strokes the plume in *Tityon's* gore embru'd,  
And one the spear, that reeks with *Typhon's* Blood,  
Another's infant brows the helm sustain,  
He nods his crest, and frights the shrieking train.

Thus, the rude tempest of the field o'er-blown,  
Shall whiter rounds of smiling years rowl on,  
Our Victors, blest in peace, forget their wars,  
Enjoy past dangers, and absolve the stars.  
But oh! what sorrows shall bedew your urns,  
Ye honour'd shades, whom widow'd *Albion* mourns!  
If your thin forms yet discontented moan,  
And haunt the mangled mansions, once your own;  
Behold what flow'rs the pious muses strow,  
And tears, which in the midst of triumph flow,  
Cypress and bays your envy'd brows surround,  
Your names the tender matron's heart shall wound,  
And the soft maid grow pensive at the sound.

Accept, great *Anne*, the tears their mem'ry draws,  
Who nobly perish'd in their sov'reign's cause:  
For thou in pity bid'st the war give o'er,  
Mourn'st thy slain heroes, nor wilt venture more,

Vast

Vast price of Blood on each victorious day!  
(But *Europe's* freedom doth that price repay.)  
Lamented triumphs! when one breath must tell  
That *Marlborough* conquer'd, and that *Dormer* fell.  
Great Queen! whose name strikes haughty monarchs  
pale,

On whose just sceptre hangs *Europa's* scale,  
Whose arm like mercy wounds, decides like fate,  
On whose decree the Nations anxious wait;  
From *Albion's* cliffs thy wide extended hand  
Shall o'er the main to far *Peru* command,  
So vast a tract whose wide domain shall run,  
Its circling skies shall see no setting sun.  
Thee, thee an hundred languages shall claim,  
And savage *Indians* swear by *Anna's* name,  
The line and poles shall own thy rightful sway,  
And thy commands the sever'd globe obey.

Round the vast ball thy new dominions chain  
The watry kingdoms, and controul the main,  
*Magellan's* straits to *Gibraltar* they join,  
Across the seas a formidable line;  
The Sight of adverse *Gaul* we fear no more,  
But pleas'd see *Dunkirk*, now a guiltless shore;  
In vain great *Neptune* tore the narrow ground,  
And meant his waters for *Britannia's* bound,  
Her giant *Genius* takes a mighty stride,  
And sets his foot beyond th' incroaching Tide;  
On either bank the land its master knows,  
And in the midst the subject ocean flows.

So near proud *Rhodes*, across the raging flood,  
Stupendous form! the vast *Colossus* stood,  
(While at one foot their thronging gallies ride,  
A whole hour's sail scarce reach'd the further side)

Betwixt



Betwixt his brazen thighs, in loose array,  
Ten thousand streamers on the billows play.

By *Harley's* counsels *Dunkirk* now restor'd  
To *Britain's* empire, owns her ancient lord.  
In him transfus'd his Godlike father reigns,  
Rich in the blood which swell'd that patriot's veins,  
Who boldly faithful met his sov'reign's frown,  
And scorn'd for gold to yield th' important town.  
His Son was born the ravish'd Prey to claim,  
And *France* still trembles at an *Harley's* Name.

A fort so dreadful to our *English* shore,  
Our fleet scarce fear'd the sands or tempest more;  
Whose vast expences to such sums amount,  
That the tax'd *Gaul* scarce furnish'd out th' account;  
Whose walls such bulwarks, such vast tow'rs restrain,  
It's weakest ramparts are the rocks and main;  
His boast great *Louis* yields, and cheaply buys  
Thy friendship, *Anna*, with the mighty prize.  
*Holland* repining, and in grief cast down,  
Sees the new glories of the *British* crown:  
Ah! may they ne'er provoke thee to the fight,  
Nor foes, more dreadful than the *Gaul*, invite;  
Soon may they hold the olive, soon assuage  
Their secret murmurs, nor call forth thy rage  
To rend their banks, and pour, at one command,  
Thy realm the sea o'er their precarious land.

Henceforth be thine, vice-gerent of the skies,  
Scorn'd worth to raise, and vice in robes chastise,  
To dry the orphan's tears, and from the bar  
Chase the brib'd judge, and hush the wordy war,  
Deny the curst blasphemer's tongue to rage,  
And turn God's fury from an impious age.  
Blest change! the Soldier's late destroying Hand  
Shall rear new temples in his native land;

Mistaken

Mistaken zealots shall with fear behold,  
 And beg admittance in our sacred fold;  
 On her own works the pious Queen shall smile,  
 And turn her cares upon her fav'rite Isle.

So the keen bolt a warrior Angel aims,  
 Array'd in clouds, and wrapt in mantling flames,  
 He bears a tempest on his sounding wings,  
 And his red arm the forky vengeance flings;  
 At length, Heav'n's wrath appeas'd, he quits the war,  
 To roll his orb, and guide his destin'd star,  
 To shed kind fate, and lucky hours bestow,  
 And smile propitious on the world below.

Around thy throne shall faithful nobles wait,  
 These guard the Church, and those direct the State.  
 To *Bristol*, graceful in maternal tears,  
 The Church her tow'ry forehead gently rears,  
 She begs her pious son t' assert her cause,  
 Defend her rights, and re-inforce her laws,  
 With holy zeal the sacred work begin,  
 To bend the stubborn, and the meek to win.

Our *Oxford's* Earl in careful thought shall stand,  
 To raise his Queen, and save a sinking land,  
 The wealthiest glebe to rav'nous *Spaniards* known,  
 He marks, and makes the golden world our own,  
 Content with hands unfoil'd to guard the prize,  
 And keep the store with undesiring eyes.

So round the tree that bore *Hesperian* gold,  
 The sacred watch lay curl'd in many a fold,  
 His eyes up-rearing to th' untasted prey,  
 The sleepless guardian wasted life away.

Beneath the peaceful olives, rais'd by you,  
 Her ancient pride shall ev'ry art renew,  
 (The arts with you fam'd *Harcourt* shall defend,  
 And courtly *Bolingbroke* the Muse's friend.)

With

400 MISCELLANIES.

With piercing eye some search where Nature plays,  
 And trace the wanton through her darksome maze;  
 Whence health from herbs; from seeds how groves begun,  
 How vital streams in circling eddies run.  
 Some teach why round the sun the spheres advance,  
 In the fix'd measures of their mystic dance;  
 How tides, when heav'd by pressing moons, o'erflow,  
 And sun-born *Iris* paints her show'ry bow.  
 In happy chains our daring language bound,  
 Shall sport no more in arbitrary sound;  
 But buskin'd Bards henceforth shall wisely rage,  
 And *Grecian* plans reform *Britannia's* stage:  
 Till *Congreve* bids her smile, *Augusta* stands  
 And longs to weep when flowing *Rowe* commands.  
*Britain's Spectators* shall their strength combine  
 To mend our morals, and our taste refine,  
 Fight virtue's cause, stand up in wit's defence;  
 Win us from vice, and laugh us into sense.  
 Nor, *Prior*, hast thou hush'd the trump in vain,  
 Thy lyre shall now revive her mirthful strain,  
 New tales shall now be told; if right I see,  
 The soul of *Chaucer* is restor'd in thee.  
*Garth*, in majestic numbers, to the stars  
 Shall raise mock-heroes, and fantastic wars;  
 Like the young spreading laurel, *Pope*, thy name  
 Shoots up with strength, and rises into fame;  
 With *Philips* shall the peaceful vallies ring,  
 And *Britain* hear a second *Spenser* sing.  
 That much-lov'd youth, whom *Utrecht's* walls confine,  
 To *Bristol's* praises shall his *Strafford's* join:  
 He too, from whom attentive *Oxford* draws  
 Rules for just thinking, and poetic laws,  
 To growing Bards his learned aid shall lend,  
 The strictest Critic, and the kindest friend.

Ev'n

Ev'n mine, a bashful Muse, whose rude essays  
Scarce hope for pardon, nor aspire to praise,  
Cherish'd by you, in time may grow to fame,  
And mine survive with *Bristol's* glorious name.

Fir'd with the views this glitt'ring scene displays,  
And smit with passion for my country's praise,  
My artless reed attempts this lofty theme,  
Where sacred *Isis* rows her ancient stream;  
In cloyster'd domes, the great *Philippa's* pride,  
Where learning blooms, while fame and worth preside.  
Where the fifth *Henry* arts and arms was taught,  
And *Edward* torm'd his *Cressy*, yet unfought;  
Where laurel'd Bards have struck the warbling strings,  
The seat of Sages, and the nurse of Kings.  
Here thy commands, O *Lancaster*, inflame  
My eager breast, to raise the *British* name,  
Urge on my soul, with no ignoble pride,  
To wooe the Muse, whom *Addison* enjoy'd,  
See that bold swan to Heav'n sublimely soar,  
Pursue at distance, and his steps adore.

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*The E N D.*

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